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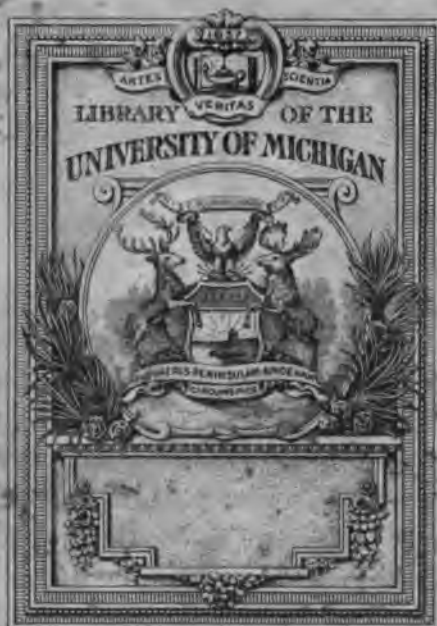
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**THE LIFE AND TIMES**  
**OF**  
**PRINCE CHARLES STUART.**





THE LIFE AND TIMES  
OF  
PRINCE CHARLES STUART,  
COUNT OF ALBANY,  
COMMONLY CALLED  
THE YOUNG PRETENDER.



*From the State Papers and other Sources.*

BY  
ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A.,  
Author of "The Life and Times of Algernon Sydney," "The Crown and Its  
Advisers," &c.

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THE  
LIFE OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

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CHAPTER I.

THE END.

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"Fatal day ! whereon the latest  
Die was cast for me and mine—  
Cruel day, that quelled the fortunes  
Of the hapless Stuart line !"

CAREFULLY the Duke of Cumberland was maturing his plans in order that there should be no chance of a repetition of Gladsmuir and Falkirk. He had reached Aberdeen, which city he had fixed upon as his headquarters, on the 27th of February, and had at once set about organising measures for an immediate campaign. At first he had been led to hope that a few days would suffice to collect his troops and march directly upon Inverness. But on examining his situation more closely, he saw that some little time would have to elapse before he could begin the aggressive. The condition of the country was not favourable for his purpose ; he had difficulty in obtaining the necessary provisions ; whilst on all sides he was hampered by the turbulent spirit of the neighbouring disaffected

Highlanders, who did their best to retard his arrangements. Nothing seems to have annoyed His Royal Highness more, both during his march and on his arrival at head-quarters, than the conduct of these northern Jacobites, who seized every opportunity of giving him wrong information, pillaging his camp, and releasing his prisoners.

"I am extremely concerned that every despatch of mine," he writes to Newcastle,\* "must be filled with repeated complaints of the disaffection of this part of His Majesty's dominions. But so it is, that though His Majesty has a considerable and formidable army in the heart of this country, yet they cannot help giving impotent marks of their ill-will by making efforts to raise men and to set prisoners at liberty in the places we have passed through, especially at Forfar, where each of our four divisions lay a night, they had the insolence to conceal three French-Irish officers in the town during the whole time, and after all our troops were passed through, to let them beat up for volunteers there. . . . what you observe is certainly very unfortunate, that a rebel army can be raised and subsisted at the expense of this country, and that they will hardly give any assistance to the King, though His Majesty has an army in the heart of the country." A few days afterwards he again alludes† to the subject, and after complaining of "the petulant, insolent spirit of the rebels which is always showing

\* State Papers, Scotland, March 9, 1746.

† State Papers, Scotland, March 15, 1746.



itself," declares that nothing will check it but "some stroke of military authority and severity," and therefore he intends to take upon himself to inflict the necessary punishment when occasion requires, without waiting for orders from home. As the different regiments of His Royal Highness marched into Aberdeen, or were cantoned in the neighbourhood, the disaffected Highlanders, now fully alive to the power of the enemy they had been harassing when only in divisions and sections, ceased their aggressive interference, and withdrew to the other side of the Spey. The "punishment" dealt out to all offenders who had the misfortune to be caught, doubtless had something to do with the prudence of this retreat.

During his enforced stay at Aberdeen, the Duke divided his army into three cantonments. At Strathbogie were quartered Kingston's horse and Cobham's dragoons. At Old Meldrum the reserve three battalions and four pieces of cannon; whilst the six remaining battalions, and Lord Mark Kerr's Regiment of Dragoons occupied Aberdeen. The monotony of inaction was occasionally relieved by various skirmishes with the advance posts of the enemy, and success did not always attend the efforts of the Royal troops.

By the end of March the Duke gave out that he would set forth from Aberdeen, but the swollen state of the Spey delayed his departure till the following week. On the eighth of April, at the head of some 8,000 foot and 900 cavalry, abundantly provided with

provisions, and with a naval force accompanying him along the coast, His Royal Highness at last quitted Aberdeen for Inverness. He was the more anxious to meet the foe, as scouts had informed him that the rebels had been receiving no pay for the last seven days, and he feared that this exhaustion of the treasury would lead to their instant dispersion. He wished to press on and crush the enemy for ever. In his eyes the Highlanders were so tainted with Jacobitism that, as he wrote to Newcastle,\* “the only way to end this rebellion is by the sword, and to punish the rebels so that they will not rise again . . . the inhabitants in this country are certainly the friends of the rebels, and are in a good measure in arms for them; but as we advance they must disperse, though I know they will rise behind me unless some marks of severity are left upon the first who shall dare to show themselves.” These constant references to the sword and to severity, visible throughout the despatches of the Duke, show how scant was the mercy the foe had to expect from the commander of the English army. They foreshadow the fell brutality of Culloden.

As the Duke advanced northwards he was joined by Generals Bland and Mordaunt, in command of his advanced division, and the whole army assembled at Cullen, some few miles from the banks of the Spey. On their arrival at this deep and rapid stream some resistance to their progress was apprehended. Several weeks before, Lord John Drummond had received

\* *State Papers, Scotland, March 19 and 31, 1746.*

orders from the Prince to defend the fords with a considerable division of Lowland troops. Accordingly a trench had been dug, and some batteries raised upon the left bank. But on the approach of the English, Lord John, who had drawn up his men on the hills, deemed prudence the better part of valour, and fell back upon Elgin. This was a grave mistake, for had Lord John disputed the passage, the Duke would have been compelled either to beat a retreat, or to force his way with considerable loss. The river now being perfectly free, the Royal army forded it in three divisions, the band striking up as an insult to the foe :—

“ Will you play me fair play,  
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie ! ”

“ His Royal Highness,” writes Henderson,\* “ was the first to enter the water at the head of the horse, who forded it, while the Highlanders and grenadiers passed a little higher : the foot waded over as fast as they arrived, and though the water came up to their middles, they went on with great cheerfulness and got over with no other loss but that of one dragoon and four women, who were carried down by the stream. Thus was one of the strongest passes in Scotland given up ; a pass where two hundred men might easily have kept back an army of twenty thousand ; a sure prelude of the destruction of the rebels.” Certainly in attempting no resistance the military judgment of Lord John Drummond was grievously at fault.

\* “ Life of the Duke of Cumberland,” p. 112.

“On our first appearance,” writes the Duke triumphantly,\* “the rebels retired from the side of the Spey towards Elgin. It is a very lucky thing we had to deal with such an enemy, for it would be a most difficult undertaking to pass this river before an enemy who knew how to take advantage of the situation.” After two forced marches from the Spey mouth, the English advanced to Nairn, where a slight skirmish ensued between their extreme front and the rear guard of the retreating Highlanders. The advantage would undoubtedly have been with the Royal troops had not Charles himself suddenly arrived from Inverness at the head of his guards, and caused the English van to fall back upon their main body. “Whilst marching here,” wrote the Duke† the day after his arrival at Nairn, “a large body of rebels tried to cut in between us and our advance guard, but they were driven off with no loss on our side, and on theirs of eight or ten killed and four taken prisoners . . . It is said that the Pretender was yesterday at Inverness, and that upon our driving the body of the rebels towards Inverness, he had marched out a mile on this side of it. With what intent I know not, though I cannot bring myself to believe that they propose to give us battle. All accounts agree that they cannot assemble all their clans, and should they have them all together, I flatter myself the affair would not be very long.”

\* State Papers, Scotland, April 13, 1746.

† State Papers, Scotland, April 15, 1746.

But the Duke was mistaken in his foe. The Highlanders resolved to contest the progress of his troops and give him battle. On the night that His Royal Highness entered Nairn, Charles and his staff occupied Culloden House, the seat of the Lord President. The Highlanders lay upon the moor, their native heather serving them for bedding and fuel, though the cold was intense. As soon as the morning dawned they were drawn up in order of battle, and waited upon their arms till the redcoats of the English should make their appearance. But as the day deepened, and no enemy came in sight, Charles sent forward Lord Elcho with a troop of horse to reconnoitre. After an absence of some hours his lordship returned, bringing word that the Duke of Cumberland had halted at Nairn, and that as the day was the anniversary of his birthday, the English were merrily celebrating the occasion, and gave no signs of an immediate march forward. On hearing this Charles, throwing to the winds that exclusiveness which was engendering so bad a feeling among his followers, assembled a council of war—the first, save the meeting near Crieff, that had been held since the retreat from Derby. The Prince let every one speak before him. Various opinions were given, and numerous plans proposed, but none met with the general approval of the meeting. The last to speak was Lord George Murray, and his words carried the weight which usually attended their utterance. He advocated taking the enemy by surprise, and in darkness, rather than in the

light of day. The distance from Culloden to the enemy's camp was but nine miles, and, provided secrecy was observed, could easily be got over between nightfall and dawn. He therefore proposed that when dusk set in, the first line should march in two divisions. With the right wing he would march round Nairn and attack the Duke of Cumberland's camp in the rear; whilst the Duke of Perth with the left division would, supported by the whole second line under the Prince, attack the camp in front. This sudden onset at two different points, and especially coming after the day's revelry, would, he said, throw the English into the most complete confusion, and afford the Prince another decisive victory.

No sooner had he concluded his proposal than Charles, whose mind had conceived precisely the same project, rose up, and with a warmth which it had been well had he felt oftener, embraced Lord George, and said that he was fully of his opinion—indeed, he had entertained the very same idea. The council cordially approved of the design, and orders were immediately given to have it executed. The heath was set on fire so that the enemy might imagine the clans to be still in the same position. The muster-roll was then called, when it was found that not a few of the Highlanders had repaired to Inverness in search of food. So bitterly did some of these poor fellows feel the pangs of hunger, that they bade the officers sent after them to shoot them rather than compel them to starve any longer. After

not a few precious hours had been spent in collecting these deserters, the men were drawn up in marching order. The aide-de-camp of the Prince — Ker of Gradon — rode down the line and gave the necessary instructions. He bade the Highlanders not to use their muskets or pistols during their attack on the camp, but only their broadswords, dirks, and Lochaber axes. With these they were to beat down the tent poles, cut the ropes, and stab wherever they saw any swelling in the canvas. They were to march in the strictest silence, and the watchword was "King James the Eighth." If they obeyed their orders another victory would be added to Preston and Falkirk.

All now being ready, the signal to march was given. Lord George put himself at the head of the first column, the Duke of Perth commanded the second division, whilst Charles followed in the rear leading the reserve. The evening was rapidly deepening into night, and the route was already shrouded in darkness. At first the men marched in close order, but soon the privations they had undergone began to tell their tale. They toiled painfully along, the rear failing to keep up with the van, whilst many were forced to drop out of the ranks by sheer fatigue. Frequent were the halts that Lord George had to make before the second division and the extreme rear could unite with the column under his command. It is said that he was asked to halt fifty times within eight miles, in order to preserve something like connection between the van

and the rear. Another difficulty also retarded his progress. The whole army having to keep along the same road till within four miles of the English camp, it was found impossible to march in the order suggested by Lord George. The only plan that could be adopted was to form the Highlanders into one long column, the second line following the first, and the third the second; this naturally prevented the men from going over the ground with the rapidity they had expected. Thus it was two in the morning, the hour which had been named for the attack, before the head of the first column reached Kilravock House, where the first division was to diverge from the other, cross the river Nairn, and fall upon the enemy in the rear.

In the cold grey of the dawning day a halt took place for deliberation. Lord George had hoped by this very time to have made his attack upon the English, and he was now an hour's march from their camp; already he could hear the distant roll of their drums; his men were exhausted and the ranks thinned by desertion; the light was breaking; their position was one of danger. He pointed out the impossibility of reaching the enemy before daylight, and advised, as the object of their expedition was frustrated, an immediate retreat. Whilst giving this counsel a message was sent from the Prince stating that "he would be very glad to have the attack made, but as Lord George Murray was in the van he could best judge whether it could be done in time or not." The fate of the army thus



left to his decision, Lord George felt that he had no alternative but to adhere to his first opinion, and gave the word to retreat.\* Charles at this time rode up, and was fully convinced both of the wisdom and the necessity of his Lieutenant-General's decision. In less than three hours the clans had regained the swamps of Culloden, but wearied with famine and exhaustion.

The effects of the night march were now visible. Numbers of the men hurried off to Inverness to obtain food and rest. The Prince himself with great difficulty obtained some bread and whiskey at Culloden House. His officers, too tired to eat, threw themselves down, to court the repose they had so well earned. But the sweets of even a hasty rest were not long to be enjoyed. The exhausted condition of the

\* The account given of this transaction by Lord George Murray varies from that left us by Charles himself; there is, however, no reason to suspect either of wilful inaccuracy. Lord George wrote within a short time after the event in question, whereas Charles's account was given thirty years afterwards, in reply to some questions addressed to him in Italy. Murray, in a letter dated the 5th of August, 1749, and addressed to one William Hamilton, of Bangour, says:—"Mr. O'Sullivan also came up to the front, and said, his Royal Highness would be very glad to have the attack made; but as Lord George Murray was in the van, he could best judge whether it could be done in time or not." The Prince's words are: "Upon the army's halting, M. le Comte (the Prince) rode up to the front, to inquire the occasion of the halt. Upon his arrival, Lord George Murray convinced me of the necessity of retreating." Lord Elcho, with his usual spite, gives a different version of the affair. "Cameron of Lochiel," he says in his journal, "came up and told the Prince that as the day was dawning a night attack was out of the question, and that the advice both of Lord George and himself was to beat a retreat. The Prince was anxious to proceed, and whilst the point was being discussed, the column of Lord George appeared in sight retreating towards Inverness. Seeing this the Prince immediately concluded that he was being betrayed by Lord George, and he distrusted all the more those who were attached to Lord George." This version, at variance with the statements both of the Prince and Lord George Murray, can scarcely be allowed much weight.

troops was such that it was impossible to expect any really formidable resistance on their part. Lord George therefore renewed a proposal he had made the day before, that the wearied troops should take up a position behind the river Nairn, where the ground being hilly and inaccessible to cavalry, the army of the Duke of Cumberland would be forced to operate at great disadvantage. But Charles, when the matter was laid before him, refused to entertain it. He had retreated from Derby, he had retreated from Stirling, and in both instances grave harm had been done to his cause. Whereas whenever he had made a bold stand against the foe, as at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, he had come off victorious. To decline a battle on fair ground and wage a kind of guerilla warfare amid the neighbouring hills was contrary to his ideas of chivalry. He would fight the English in open field as his ancestors had fought them in years bygone, no matter what might be the issue of the struggle. If he won, his enemies, at least, should not say that he owed his victory to the cowardly advantages of a protected position; should he be defeated, and Culloden henceforth be known in history—like the hills of Halidon and Homildon, and the fields of Flodden and of Pinkie—as spots where Saxon and Scot had met foot to foot to test each other's prowess, and the Saxon had proved the victor, then, at least, let the conflict be worthy of his cause.

But his rash, sanguine nature did not anticipate defeat. He had every confidence in the bravery of his

men, and he was determined, since a battle was inevitable, to fight like a King, and leave the issue to his God. He was implored to delay the execution of his intention for three days, when the stragglers seeking provisions in the hills and at Inverness would have returned, and his army perhaps be doubled. The Marquis d'Eguilles, it is said, even went down on his knees to the Prince, and begged him to accept the proposal of Lord George—let him retire to the mountains; then should the English dare follow him they would be destroyed in detail in a series of skirmishes. But advice and entreaties were in vain. Sir Thomas Sheridan and the officers from France, instead of showing how culpably rash Charles was, only the more encouraged him in his mad resolve. They represented to him that Heaven was on his side; that his successes at Preston and at Falkirk were not common victories but miracles, and that the god of battles would again smile upon his arms. This teaching was only too much in accordance with the wishes of the Prince, who, to use the words of Lord George Murray, “was rather too hazardous, and was for fighting the enemy on all occasions.” Charles now came forward and informed the chieftains that as a battle was sooner or later inevitable, he would take up his position on the spot on which they now stood, and listen to none who counselled retreat.

Very shortly after arriving at this decision, it became impossible, had he even so wished, to follow the prudent advice of his Lieutenant-General. At

seven in the morning—three hours after the return to Culloden—the scouts came into the camp, bringing the news that the Duke of Cumberland had quitted his quarters at Nairn, and was in full march for Inverness—his cavalry but two miles distant, his main body not above four miles. At once the drums beat to arms, and the trumpets of the picket of Fitzjames sounded the call to boot and saddle. Struggling with the sleep that still hung heavy upon them, and but little refreshed by their few snatches of rest, the men rose up from their couch on the dewy moor and hurried to the ranks to answer the roll-call. And now, in this awful hour of emergency, it was found that the Highland army had been shorn of its strength by the desertion of some 2000 men, who, driven by hunger, had gone to Inverness and the neighbouring mountains in quest of food. Time pressed, and it was impossible to send in pursuit of them. Every man was now of the utmost importance, for the whole force of the little army numbered but some 5,000 men. As the clans formed in line, and their diminished ranks became painfully apparent, more than one officer must have regretted that the sage counsel of Lord George Murray had been overruled.

The scouts who reported the movements of the enemy to the staff at Culloden House had not been misled. Between four and five o'clock of the morning, the hour after the Highlanders had returned from their night march, the Duke of Cumberland quitted

Nairn. He marched his men in three lines. The first line, commanded by Lord Albemarle and Brigadier Sempill, consisted of the regiments of Pulteney, Cholmondeley, Price, Monro, and Barrel, the Royals, and the Scotch Fusiliers. The second line, commanded by Major-General Huske, the same who had distinguished himself at Falkirk, was composed of the regiments of Howard, Fleming, Bligh, Sempill, Ligonier, and Wolfe. The third line, commanded by Brigadier Mordaunt, consisted of the regiments of Battereau and Blackney. The cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant-Generals Hawley and Bland, consisted of Cobham's dragoons, Lord Mark Kerr's dragoons, and Kingston's Horse. The strength of the whole force was estimated at 10,000 men.\*

Confident of victory, the Duke marched his men rapidly over the marshy ground, now a cultivated tract, which extends from Nairn to Inverness. At first he had been under the impression that the rebels would fly before him into the mountains and never attempt resistance, but he was led to change his mind. "I must own," he writes to the Duke of Newcastle, † "I never expected they would have had the imprudence to risk a general engagement, but their having burnt Fort Augustus the day before convinced me they intended to stand." Aware, therefore, that his men were on the eve of a battle, the Duke issued instructions how to cope with the enemy, whose mode of warfare was so strange, and had inflicted such humiliation

\* State Papers, Scotland, April 18, 1746.

† *Ibid.*

upon the King's troops. He bade his men, in order to avoid the interposition of the Highland targets, to thrust with their bayonets, not in a straight, but in a slanting line, each soldier directing his weapon, not against the man immediately opposite to him, but against the one who fronted his right-hand comrade; thus the foe would be wounded under the sword arm before he could ward off the thrust. The men received his advice with a loud cheer, and for the first time during the campaign seemed eager to meet their foe, and to revenge the disgrace which Gladsmuir and Falkirk had inflicted upon their arms. Twice they halted on their march, and the morning was well-nigh spent before the English came in sight of the Highlanders. A loud huzza was raised by the royal troops when their enemy became visible, which the clans re-echoed in savage earnest. At last the moment had come which was to decide the fate of the House of Stuart for ever.

Charles had drawn up his followers in two lines. On the right stood the first line commanded by Lord George Murray, which consisted of the Athole Brigade, the Camerons, the Stewarts, the Frasers, the Macintoshes, the Farquharsons, and some other clans. On the left stood the second line commanded by Lord John Drummond, composed of the three regiments of Macdonalds, styled from their chiefs, Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. On the right of the first line was the first troop of Horse Guards, and on the left of the second line, a troop of Fitzjames' horse. The reserve consisted of Lord Kilmarnock's regiment of foot guards

and the remains of Lord Pitsligo's, and Lord Strathallen's horse. The right flank was covered by some straggling park walls; to the left was a descent sloping down to Culloden House. Four pieces of artillery were placed at the extremity of each line, and the same number in the centre.

No little jealousy had been excited by this arrangement of the troops. The clan Macdonald, as the most powerful and numerous of the clans, had claimed from the beginning of the expedition, the privilege of holding the right of the whole army. They had led the right at Preston, and at Falkirk, and regarded their exchange to the left as not only an insult but ominous. "We of the clan Macdonald," says one of their officers, "thought it ominous we had not this day the right hand in battle, as formerly at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, and which our clan maintain we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn."

On his first sight of the enemy, the Duke halted his men, and made preparations for attack. His army formed in three lines, with cavalry on each wing, and two pieces of cannon between every two regiments of the first line. The Highlanders who supported the Hanoverian cause, and of whom the Duke thought but little, were told off to guard the baggage. Before entering action, His Royal Highness rode in front of his men, and again addressed them. "I do not suppose," said he, "that there is a soldier before me, unwilling to fight, but should there be any, who,

either from disinclination to the cause, or from having relatives in the rebel army, prefer to retire, in God's name I beg them to do so now: I would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand men at my back, determined to fight, than with ten thousand of whom a tithe are lukewarm." The only response to his speech were shouts of "Flanders! Flanders!" which were enthusiastically raised.

It was now one o'clock, and some of the officers around the Duke proposed that the men should dine before going into action. "No," replied the Commander-in-Chief, "they will fight more actively with empty bellies; besides it would be a bad omen—you remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk!"

But the lesson taught at Falkirk was not to be repeated. The Highlanders met their foe under every disadvantage that it was possible for men about to fight to labour. No one watching the rival forces as they stood on their arms in the expectancy of onset, could have doubted the issue for a moment. The English were well commanded; each regiment was in harmony with its fellow; every man was fresh and healthy; there was no lack of arms, artillery and ammunition; and in numbers they were double that of the enemy. The rebels on the other hand faced their foe, wearied with their fruitless night-march to Kilravock, sick and famished for want of provisions, ill-clad, ill-armed, ill-supplied with artillery, shorn of nearly half their strength by recent desertion and by the non-arrival of expected support, and with their



chief regiment sullen and depressed. Added to these terrible deficiencies, the ground they occupied was somewhat lower than that on which the English had formed, whilst a strong north-west wind was driving a heavy fall of rain and snow straight into their faces. Still, the very thought of action fired for a time the hot blood of the Highlanders ; and, forgetful of fatigue and hunger, they stood shoulder to shoulder, grasping their claymores with warm eager hands, ready to spring forward at the word of command.

The battle began with a sharp but ineffective cannonade from the Highlanders, which was returned with terrible interest by the Royal troops. "We spent half-an-hour," writes the Duke,\* "trying which should gain the flank of the other, and I having sent Lord Bury forward within a hundred yards of the rebels to reconnoitre somewhat that appeared like a battery, they began firing their cannon, which was extremely ill-served and ill-pointed. Ours immediately answered them, which began their confusion." For well nigh an hour the rival artillery kept up incessant firing ; the shots from the English tearing through the ranks of the clans and making wide gaps which no amount of closing up could conceal. Charles had taken up his position on a slight elevation immediately behind the rear. Here he had a complete view of the field, and was able to give his orders with the best advantage. But his vantage point was no sheltered spot, as his enemies have insinuated.

\* State Papers, Scotland, April 18, 1746.

He was in the immediate line of the English artillery, several of the officers around him fell, and a servant who held a led horse was killed by his side, the Prince himself being covered by the earth thrown up by the ball. Undisturbed by these disasters, he remained as cool under fire as he had been at Gaeta, and continued his inspection.

The galling fire which had opened upon the Highlanders from the enemy's cannon was received by them with an impatience which even better disciplined troops would have displayed under the circumstances. The men looked anxiously at their chiefs to know when the order to advance would be given. They were eager to charge as they had done at Gladsmuir, and break the enemy's ranks by one of their terrible *coups de main*. This inactivity was hateful to them. A few threw themselves on the ground to avoid the storm of shot around them; others took the responsibility of command upon themselves, and cried out to their fellows to charge; a few—a very few—cowed and panic-stricken, broke their ranks and fled. Lord George felt that it would be dangerous to resist much longer the fiendish impatience that was surging like molten lead in the breasts of his men. He sent Ker of Gradon to the Prince requesting permission to attack. But, before the aide-de-camp returned with his answer, the Macintoshes, who had never before been in action, rushed upon the English centre, and were followed by the whole right-wing of the Highland army.

A sharp storm of hail and snow began now to fall,

and was driven by a strong north-west wind right into the faces of the rebels. Half blinded with its pitiless flakes, and with the acrid smoke that rolled around them, the Highlanders, sword in hand, dashed forward with all their terrible impetuosity. The regiments of Monro and Burrell received their charge with a warm fire of musketry and artillery; but, after a brief resistance, the fierce onset of the clans met with its accustomed reward, and the ranks of the English were broken. The Duke, however, had anticipated the possibility of such an event, and had strengthened his second line, which was drawn up three deep, so as to constitute a steady support in case any part of his first gave way. As the Highlanders, partially victorious and elated with their success, continued their furious advance, the front rank of Sempill's regiment knelt down, presenting a bristling array of bayonets, the second rank bent forward, the third rank stood upright. Calm and collected, with their firelocks at the present, they awaited the advance of the Highlanders: then, when their foes were within a yard of the bayonet-point, poured upon them a volley so murderous and so well directed that, after the action, the bodies of the unfortunate Highlanders are said to have been found *in layers of three and four deep!* A few, according to the Duke, in their rage at not making any impression upon the battalions, rushed forward and threw stones at the English for a minute or two.\* But the rest, staggered

\* State Papers, Scotland, April 18, 1746.

by their terrible reception, were at a loss how to act. Then the Royal troops advanced and drove the clans before them—the whole right and centre of the foe—irretrievably routed. In the charge, the chief Mac-lauchlan had been killed, and the brave Lochiel was carried to the rear by two faithful henchmen severely wounded. But, though defeated, the Highlanders had no cause to reproach themselves: they had fought with splendid courage, bearing themselves like gallant men who did their best to win the day, but they had to cope with an enemy twice their strength, and amply provided with all the *materiel* of warfare. They were defeated, but not dishonoured.

It would be well if the same praise could be accorded to the left wing. Moody and sullen, the Macdonalds saw the enemy putting to rout the right and centre of their army, yet their hands never grasped their swords with an itching for revenge; their feet still halted as if stuck to the swampy moor; they were passionless as cravens. The courage and chivalry of their tribe had indeed strangely deserted them. Their dignity had been offended by being placed on the left: so, with a preference as selfish as it was traitorous, they chose rather to subscribe to a defeat than to forgive the insult. In vain the Duke of Perth called out to them, "Claymore! Claymore!" and tried to soothe their sullen pride by telling them that "if they behaved with their usual valour they would convert the left into the right, and that he would call himself in future Macdonald." But the well-known battle-cry and the

kindly flattery were both incapable of rousing these surly, ill-conditioned vassals into action. The only answer Perth received was a low, long-drawn-out murmur of dissatisfaction. In vain the gallant Kepoch rushed forward to the charge, followed by a few of his kinsmen: his clan, with an obstinacy and infidelity unknown in Highland warfare, remained stationary. A well directed shot brought the chieftain to the ground: still his followers stirred not. "My God!" cried the dying chief, "have the children of my tribe deserted me?" And the last sight his eyes, rapidly glazing in death, beheld, was the clan which bore his name still remaining fixed and immovable in the face of the foe. So stood the whole left wing, calm and uninterested spectators of the rout and repulse of their brethren. Then, when the end had come, they fell back in good order, and joined the remnant of the second line. A more treacherous and disgraceful display of temper, military history has never yet had to record.

From the height where he stood with one squadron of horse, Charles watched the scene in amazement. Defeat he had never yet suffered, and therefore believed impossible; but now he saw his army routed and his cause ruined. His eyes suffused with bitter tears as he gazed upon the fruitless gallantry of the centre and the right, the baseness of the Macdonalds, and the imminent overthrow of his whole army. He cast a hurried glance upon the Lowland troops and the French and Irish piquets, which still remained. What

if he could yet turn the tide of defeat by leading the second line to undertake what the first had failed to accomplish? A moment's reflection showed him that such an idea was hopeless. It was hardly possible that one half of an army should be able to retrieve the battle against treble its numbers flushed with victory. Moreover, the second line was dispirited at the defeat of the centre and the right; and their past privations, now that they were no longer buoyed up by excitement, had made them sick and almost craven at heart. To continue the battle without any hope of gaining it was only to increase the slaughter and to destroy every chance of rallying his men on a future occasion. The officers around the Prince concurred in thinking the battle irretrievably lost, and advised an instant retreat.

Nor was there a moment to lose. The Duke of Cumberland was repairing the losses in his first line by supplies from the second, and evidently preparing for a general attack. On the flank of the second line of the Highland army were the Campbells; whilst in the rear of the clans was a body of cavalry which had broken through the inclosures on the rebel right, and if reinforced in time, could cut off all retreat from the defeated army. Under these circumstances the Highlanders, dejected and dispirited, began to prepare for flight. Many departed singly to provide betimes for their own safety; not a few fled in the utmost confusion. A portion of the second line effected a retreat in good order, with colours flying and

pipes playing, while the French auxiliaries fell back upon Inverness, where they obtained honourable terms of capitulation from the Duke of Cumberland. Many from the Highland army fled in the direction of Inverness, but the greater part towards the Highlands. In this decisive action the rebels lost about one-fifth of their men, while the victors did not estimate their loss much above 300 in killed and wounded. The trophies that fell into the hands of the Duke were fourteen standards, 2,300 muskets, and the whole of the artillery and baggage of the Highland army.

On quitting the field of battle, the Prince was accompanied by two troops of cavalry, with which he crossed the river Nairn and rode to Fort Felie, about three miles from Culloden. Here he halted and dismissed his escort, directing them in the first instance to repair to Ruthven. An interview, it is stated, now took place between him and Lord Elcho, which may as well be told in his lordship's words.\* "The Prince halted four miles from the field of battle, and I found him in a deplorable state. As he had flattered himself always by false hopes that the army of the Duke would fly before him like that of Cope and Hawley, he believed that he had been betrayed, and seemed to fear all the Scotch, believing that they were capable of surrendering to the Duke in order to obtain peace and the £30,000 the King had put on his head. He inquired about no one, and only spoke to the Irish

\* MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

who were around him . . . he seemed only interested in the fate of the Irish, and not at all in that of the Scotch ; and seeing that the number of Scotch officers around him had increased, he bade them begone to a village a mile distant, and that he would send them orders. I remained after their departure, and asked him if he had any orders to give me ? He replied I could go where I pleased, and that as for himself he intended to repair to France. I answered that I was surprised at such a resolution so little worthy of a Prince of his birth ; that it was unworthy in him to have caused so many people to sacrifice themselves for him, and then to abandon them ; and that, even if he had lost a thousand men in the battle, there remained some 9,000 for him to put himself at their head, and to live and die with them. I represented to him that he arrived in this country without troops, and that he could even yet muster an army of 9,000 men, so that his situation was still better than when he landed in Scotland. I also told him that when his men found themselves without a leader they would disperse, and consequently fall under the vengeance of the Duke of Cumberland. All these reasons, however, made no impression upon him, and he only answered that he was determined to escape into France. Upon that I left him, fully determined never to have anything more to do with him."

I have given this extract at length, because much has been made of the conduct of Charles during the closing scenes of the tragedy of Culloden. Sir



Walter Scott relates on the authority of certain manuscript memoirs of Lord Elcho, that at the time when the Macdonalds in their sullen obstinacy refused to fight, and the centre and the right were completely routed, Lord Elcho rode up to the Prince, pointed to the second line which was as yet entire, and implored Charles to charge forward with them and retrieve the fortune of the day. To this proposal the Prince returned a doubtful or negative answer, upon which Lord Elcho called him an Italian coward and a scoundrel, and vowed he would never look upon his face again; an oath, says Sir Walter, which he religiously kept in the future.\*

What these memoirs are which authorise the great novelist to make such a statement, I know not: there is no mention of the fact in the Journal from which I have just quoted. And the omission is striking. The Journal of Lord Elcho is a careful and minute autobiography. In it the writer records where he was educated, the friends he made at Winchester, the houses he dined at in town, the foreign cities he visited, his interviews with the Chevalier de St. George, his connection with Prince Charles, the incidents of the Rebellion, his retirement to Paris, and the various events, some important, others of no special note, which formed the different links in the chain of his life. But as the Journal was drawn up some forty years after the affair of the '45, it may perhaps be said that Lord Elcho, writing from memory, had forgotten

\* *Quarterly Review*, lxxi., p. 213.

much in his life which it would have been important for him to remember. This, however, will not get over the difficulty, for from the pages of the autobiography it would appear that the memory of Lord Elcho was singularly acute and tenacious. He relates the various incidents of his childhood and schooldays, freely mentions the names of those who were known to him in his youth, and indeed displays throughout the narrative of his diary a remembrance both of petty details and important events almost surprising in a man at his time of life. And yet there is not one word of the incident at Culloden as related by Sir Walter Scott. We know that Lord Elcho was anything but friendly towards the Prince, and, whenever opportunity offered, loved to wing a bitter shaft against his former master; therefore the omission in his Journal of all mention of this story of Sir Walter Scott's cannot certainly be credited to good taste or kindly feeling. It seems to me from the animus evinced by Lord Elcho against the Prince, that if such an event had ever occurred, his lordship would certainly have remembered it, and have been only too glad to publish the fact. If he recollects the colour of the gowns the sixth-form boys wore at Winchester, he certainly would have remembered so noteworthy a circumstance as the refusal of the Prince to accept his advice and head a charge at a most eventful moment on the moor at Culloden. But there is no allusion to such an event. In the extract I have given, the only one touching the personal his-

tory of the Prince at the time of the battle, it will be seen that the interview between Lord Elcho and Charles takes place when the conflict *is over* and the two are fugitives from the field. There is nothing about Lord Elcho riding up to the Prince and bidding him lead on his men and change a defeat into a victory, or die as became a scion of his House; but simply a conversation as to the future movements and policy of the Prince.

Now which of these two accounts are we to accept? If we believe the statement quoted by Sir Walter Scott, and Charles is to be branded with the most cruel imputation that a Prince and a soldier can sustain, how comes it that no mention is made of the incident in the Journal of Lord Elcho? How comes it that Lord Elcho, after having declared in a fit of virtuous indignation that he will never look upon the face of the Prince again, yet within a few minutes of such an assertion, follows in the train of Charles, and according to his own statement in his Journal, has another interview with his master by the waters of the Nairn? How comes it that Lord Elcho, after having sworn never to look upon the face of the Prince again, yet, as we shall show, appears a few months afterwards in the suite of Charles, at his first public audience at the Court of France, and years afterwards tries to see him at Rome? If, on the other hand, we believe the conversation as recorded in the Journal, how can we reconcile the two statements? Is it likely that the Prince, a man of spirit, and fully

conscious of what was his due, would permit one who some half hour ago had openly insulted him to his face by calling him a "scoundrel" and an "Italian coward," to address a word to him, much less to carry on a sustained conversation, and offer him advice? Surely not. If we are to place faith in the quotation given by Sir Walter Scott, Lord Elcho exhibits the Prince as an utter coward during the battle; but the statement in the *Journal* makes no mention of such an exhibition, but simply records a conversation between the two when the battle was over. Both extracts, however, though relating to different events, occurring at different times, have but one object in view, to write Charles down as a coward and a selfish adventurer.

I hope it will not be said that my zeal outruns critical discretion when I ask the reader to give no credence to either of these charges, but to regard them as calumnious falsehoods. Their aim is to degrade the Prince and to exalt the calumniator. In one picture Lord Elcho—spurring in hot haste to his Royal Master, bidding him charge at the head of his division and win the day or die like a king—is represented if somewhat reckless, yet as loyal, chivalrous and heroic. In the other, Lord Elcho on the banks of the Nairn—reading his master a moral lesson, telling him of the army he has yet at his disposal and encouraging him to act worthy of his race by not losing heart and deserting the cause—is described as a good and true man. But is either of them probable? From what we know of Lord Elcho, he was a man of doubtful

fealty to the Stuart cause, of a violent and jealous temper, and as unsparing as unscrupulous in his enmity. It is true that he had lent the Prince the far from contemptible sum of £1500; but then that was at the very commencement of the campaign, before his spite and jealousy had been awakened, and when he had every confidence in the ultimate success of the Prince's cause. Besides, when a creditor expects his debtor to be raised to a throne, his kindness does not seem such a disinterested act as at first sight may appear. But later on, when jealousy of the favouritism shewn to the Irish was doing its bitter work, Lord Elcho, so staunch and true in his Jacobitism, used often in conversation with Æneas Macdonald, to curse himself for having been so mad as to join in the Rebellion, and said in his spite that he always had the most despicable opinion of the success of the enterprise.\* How bitterly then he must have regretted his loan to the Prince! We shall see how, in after life, he harps upon it. Again. The battle of Culloden had scarcely been fought two months when he who had so chivalrously urged his Prince to lead a charge and had spoken so patriotically beside the waters of Nairn was writing from Paris to His Grace of Argyle,† to take him under his protection, and to represent to His Majesty that, if he

\* Examination of Macdonald. State Papers, Domestic, Sept. 17, 1746.

† State Papers, Scotland, June 17, 1746. Ten days later he writes to the Lord Justice Clerk "not to forsake him at this critical juncture," and promises "any assurance whatever for my making His Majesty a most loyal subject for the future." State Papers, Scotland.

would pardon him his past offences, he was ready to surrender immediately, and to give every assurance that in the future he would be a peaceable subject, and "shall never be concerned in any scheme that can be detrimental to His Majesty or His Family." "But," says Horace Walpole, "as Lord Elcho has distinguished himself beyond all the Jacobite commanders by brutality and insult and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is." Nor were Walpole's surmises falsified. Lord Elcho was not pardoned. The inconsistent narratives of such a man, at open enmity with him of whom he spoke, should be received with extreme caution.

Fortunately for Charles his reputation at this date rests upon other authority than that of Lord Elcho. So far from it being true that the Prince refused, like the craven Elcho would wish him to appear, to lead the second line, it is said, on the testimony of a cornet, who carried the standard of the second troop of Horse Guards and who was close by the Prince's side, that Charles was eager to place himself at the head of the remaining Highlanders, and charge the enemy; nay, that he was only deterred from his plan by Sheridan and O'Sullivan seizing his horse by the bridle, and forcing him to quit the field.\* Such a statement is far more in harmony with the conduct and character of Charles throughout the campaign, than the spiteful impression Lord Elcho wished to convey. The probability is, however, that Charles, as I have said,

\* Home, vol. iii. p. 225.

thought at first of making use of his second line, but on the officers around him agreeing that the battle was irretrievably lost, and that it would only aggravate matters to continue the conflict, prudently abided by their judgment.

With regard to the conversation by the waters of the Nairn, recorded by Lord Elcho in his journal, there are several reasons for doubting its accuracy. It is impossible to deny that Charles showed a most culpable predilection—the sin of favouritism ever ran blackly in his race—for the Irish officers on his staff, but that he carried this feeling to such an extent as to believe that his Irish were the only good men and true he possessed, is absurd on its very face. He doubted the fidelity of Lord George Murray, he was not on the best of terms with some of his chieftains, who, very properly, were offended at his exclusiveness, but that he ever doubted the loyalty of the clans we have not a shred of evidence. On the contrary, he was so confident of the Highlanders who formed his army that he believed wherever they went, victory must attend them. To repeat the remark of Lord George Murray, who certainly had no reason to be a very well-disposed critic of the Prince, “His Royal Highness,” said he, “had so much confidence in the bravery of his army that he was rather too hazardous, and was for fighting the enemy on all occasions.” An army may be brave and yet treacherous, but assuredly no one would have *confidence* in an army’s bravery if suspecting it of treachery. In after life, when the

most baneful of all indulgences had dimmed his faculties and ruined his once splendid physique, the very thought of his Scottish campaign and the inviolable attachment of his followers—his loyal dunnie wassails—always roused him to something like his former self. Indeed, so keen and joyous was the enthusiasm that such recollections awakened, that latterly his shattered frame was unable to bear the excitement they occasioned. In the last sad days, both at Florence and at Rome, though well nigh a generation and a half had passed away since his struggle for a crown, Scotland and the Highlanders were tabooed subjects of conversation with him. “No one dares mention them in his presence,” said the Duchess of Albany in an awed whisper to the few English who came to pay their *devoirs* to the head of the once famous House of Stuart.

Nor was this enthusiasm misplaced. Thirty thousand pounds had been set on his head. He was in the midst of a people poor to misery, whose notions of ordinary honesty were anything but clearly defined, who on all sides were experiencing the terrible punishment that awaits those who rise in rebellion against a monarch in possession; and yet their fidelity was such that for five long months their rugged glens, their rocky islets, their forest wilds were his home, and not the rudest vassal who fashioned fir logs for his wretched shibeen, not the most miserable exile burnt out of hearth and home, but would rather have had his tongue torn out by the roots than reveal



the haunts of the son of his king. Well might the Duke of Cumberland and his soldier scouts, close on the scent and yet ever at fault, curse their inability to obtain intelligence! By her splendid fidelity to the great grandson, Scotland has indeed given reparation in full for the baseness of her conduct towards the great grandsire.

Lord Elcho says that immediately after his retreat from Culloden the mind of the Prince was resolutely made up to repair to France. This was not so. On halting at the river Nairn, Charles was as yet ignorant what course the future would map out for him. He had bidden his fugitives to rendezvous at Ruthven in Badenoch, and wait for further orders. He knew that the Master of Lovat and Cluny Macpherson, though not in time for the action at Culloden, were marching at the head of strong reinforcements, and would shortly come up with him. Macdonald of Barrisdale and Glengyle with his Macgregors were also expected to arrive. Nor was he hopeless that the large body of stragglers which had deserted after their night march to Kilravock, might again unite with the remnant of the army. Could a junction of these troops be effected he would still be at the head of a formidable force, and the tide might yet turn in his favour. He had no intention because he had sustained a defeat—bitter and crippling though it was—at once to throw up his cause and fly in hot haste to Paris. It was only when he found all hopes of rallying the army and of renewing the war for the present com-

pletely vanish, that he looked with a longing eye towards Versailles.

Shortly after the battle of Culloden, a meeting had taken place at Murligan, two miles from the deep blue waters of Loch Arkaig. Here attended the wily Lord Lovat, Lochiel, whose wound in the ankle was slowly progressing, Macdonald of Barrisdale, Macdonald of Lochgarry, Gordon of Glenbucket, John Roy Stewart, and other chieftains, to consider what course of action they should now pursue. After much conflicting debate they agreed to meet on the following week. The measure they proposed, however, fell through, "their people being unwilling to come out a second time." \* True to the master who had so ungraciously rewarded his labours, Lord George Murray was busy also at Ruthven in collecting a force of some 1,200 men, and the chiefs who supported him vowed forthwith "to raise in arms for the interest of his Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales, all the able-bodied men they could collect within their respective interests or properties;" but, like the meeting at Murligan, this proposed resistance was also abandoned. The cruelty which followed Culloden was doing its work, the Highlanders, panic-stricken and impoverished, felt themselves powerless to stem the tide, and so one by one the clans dispersed, and the last attempt at a Stuart restoration was at an end. Charles, lying hid in the glens of the Western High-

\* Examination of John Murray, August 27, 1746. State Papers, Domestic.

lands, saw that the struggle for a time was over, and could only be repeated if France threw her aid into the scale. He resolved, therefore, to cross the seas, to present himself as a suppliant at the Court of Versailles, and again plead his father's cause. He sent by word of mouth to Lord George Murray his intention of embarking for France, whence he hoped soon to return with fresh succours. He also addressed his thanks to his adherents for their past zeal and fidelity, but advised them for the present to think only of providing for their own security.

But though the son was still sanguine as to the future, the father was not. When the news of the defeat at Culloden reached Rome, the Pretender was so sorely stricken at the intelligence that, like the Czar of All the Russias after the victory of the Alma, he shut himself up in his room, and refused to be comforted. Then when it was hoped his grief had somewhat abated, the Ambassador of France and Cardinal Tencin called on him and tried to cheer the fallen man, by saying "That the battle was not decisive, and that the Court of France was capable of remedying all." But he whom they would comfort well knew by this time the value of French support, and "remained after their departure more confused and melancholy than ever." Immense was the consternation at Rome, writes Walton, when the details of the battle fought on the swamps of Drummossie were known in the Eternal City, "for all the priests and monks had

contributed money for this expedition, in the firm hope of seeing the Romish religion established in England." \* Posterity may congratulate itself upon their disappointment.

\* State Papers, Tuscany, May 31, 1746.

## CHAPTER II.

### REVENGE.

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“ Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn !  
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,  
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.  
Thy hospitable roofs no more  
Invite the stranger to the door ;  
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.”

“ Think on the hellish acts thou'st done,  
The thousands thou'st betrayed :  
Nero himself would blush to own  
The slaughter thou hast made.”

THE battle of Culloden had been fought, and a victory, complete and decisive, adjudged to the English. The opposition of the Highlanders was overthrown, and the combinations they had formed for resistance had received an insurmountable check. Rebellion had at last been crushed. During the past few months a mere handful of men had risen in armed enmity against the established monarchy of the land ; in one division of the kingdom they had boldly usurped the authority of the Crown ; on all sides their proceedings had occasioned the liveliest anxiety ; troops had been despatched to oppose their progress, and had

been ignominiously defeated ; peaceful counties, loyal to their king, had been marched through, and the inhabitants, in terror of their lives, compelled to swear fealty to another. Nay, for a time it had been feared that the whole country would have had to bow beneath the yoke of the invader, and a king of the exiled House of Stuart once more wield the sceptre and sit on the throne of his ancestors. In every town loyalty had been divided and intrigue busy with its schemes. Throughout the realm public tranquillity had been sorely disturbed, commerce paralysed, and men's minds troubled, not knowing what a day might bring forth. And now this terrible foe, which had sought to undermine the constitution of a country and to poison the fidelity of a people, had been foiled in its purpose, and forced to bite the dust. It was an opportunity not to be lost.

It was an opportunity not to be lost, but at the same time it was one which a generous enemy would so avail himself of as to temper justice with mercy, and allow consideration to wait upon the severities of punishment. But unfortunately the victor of Culloden was little inclined to display the milder qualities of a conqueror. Clemency, forbearance, moral persuasion, were not within his military code. With him victory meant not merely the defeat of a foe, but his annihilation, with rapine, cruelty, and merciless slaughter. These savage accompaniments of a campaign were, owing to the nature of the enemy on this occasion, all the more in harmony with his feelings. He hated

a Jacobite, not with the common sentiments which hostility engenders, but with a distinct and personal hatred. A Jacobite was the special enemy of his race; an enemy who planned and plotted for the overthrow of the reigning House, and who openly admitted that he would be content with nothing less. He regarded an adherent of the Stuarts as a man in possession regards one who seeks to oust him from the property he holds, and whose existence is fraught with every element of animosity. From his boyhood the Duke had been taught to look upon Jacobitism as the embodiment of everything that was offensive, disloyal, and treacherous to himself and his line. He believed there was no treason, however black,—no scheme, however revolutionary,—no effort, however dangerous, in which a Jacobite would not engage to serve the ends he had in view. He hated France, not because most Englishmen of his time hated a Frenchman, but simply because France, ever since the exile of the Stuarts, had been a stanch friend to the fallen House.

And inasmuch as he hated France, he hated Scotland all the more. It was there, amid its wild glens and picturesque fastnesses, that he knew lived a people devoted to the interests of the exiled race, and who, ever since the days of the Hanoverian accession, had schemed and intrigued against the established monarchy. Throughout his despatches it is plain to see how the Duke disliked Scotland, and how readily bitter expressions against her people rise

to his lips. He had no faith in Scottish loyalty. In spite of Lowland devotion, he believed that the leaven of Jacobitism, if not mercilessly crushed, would work its evil way in the south as well as in the north, and that the only cure for this disloyalty was punishment by the sword. For the last few weeks his temper had been aggravated by the tricks and devices of a hostile neighbourhood. He had marched and countermarched on false information ; his prisoners had been set free ; every delay that could be contrived had interfered with his supply of provisions ; he was ever cursing the country and the difficulties with which he was surrounded. On quitting Aberdeen he had made up his mind to a harassing mountain warfare, and had never expected that his enemy would have had the courage to stand and stake their all on the issue of a pitched battle. But he had underrated the self-confidence of the rebels, and in a few hours it had been his good fortune to inflict upon his rival a crushing defeat. He had gained a victory, and he was resolved, with the brutality which lay not far beneath the surface of his coarse good nature, to teach those who had plotted against his Royal father and disturbed the peace of the realm what kind of an enemy they had aroused.

On the dispersion of the Highland army being complete, he gave orders for his cavalry to pursue the retreating foe. With fiendish glee the dragoons—the cravens of the Colt Bridge, of Prestonpans, and of Falkirk—obeyed their instructions. Those fugitives who had not made good their escape were caught,

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and, save a few reserved for public execution, were mercilessly slaughtered. Quarter was given to none. The wounded, who had crept into thickets and deserted sheds, there hoping to die in peace, were dragged forth, drawn up in line, and despatched by platoon firing: the few who escaped death by this fusilade had their brains beaten out by the stocks of the soldiers' muskets. A barn in which several wounded Highlanders had taken refuge was set on fire, and as the unhappy inmates, half suffocated with the smoke, tried to make their egress, they were driven back at the point of the bayonet by the soldiers stationed around the shed, and roasted in the flames. On the moor, sodden by the recent rains, the dying and the dead remained in awful companionship for two whole days—from the Wednesday to the Friday—with not a soul at hand to alleviate their sufferings, or to examine into their condition; then on the afternoon of the Friday detachments were marched down by the Duke to kill the few who survived the consequences of this terrible exposure. "Our men," writes an English officer,\* "what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood and splashing it about one another, looked like so many butchers." And yet Sir Everard Fawkner writes to the Duke of Newcastle, that His Royal Highness is a general that any nation should be proud of!†

But this was only the inauguration of the reign of

\* *Scots Magazine*, April, 1746.

† *State Papers, Scotland*, April 19, 1746.

brutality. The Duke now proceeded to lay waste the country of the enemy. He fixed his head-quarters at Fort Augustus, and sent forth day by day strong parties of soldiery to scour the disaffected glens and visit upon their inhabitants the utmost extremities of war. The humane and loyal Duncan Forbes manfully remonstrated with this general, "of whom any nation would be proud," against the enormities committed by the English, and invoked the outraged laws of his country. "Laws!" roared the Duke, "Laws! what laws? I'll make a brigade give laws!"

And these were his laws.

Merciless as had been the slaughter on the moor of Culloden of the wounded and the dying, it is doubtful whether their fate was not to be envied when compared with the lot of those who were preserved alive. The Highland jails were thronged to suffocation; prisoners of all classes were crowded together; no distinction was made between the laird and his vassal; men of birth and ladies of position were taken up and confined amongst the common prisoners, without any reason being assigned—thus imprisoned, they were denied the use of bedding and sufficient nourishment; they cried out piteously for water, they implored protection against the damp cold of their cells, they offered large sums for bail, but all in vain. And when suffering and privation had done their work, and the death that supervened spared further torment, the bodies "were carried out of the prisons by the

beggars and brought all naked through the streets to be buried in the churchyard." Those who were not so fortunate as to die, bore about with them to the end of their days the effects of the usage they had suffered.

Men perfectly innocent of complicity with the rebellion, but whose friends or relations had taken a prominent part, were seized as spies, their bodies stripped naked and lashed from head to heel, and then they were either sent to die in the cells of a mountain prison or strung up on the boughs of a neighbouring tree.

A wounded Jacobite, imprisoned in a cellar, had effected his escape through the aid of a poor woman and her son. For this friendly act the woman was confined in a dungeon in such a position that she could neither sit nor lie down. Her imprisonment lasted many months, and when released, she was crippled for life. Her son was so brutally beaten by the soldiers of the Duke, that he died within three days.

The men of Glenmoriston and Urquhart had been told that if they gave up their arms at Inverness, their lives should be spared, and protection to return to their homes granted them. Believing in the promises thus held out, they marched to Inverness and delivered up their arms. They were immediately taken prisoners, shipped for London, and transported to the plantations.

A Provost having remonstrated at the cruelty with which certain of the Jacobite prisoners in his city were treated, was met with the reply, "Damn you, you

puppy! Do you pretend to dictate here!" He was kicked down stairs and brutally ill-used.

The sufferings of the prisoners shipped to London for trial were even more intense than those their unhappy brethren confined in the Scottish jails had to endure. They were packed as close as negroes in a slaver. The provisions doled out to them maintained life without relieving the pangs of hunger: many went mad from raging thirst; the absence of all ventilation bred fevers of the worst description, but no surgeon was in attendance to wait upon the wretched patients: some died, but the living and the dead were not separated from each other; it was said that the odour which arose from the hatchways was sufficient to poison all London.

The Duke had fixed upon Fort Augustus for his head-quarters. One of the sports he did not think it beneath him to institute, for the amusement of his men, was to make the peasant women of the neighbourhood strip in front of the camp, and ride races on horseback in perfect nudity.

From Aberdeen to the Hebrides the route was marked by a barbarity as sickening in the refinement of its cruelty, as in the monotony of its punishment. In every city and hamlet the list of atrocities was the same: farms burnt; cattle shot; lands mercilessly laid waste; women ravished; whole families made homeless and turned out into the wilds to perish by starvation and exposure; cruelty, rapine, bloodshed, throughout the line of march. And yet His Grace of

Cumberland—this general that “any nation should be proud of”—quietly calls these terrible atrocities only “a little blood-letting,” which has weakened the madness without curing it.\* It was warfare more worthy of the Huns than of English soldiery.

“In several parts of the Highlands,” says Bishop Forbes,† “the soldiery spared neither man, woman, nor child. The hoary head, the tender mother and the weeping infant behoved to share in the general wreck, and to fall victims to rage and cruelty by the musket, the bloody bayonet, the devouring flame, or famishing hunger and cold. In a word, the troops sported with cruelty. They marched through scenes of woe, and marked their steps with blood.”

“Yet when the rage of battle ceased,  
The victor's soul was not appeased ;  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel !  
The pious mother, doom'd to death,  
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread :  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend ;  
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.  
While the warm blood bedews my veins  
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat.”

Nor was severity confined to the north of the Tweed. In England every prison was so crowded

\* Coxe's “*Pelham Administration*,” vol. i., p. 303.

† “*Barbarities after Culloden*,” by Bishop Forbes. *Jacobite Memoirs*. See also “*Memorial concerning the sufferings of the Duke of Montrose's tenants, June, 1746*.” *State Papers, Scotland*, Feb. 16, 1747.

with rebel captives awaiting their trial, that at last the holds of transports in the Thames had to be enlisted in gaol service. The State Papers of this period contain little which does not bear directly or indirectly on the condition of the victims of the Rebellion:—lists of the prisoners against whom Indictments have been found; piteous petitions for pardon; letters from influential people interesting themselves in the condemned; warrants to issue writs for executions; testimonials to the “character and amiable qualities” of the more distinguished prisoners; the last dying speeches of those who glory in their martyrdom for the Stuart cause; prayers from the condemned for change of sentence; prayers for transportation; prayers to serve in the navy; and the like. Indeed, sadder reading than these documents afford there scarcely can be. Now it is an agonising letter from a pregnant wife interceding for her husband; now a widow imploring that the life of her only son may be spared; then petitions praying for mercy from young lads of gentle blood on whom the Tower and the horrors of the future have completely sobered the enthusiasm of the past; then again indignant letters from numbers complaining of the cruelty of their gaolers, and loudly protesting their innocence; or else petitions from the weak and the invalided begging to be allowed to take the air, to see a doctor, or to have their galling chains removed; throughout every document nothing but moaning, imploring, and despairing; nothing but piteous appeals to the Fountain of Mercy.

So vindictive was the tone of the Government, that in abject fear men were always to be found ready to come forward and offer their testimony against their colleagues. Nor were those who thus consented to turn King's evidence men only of low birth, of no culture, and whose mere animal instincts ran so strong that life at any price was worth the having. Here and there some rude Scot who had served in the ranks of Prince Charles with no higher motives than plunder and self-advancement, the moment he felt the grip of his chains in the prisons of York or Carlisle, Penrith or London, was only too glad to buy his chance of pardon by revealing all that he knew; but as a rule it was those of gentler blood who set the example of Jacobite disloyalty. The common vassal, who had entered the rebellion simply because desired by his chieftain, not unfrequently faced his fate with a manliness which his master failed to display. Whilst the poor hutsmen in the wilds of the Hebrides would have scorned to betray the secret haunt of their Prince, Macdonald of Barrisdale, whose clan had been in arms for Charles, and who professed himself always as a stanch and loyal Jacobite, was promising the Duke of Cumberland to discover the whereabouts of the Prince, provided His Royal Highness would intercede for him; and the Duke had agreed to the bargain.\* Whilst rude clansmen, who had never preferred a petition or regretted their attachment,

\* State Papers, Scotland, June 28, 1746, No. 33: for subsequent history of Macdonald, *see* State Papers, Scotland, April 1 and 10, 1749, No. 41.

were being drawn and quartered at Kennington and Carlisle, at York and Edinburgh, Lord Elcho was writing for a pardon from Paris, and his example was being imitated by a host of chieftains and lairds, whose prayers for mercy and willingness to change their opinions, render the cynic almost doubtful whether, amongst those who have somewhat to lose, there be such a thing as dynastic loyalty in the hour of adversity. And last but not least, men of old blood and high standing, like Æneas Macdonald and John Murray of Broughton, were busy in imparting their confessions to the Government, and bringing more than one brother-in-arms to the scaffold.

In the history of betrayal the name of John Murray will always occupy a most conspicuous position. He had been intimately connected with the late rebellion, he was private secretary to the Prince, his signature was attached to every order issued by his master, his voice had carried great weight in all the past deliberations: it was known that nothing had been conceived without his knowledge, and for much that had been so conceived he was himself responsible. It was felt that the evidence that could be given by such a man was invaluable. Nor did Murray require much pressing. Though he had been the bosom friend of the Prince ever since the two had met at Rome, and had always professed the most ardent attachment to the Stuart dynasty, he consented with but very little hesitation to expose the secrets of his master, to implicate the stanchest of his former companions, and



to make in the most candid manner his revelations. It was not, therefore, without reason that Lord Elcho, who hated the secretary, said, "We had a bad opinion of the honesty of Mr. Murray." \*

After Culloden Murray had fled to the Highlands; but his delicate state of health rendering him incapable of encountering the severity of those regions, he returned south and took up his abode with his brother-in-law, Hunter of Polmood. Hearing of this, the Lord Justice Clerk despatched a sergeant and seven men early in the morning to Polmood. Murray was in bed, and, in spite of all the efforts of his sister to bribe the men with 195 guineas, was taken prisoner and handed over to Andrew Fletcher. "Mr. Murray was delivered to me prisoner yesternight," writes the Lord Justice Clerk: † "what with fatigue or drink he was in such disorder that it required some hours sleep before he recovered; and then, in answer to some questions I put to him, he told me that all his papers were burnt by his clerks; that his late master, with Sullivan and O'Neil, both Irish, and no other person in company, did about four days after the battle of Culloden go off from Moidart in an open boat in order to get aboard of a ship; but being at that time himself unable to travel, he was not let further into the secret, nor does he know or has he heard what became of them since. I have committed him close prisoner to the Castle of Edinburgh." On the Duke of

\* Journal, MS.

† State Papers, Scotland, June 29, 1746.

Newcastle becoming acquainted with the capture of this important personage, he at once sent down an order to Edinburgh for Mr. Murray's presence in London.

With the craftiness of a lawyer, the Lord Justice Clerk did everything in his power to conciliate Murray, saw him frequently in the Castle, obtained leave for him, on account of the delicacy of his health, to be sent to London by sea, and in many ways ingratiated himself with his prisoner. Before Murray's departure the Lord Justice Clerk had a long chat with him. He expostulated with the captive upon "the madness of the undertaking in trusting either to the perfidy of France or the sham valour of a Highland rabble," and told him that he had been ill used by the Pretender and his son in having ventured his life and fortune for them. Having thus smoothed the way, the Lord Justice Clerk said, that "he must now be sensible what distress and ruin he had brought upon his own country by that rash undertaking, and he could not but now think himself obliged to make all the reparation in his power by discovering what he knew." To this Murray replied, that "he was very sensible and sorry for the distress that was brought on the country, and would willingly make any amends in his power, but could not think of accusing any man." This virtuous resolve was, however, not very long maintained; for almost in the next breath he said, that "if he could have any hopes given him he would discover all he knew." The cautious Lord Justice Clerk refused to commit himself. He replied that "he had

no authority to give him any hopes ; but now that Murray was sensible of the hurt he had done, and that such attempts, though unsuccessful, behoved always to be ruinous to the country, the only reparation that he could now make to the king and country was to discover everything, so as to enable the Administration to prevent such attempts in time coming." Again the faithful Murray replied, that, "If they would make him sure of anything, he would discover all." And still with the caution of a lawyer who tries to gain his end without compromising his word, the Lord Justice Clerk contented himself with answering, that "it would be folly in him to propose or expect that they would make a bargain with him, or assure him of anything. He must endeavour, by the importance of his discoveries and the sincerity and openness with which he makes them, to merit their favour, and convince them of the sincerity of his repentance." This counsel was so agreeable to Murray that, on taking his leave of the Lord Justice Clerk, he said that he would follow his advice, "that he would discover all he knew, that he would attempt no bargain nor ask no promises or assurance, but leave it to them to do with him whatever they should think proper." All he desired was, that he might not be examined in open council, but only by two or three of its body. The Lord Justice Clerk replied that he saw no reason why that favour should not be granted him.\* Less than a fortnight's confinement had been

\* State Papers, Scotland, Lord Justice Clerk to Newcastle. July 10, 1746.

sufficient to show him the superiority of life, even with the loss of all that is generally considered to make life valuable, over an attachment to a ruined cause. It was well for the Prince that all his followers were not cast in the same mould as his late secretary.

The Lord Justice Clerk had no reason to regret that his advice had not been followed. Nothing could be more frank and candid than the confessions Murray made in his examination before the Government. He gave full details of the original conspiracy in 1740. He mentioned, in the most garrulous manner, the names of those, all over Europe, who either secretly or openly advocated the cause of the Pretender. He sketched the conduct of France during the whole affair. He stated the measures and counter-measures which, as the rebellion proceeded, were discussed, adopted, and abandoned. Had he been influenced by spite instead of by fear he could not have been more dangerously frank about his late colleagues. Indeed, on more than one occasion, he was so needlessly candid in his revelations, that he was checked by the Lord High Steward. Life must have been very precious in his own eyes when it led him to go through so much dirty work to preserve it. We are not surprised that he passed the rest of his days, in his own country, an object of universal detestation.

“ Thus may you drag your heavy chain along,  
Some minutes more inglorious life prolong.  
And when the Fates shall cut a coward's breath,  
Weary of being yet afraid of death,  
If crimes like thine hereafter are forgiven,  
Judas and Murray both may go to Heaven ! ”

We have only to read the ballads and poems of Jacobite literature to see how bitter is the hate that the name of Murray inspires. For grotesque humour, savage satire, and a weird imagination, the ballad of "Cumberland and Murray's Descent into Hell," is almost unsurpassed.

The Government having been informed by these revelations, of the original plan and extent of the rebellion, proceeded to the trial of the men who had taken a prominent part in its conduct. Towards the end of the July of 1746, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino, appeared before their peers, on the charge of High Treason. Westminster Hall was enclosed with galleries and hung with scarlet. One hundred and thirty-nine peers were present. The Lord Chancellor, "handsome Philip Hardwicke," was the Lord High Steward; and, according to Walpole, appears to have conducted the trial not with the taste and dignity expected from him.

The body of the hall was crowded with spectators. "As it was the most interesting sight," writes Walpole, "it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eye and engaged all one's passions." \* The appearance of the three prisoners was closely scrutinised, and few failed to be affected by their behaviour. "Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromarty are both past forty," says Walpole, "but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and

\* Letters, vol. ii. p. 136.

slender, with an extreme fine person : his behaviour, a most just mixture between dignity and submission, if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation ; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromarty is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected and rather sullen : he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old man I ever saw ; the highest intrepidity even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man : in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. . . When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go, old Balmerino cried, ‘ Come, come ; put it with me ! ’ ”

Of the guilt of the culprits there could be no question. All three had borne arms against their lawful sovereign. In the beginning of March, Lord Cromarty had been despatched by the Prince to dislodge the army of Lord Loudoun. As we know he succeeded so well in his enterprise that Loudoun was compelled to retreat before him, and, finally, so feared his foe, that he broke up his army and embarked with the Macleods and Macdonalds to the isle of Skye. Thus Cromarty gained possession of the coast of Sutherlandshire, and did his best to transform a county, loyal to the Hanoverian accession, into a Jacobite province. But his efforts were not crowned with success ; the

Sutherlandshire vassals not only declined to join the rebels, but kept possession of their arms, and refused the most favourable terms of submission. On the advance of the Duke of Cumberland from Aberdeen, the Prince sent word for Cromarty to join him at Inverness. But the Sutherlandshire men, learning that their enemy was about to evacuate their territories, resolved to annoy the rear of the invaders as they left the county. A body of armed militia was collected from the hills, in which they had taken shelter, and did their best to annoy the retreating insurgents. It so happened that Cromarty, and his chief officers, stayed behind at Dunrobin Castle "to see a few bottles out," and it was not till their men had marched down to the ferry, where they were to embark, that his lordship and his staff began to quit the Castle. But they were soon driven back. A company of the Sutherlandshire militia were on the watch, and, by a bold *coup de main*, took Lord Cromarty, Lord Macleod, and the other officers of the regiment prisoners. Thus secured, they were put on board the *Hound*, a British sloop of war, and sent to London.

No less open was the connection of Lord Kilmarnock with the Rebellion. He had served throughout the campaign in command of a troop of horse grenadiers, and, after the battle of Culloden, instead of making his escape like the rest, had surrendered himself to the Duke. He was descended from an ancient and noble family, and nature had been so liberal to him in the

endowment of his person, that he was reckoned one of the handsomest men of the day. From his youth upwards he had been educated in revolutionary principles, and had been induced to join the Rebellion partly from the desperate state of his fortunes and partly out of pique to the government for having deprived him of a pension which he had sometime enjoyed.

Arthur Elphinstone, Lord Balmerino, stands out in bold relief against the mass of men who now, on the suppression of the Rebellion, were only too desirous of obtaining their lives by the sacrifice of their political principles. Old enough to be the grandfather of the boys who were prostrating themselves in the dust as they craved for mercy, he met his peers, stout and true, proud of the cause for which he had fought, and preferring death to a renunciation of his loyalty. In early life, he had commanded a company of infantry in Lord Shannon's regiment, having obtained his commission from Queen Anne. But on the accession of George I., deeming his past service disloyal to his true Prince, and wishing to atone for what he considered an act of treason, he resigned his commission and joined the Earl of Mar, under whom he served at Sheriffmuir. On the conclusion of the rebellion of 1715, he escaped to France, entering the French service, and did not return to his own country till 1733, when his father obtained a pardon for him—which by the way he refused to accept until he had received permission from the Pretender. On the raising



of the standard at Glenfinnan he again drew his sword in favour of the Stuart cause. He served as a volunteer at Prestonpans, and was afterwards appointed to the command of a troop of Life Guards. After the battle of Culloden he surrendered himself.

Such were the three men who were now called upon to answer for their misdeeds. The Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty admitted their guilt, and threw themselves upon the mercy of their peers. Balmerino, in order, as he said, that so many fine ladies should not be disappointed of the show they had come to see, pleaded not guilty. He objected to his being indicted as the Lord Balmerino "of the city of Carlisle," a title which did not belong to him; but his objection being over-ruled, the Lord High Steward asked him whether he had anything further to offer in his defence. The old man, with a smile, replied that he was satisfied his exception was not founded on law, and regretted that he had given their lordships the trouble of hearing it. The three Jacobites were then pronounced guilty of High Treason, and conducted to their cells in the Tower.

After the interval of a few days the prisoners again put in an appearance at the bar to receive sentence. They were asked whether they had anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon them. Kilmarnock was the first to reply. He confessed his offence, and again pleaded guilty, urging that his father had bred him up in the strictest Hanoverian principles, and stating that he himself had so effect-

ually impressed the same upon his eldest son that Lord Boyd was in arms for King George at the battle of Culloden, while he himself was fighting on the other side. In extenuation of his guilt, he said that he had in the course of the insurrection protected the persons and property of loyal subjects ; and that he had surrendered of his own accord after Culloden, although he could have effected his escape. But his best point was his indignant repudiation of the interference of France on his behalf. It so happened that Van Hoey, the Dutch ambassador at Paris, had been induced by the French Court to write to the Duke of Newcastle, recommending humanity, clemency, and —what certainly was conspicuous by its absence in the court and cabinet of George II.—greatness of soul. “It is with the utmost abhorrence and detestation,” said Kilmarnock, throwing his fine eyes round the Hall, and extending his right arm towards his judges, “that I have seen a letter from the French Court, presuming to dictate to a British monarch the manner in which he should deal with his rebellious subjects. I am not so much in love with life, nor so void of a sense of honour, as to expect it upon such an intercession. I depend only upon the merciful intercession of this Honourable House, and the innate clemency of His Sacred Majesty.”

So distinguished was the appearance of Kilmarnock, and so effective the eloquence of his speech that many of the spectators were moved to tears. Lady Townshend, who was among the audience, had conceived an

extravagant passion for the noble rebel, whom she had never seen before, and her sayings and actions on this occasion were, according to Walpole, the laughing stock of the town.

Cromarty was the next to reply. Though a dull and unprepossessing man he struck a chord in the conclusion of his address which sent a thrill through the fairer portion of the spectators. "Nothing, my lords," said he earnestly, "remains but to throw myself, my life, and fortune, upon your lordships' compassion; but of these, my lords, as to myself is the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties. I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy and regard to his parents hurried him down the stream of rebellion. I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my lords, be pledges to his Majesty, let them be pledges to your lordships, let them be pledges to my country, for mercy; let the powerful language of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion . . . But if, after all, my lords, the sacrifice of my fortune and family is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice, and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me, not mine but thy will, O God, be done!"

Stout old Balmerino scorned to sue for mercy, but faced the Court with a smile. At first he had raised

some fresh objections to the Indictment, but afterwards withdrew them, saying, that "his counsel had satisfied him there was nothing in the objection that could be of service to him, and, therefore, he was sorry for the trouble he had given His Grace and the peers." The prisoners having thus submitted to the Court, the Lord High Steward addressed them in a speech, which, we are told, failed to be impressive, and then pronounced the terrible sentence passed upon those guilty of the dread crime of High Treason:—

"The judgment of the law is, and this high court doth award, that you William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromarty, and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck; but not till you are dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the king's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!"

As is invariably the case with the distinguished who are condemned for political offences, powerful intercession was made on their behalf. Thanks to the instances of his Countess, whose agony is apparent in many a letter among the State Papers, Lord Cromarty was pardoned. It is said that when his

wife, a few weeks after this terrible period of suspense, was confined, the child came into the world bearing upon its neck the mark of the executioner's axe.

Balmerino and Kilmarnock were not so fortunate. To the last the gallant old Jacobite refused to sue for mercy, or to express regret for the cause he had supported. "Heaven help me!" cried King George, when inundated with applications for mercy in behalf of Cromarty and Kilmarnock, "will no one say a word in behalf of Lord Balmerino? He, though a rebel, is at least an honest one!" Kilmarnock, it was thought, would have been pardoned had not the Duke of Cumberland taken a strong dislike to him.

The execution was to take place at Tower Hill, the spot on which so many a dynastic plotter has given up his life. On the appointed day, the 18th of August, the open square was thronged by a vast crowd. Every house in the neighbourhood had both its roof and windows full of eager heads. "Look, look," cried Balmerino to his companion, "how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!" It was with difficulty that the troops which lined the enclosure could keep the mob from bursting through the barriers. On the clock striking ten, the victims issued for the last time from the heavy gates of the Tower. They were both on foot. Kilmarnock headed the little procession dressed in black, with his hair unpowdered in a bag, and supported on either

side by friends. Balmerino walked behind alone, dressed in his "rebellious regimentals"—a blue coat turned up with red, and a tie wig. The warders followed in the rear with the hearses. On approaching the scaffold, its timbers draped in black cloth, the unhappy Jacobites were conducted to a house near the place of execution. Here they took leave of each other. Balmerino went up to his companion, embraced him tenderly, and said, "My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both!" Then after a pause he said, "My Lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?" To this Kilmarnock replied, "My Lord, I was not present; but since I came hither I have had all the reason to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the Duke has the pocket-book with the order." "It is a lie," cried Balmerino, "it is a lie, raised to excuse their barbarity to us!" "Take notice," says Horace Walpole, "that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate." Anxious to palliate the butchery of Culloden, the Duke was ever giving out that, on the day of the battle, the Highland chieftains had issued the most cruel orders touching the treatment of those who should be taken prisoners. Among these orders His Royal Highness said, was one from Lord Elcho, commanding his men to chop off the thumbs of all the English who fell into their hands. Lord Elcho,

in his Journal, indignantly disclaims ever having issued such a brutal decree.

Kilmarnock was the first of the two to suffer death. When he reached the spot and saw the scaffold, all the more gloomy in its black trappings—the executioner leaning on his axe—the sawdust ready at hand to sop up his blood—the coffin close to the block—and above all the human sea of faces watching his every movement with hideous curiosity, he turned to his friend, a young Presbyterian clergyman, and said in a whisper, “Home, this is terrible!” But he met his fate without flinching. He renewed his assurance of contrition, prayed for the reigning King and family, and admitted the justice of his sentence; then he knelt down, placed his head well over the block, as Balmerino had playfully taught him, so that the neck rested firmly and fully upon the wood, and gave the signal. With one blow his head was severed from the trunk.

Kilmarnock was the only one among the seventy-seven executed for their share in the insurrection of 1745-6, who confessed his guilt or expressed repentance whilst on the scaffold. As a rule, though many begged hard for pardon when in their cells, the moment they saw that mercy would not be extended them, they resigned themselves calmly to their fate, and died at the block true to themselves and their exiled King. It is very easy courage for the critic or historian, seated in his study, to stigmatise such conduct as inconsistent and unmanly, but it is not given to every one to meet a violent death—especially for a crime which

becomes only a crime when unsuccessful—without efforts, which at the best can never be very dignified, to obtain mercy. Let it be put somewhat down to the credit side of those who implored the Royal clemency—even at the sacrifice of their political principles—that on the scaffold their manhood was restored them, and they died without fear or disloyalty.

After a brief interval, Lord Balmerino was summoned to follow the fate of his fellow victim. He mounted the scaffold with so undaunted a step that the crowd were taken by surprise. With a smile he examined his coffin and looked at the inscription. Then he felt the edge of the axe, and returned it to the executioner, bidding him strike boldly, “for in that, my friend,” he said, “will consist thy mercy.” He approached the block and called it his “pillow of rest.” Then putting on his spectacles, he read a written speech, which he afterwards handed to the sheriff. In this speech the stanch old man spoke of King George as a good, kind prince, but denied his right to the throne, and declared that Prince Charles was so sweet a prince that flesh and blood could not resist him. “If I had a thousand lives,” he cried, “I would lay them all down here in the same cause.” He then called the executioner, who was on the point of kneeling to ask forgiveness, but the old Jacobite stopped him, saying, “Friend, you need not ask me forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable.” He then presented the man with three guineas. “Friend,” he said, as he put the



money into the fellow's hand, "I never had much money; this is all I have; I wish it was more for your sake, and am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat." Having taken off these, and placed them on the coffin, he bade farewell to his friends. "I am afraid," said he, "there are some who may think my behaviour bold; but remember what I told you, it arises from a confidence in God and a clear conscience." Then he knelt down at the block, and said in a loud voice, "O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless King James, and receive my soul." This prayer uttered, he rested his head on the wood, and quickly gave the signal for dispatch—so quickly, that the executioner was taken by surprise, struck a false blow, and not till three strokes had been given was the brave old man sent to his rest.

A few weeks after this execution, the mob on Tower Hill saw another sight. Charles Ratcliff, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, was summoned to the scaffold. Though he had taken no direct share in the recent rebellion, he had been engaged in his brother's treason of 1715, and had the following year been tried and condemned to death. Confined in Newgate, he managed to effect his escape, and fled to France. Towards the end of the year 1745 he was taken on board a French ship of war, bound for Scotland with arms and stores, together with several other officers, and placed once more in Newgate. His case was a simple one. It having been shown to the satisfaction of a jury that he was the same Charles Ratcliff who

had been condemned some thirty years ago, he was sentenced to death. On the 8th of December he mounted the scaffold, and died with a serenity and calmness which gained him universal sympathy. We are told that, of all the victims of the Rebellion, the execution of Ratcliff most affected the Pretender. James had known the dead man at Rome for many years, and regarded him as one of the most zealous and loyal of his adherents.\*

Of those who perished on the scaffold during this sad period, but one met his death unpitied and unregretted. That man was Lord Lovat. His calculating baseness, his temporising policy, his infernal duplicity, throughout the months of the Rebellion, remove him entirely out of the region of sympathy. For such a man we can but have the intensest contempt. After the failure at Culloden, and when he learnt that Jacobite resistance had received its death blow, he fled to the Highlands. There, whilst one of the detachments sent by the Duke of Cumberland to scour the country was busying itself upon the coast of Knoidart and Arisaig, he was found wrapped up in a blanket and hid in a hollow tree. "I imagine," writes the Duke of Cumberland to the Duke of Newcastle,† "I imagine that the taking Lord Lovat is a greater humiliation and vexation to the Highlanders than anything that could have happened, as he is dignified with great titles, and ranks high in command, and

\* State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. 17, 1747.

† State Papers, Scotland, June 28, 1746.

they had such confidence in his cunning and the strength of the country, that they thought it impossible for any one to be taken who had those recesses open as well as known to him to retire to, especially as they had a high opinion of his skill to make use of their advantages." Before Lovat was sent to London, it fell to the lot of Sir Everard Fawkener to have frequent interviews with the subtle old chieftain. On these occasions Lovat never affected to be innocent, but talked of his principles, and spoke much of the services he had rendered the Government during the '15. He imputed all his misfortunes to Marshal Wade, who had been the means of getting him deprived of his command of his Independent Company. In speaking of the trial that was to ensue, he said that if he were pardoned he would perform "greater services than many such heads as his are worth"; but still he was "*utrumque paratus seu versare dolos seu certæ occumbere morti.*" "I find," writes Fawkener to the Government at home,\* "I find Lovat as much a rogue as I had ever heard he was, but I cannot discover the parts which had been so much boasted of. He appears to me greedy, impudent, lively, with some low cunning, and rather audacious than stout. He is infirm in his body, and fails in his hearing, but his head seems clear and his memory strong . . . he is excessively civil, and," the connection is delicious, "I fear has the itch."

Unlike his fellow sufferers, Cromarty, Kilmarnock,

\* State Papers, Scotland, June 29, 1746, No. 33.

and Balmerino, Lord Lovat had never appeared openly in arms, and it was therefore more difficult to prove an overt act of High Treason against him. He was consequently not brought to trial till the spring of 1747, and conviction might not then have followed had it not been for the evidence of Murray, who, not content with damning Lovat, mentioned the names of the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Watkin Wynn, Sir John Cotton, and others, as having entered into a correspondence with the Stuart family for many years.

Lovat's trial lasted ten days, and at the close he was found guilty of High Treason and sentenced to death. Almost the last words he uttered on the scaffold was Horace's well-worn quotation, "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" It would have been difficult for him to have met his death with a more inappropriate text.

But the vengeance of the Government was not partial in its severity—the vassal suffered as well as his lord. Numerous were the executions that took place upon Kennington Common, at York and Carlisle, at Penrith and Brampton. And it was the exception for men not to die bravely. One after the other as he mounted the scaffold, prayed for the exiled family, expressed his devotion to the cause for which he died, and then, with a "Long live King James the Third," laid his head on the block and awaited the stroke. Where weakness was displayed, was not in the bitter hour of death, but during the awful period of suspense between the imprisonment and the condemnation.

Many who were not considered worthy of capital punishment, were shipped off as slaves to our colonies: not a few were pardoned on condition of serving in the navy.

Of the other prominent adherents of the Prince, brief mention must suffice. The Marquis of Tullibardine escaped the scaffold by dying in the Tower before his trial. It is said that Sheridan, who had fled abroad, perished of grief owing to the reproaches heaped upon him by James. I do not know what is the foundation for that statement. According to Walton, Sheridan reached Rome in the November of 1746, sadly altered in appearance, and until the day of his death was the one constant companion of James. He died of apoplexy November 23, 1746.\* Lord George Murray escaped to the continent, and died in Holland in the year 1760. The Duke of Perth perished on board ship whilst escaping to France, a few weeks after Culloden. Lord Pitsligo lived in concealment until his death in 1762. Lord Elcho we shall again meet.

It was not till the June of 1747 that the English Government passed an Act of Indemnity granting a pardon to all who had been engaged in the Rebellion. Still, even from this Act of Grace no fewer than eighty names were excepted; and in spite of its clauses, many Jacobites were detained in prison. In the reign of George III., an Act was passed restoring the estates forfeited for Treason in the year 1745,

\* State Papers, Tuscany, Nov. 29, 1746.

to the descendants of those by whom they had been forfeited.

With a view to prevent the renewal of insurrection, various Acts of Parliament were passed for the purpose of destroying the feudal authority of the Highland chieftains over their clans. One bill not only disarmed the clans, but restrained them from wearing the national garb. Another rendered it imperative upon the master of every private school north of the Tweed, to swear allegiance to King George, his heirs and successors, and to register his oath. A third abolished the system of hereditary jurisdiction, by which many Scottish lairds had been permitted to administer the law on their own estates. Thus by the operation of these and other measures, and by the healing effects of time, the discord which heretofore existed between clan and clan gradually ceased. All the former harsh inequalities of the Feudal system have now been exchanged for the advantages of civilisation and commerce. Instead of piquing himself upon the number of men he can bring into the field, the Highland laird is now occupied in draining his land, clearing his forests, improving his farms, and turning his vassals into satisfactory tenants. The romance of Scotland ends with the failure of Prince Charles: its new career as a commercial and industrial country dates from Culloden.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE FUGITIVE.

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“ On hills that are by right his ain,  
He roams a lonely stranger ;  
On ilka hand he's press'd by want,  
On ilka side by danger.  
Yestreen I met him in a glen,  
My heart near bursted fairly,  
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—  
Oh ! wae's me for Prince Charlie.”

ACCOMPANIED by Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, his aides-de-camp, Sir David Murray and Alexander Macleod, John Hay, who was acting as secretary in the absence of Murray of Broughton, Allan Macdonald, a priest, and one Ned Burke, as his guide, Charles, on quitting the banks of the Nairn, spurred forwards through those charming regions which attract every year their crowd of tourists, to Gortuleg. Here an interview took place between him and his treacherous adherent Lord Lovat. “ A lady,” writes Sir Walter Scott, “ who, then a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was

at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the Castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eyelid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies or even demons."

Of the interview that ensued between the Prince and his crafty vassal, we know but little, and that little is conflicting. According to some, the Prince was met with reproaches, and the regret of Lord Lovat was so keen as to make him wish for death. "Chop off my head, chop off my head," the old lord cried out to the unhappy fugitive. "My own family, with all the great clans, are undone, and the whole blame will fall upon me. Oh! is there no friend here to put an end to my life and misery!" He even called upon some particular persons by their names, whose friendship he knew was sincere and inviolable towards him, beseeching them earnestly to do this last office and favour to him. "But at last the Chevalier said to him, 'No; no, my lord, don't despair. We have had two days of them, and will yet have another day about with them.' Then he informed him of several particulars of the battle, and magnified the bravery of the Frasers, but reflected prodigiously upon the conduct of those who hindered his attacking the Royalists in the preceding night, when they were no way prepared



to receive them. By such discourses as these he endeavoured to soothe him, but all his art was insufficient to rouse the drooping spirits of that subtle and unfortunate lord, who could not so much as be prevailed on, at that time, to hear or deliberate upon any proposals for mending the state of his affairs." \*

According to others, the Prince was cordially embraced by Lord Lovat, who expressed his deep regret at not having been able to take any active part in the campaign on account of his old age.†

Whichever story is the true one, it is certain that the interview between the two was but brief, for Charles by mid-day was safely quartered at Invergarry, the seat of Macdonnell of Glengarry, now one of the chief objects of attraction to the traveller as he steams through the exquisite scenery of the Caledonian Canal. Unfortunately the loyal chieftain was absent, and the house completely deserted. Charles, however, who had had no rest the previous night, and had just ridden some forty miles after a day of the most intense mental anxiety, was indifferent to everything but the weariness of fatigue. He laid himself down on the floor, for it appears that the house had been uninhabited and was destitute of furniture, and slept far into the morning of the next day. On his awaking, the faithful Ned Burke had managed to give him a breakfast off some salmon which he caught in the loch, and which, as he writes in his journal, he

\* "A Genuine Narrative of all that befel that Unfortunate Adventurer."

† *Exam. of Rob. Fraser*, late secretary to Lord Lovat. *State Papers, Domestic*, Sept. 16, 1746.

"made ready in the best manner he could, and the meat was reckoned very savoury and acceptable."\* The Prince was not always to enjoy such good fare.

But a long stay at Invergarry was out of the question. His breakfast finished, Charles prepared to start afresh on his flight. It was deemed advisable that he should again diminish the number of his followers in order to escape observation, and, with the exception of O'Sullivan, O'Neal, and Ned Burke, as both servant and guide, the remainder took leave of their master. Like every other spot in the Highlands that offered shelter to the Prince or his adherents, Invergarry had to pay a bitter penalty for its brief and indifferent hospitality. By orders of the Duke of Cumberland, the house was battered down, the grounds laid waste, and the plate melted and carried off.

Dressed in the clothes of Ned Burke, Charles in the rear of his three companions pushed on to Loch Arkaig. The deep purple twilight had settled over the waters of the loch, increasing the weirdness of its hill sides, when the Prince made his arrival. He was received by Donald Cameron of Glenpean, and so worn out was he by his recent fatigues, that he fell fast asleep whilst Burke was undressing him. A good night's rest was, however, all he needed, and early the next morning he was fresh enough to ride on to

\* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 364. Jesse, "The Pretender and his Adherents," p. 279.

Newboll, in Clanranald's country, where he halted for the night. And now it was that he was to enter upon the severity of his sufferings. The rocky, impassable character of the country around him rendered it necessary for him to quit the saddle and work his way westwards on foot. From Newboll the party marched to Oban, near the head of Loch Morar, which they reached on the evening of the 19th of April, and had to content themselves during the night with the shelter of a miserable hovel used for sheep-shearing. The following day, after a most fatiguing walk over rough and uneven country, Charles arrived at the village of Glenbiasdale in Arisaig, close to the spot where, some nine eventful months before, he had first landed full of hope and enthusiasm, to unfurl the standard of his cause.

It was whilst resting here, that friends told him that another attempt at insurrection was for the present utter madness, and that he would far more further his cause by escaping to France. Charles too saw that the game was up, and accordingly wrote to his followers, then gathering at Ruthven under the command of the loyal and unjustly judged Lord George Murray, advising them to disperse, as he was compelled by circumstances to retire to France. He thanked them most warmly for the gallantry and devotion they had ever shown in his cause, and he hoped before long to be again in their midst, and backed by such foreign aid as would render success certain. In many a home those words were treasured

up, and years afterwards, when the Rebellion of Forty Five had ceased to be aught than a strange, historical event, the hope was still entertained by the brave Highlanders of the west, that the Prince would return and claim his own again. "He went," writes Earl Stanhope, "but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their tongues; their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits and inviting his return. Again in these strains do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest perhaps of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to Prince Charlie."

The suggestion of the Duke of Cumberland that the Government should have gunboats cruising off the western coast to intercept the escape of the Prince, had been strictly carried out. At Glenbiasdale, Charles learnt for the first time that English vessels were lying in wait for him, and he now saw, what with detachments of the Duke's infantry scouring the country in all directions, the militia guarding the fords and passes, and all escape by means of a foreign vessel cut off by the vigilance of the English cruisers, that his position was indeed full of peril. Deep and earnest were the deliberations between him and his followers, and at last they proposed that he should betake himself to the Western Isles, where it was hoped he would be out of danger's way, and the more easily

obtain a passage on board a foreign ship. Charles readily assented. It so happened that there was staying in the neighbourhood a brave old Highlander, one Donald Macleod by name, who had passed all his life amid the straits and inlets of the neighbouring seas, and knew every inch of the course from the mainland to the Hebrides. He had just been engaged in bringing off from the Island of Barra a large sum of money left there by a French vessel for the use of the Jacobites, and was resting at Kinlochmoidart. A messenger was at once sent to him by O'Sullivan, bidding him repair to the Prince at Borrodaile. Donald hastened to obey the message, and the first person he met on nearing Glenbiasdale was Charles walking moodily about alone. The Prince looked up :

"Are you Donald Macleod of Guattergill, in the Isle of Skye?" asked he.

"I am that same man, your Highness," replied Donald. "I am at your service; what is your pleasure with me?"

"Donald," answered the Prince, "you see I am in distress. I throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man and fit to be trusted."

"When Donald was giving me this part of the narrative," writes Bishop Forbes, "he cried sore; the tears came running down his cheeks, and he said, 'What deil could help weeping when speaking on sic a sad subject?'"\*

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*. Jesse, p. 281.

On the evening of the 24th of April, Charles pushed off from the mainland in an eight-oared boat which Donald had procured from the neighbouring fishermen. Accompanying the Prince were O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Allan Macdonald, and eight watermen, of whom Ned Burke was to be one. Shortly after they had put to sea, one of those sudden storms peculiar to the Western Isles arose. The darkness of the moonless night thickened around them ; the waves, lashed by a boisterous wind into a tempestuous sea, swept over the boat, rapidly filling it with water ; the rain came down in torrents ; the thunder made the rock-bound shores resound with its fierce echoes, and the lightning that flashed across the heavens only served to show the crew the extreme danger of their position. "It was a storm," says Donald, "greater than he had ever been trysted with before." Unfortunately they had neither pump to lighten the boat of its burden of water, nor compass to steer by, and Charles, now fully alive to the danger of himself and his crew, suggested returning to the mainland. But Donald, who was working the helm, with the Prince seated between his knees, replied that the open sea was safer, and that it was "as good for them to be drowned in clean water, as to be dashed in pieces upon a rock, and be drowned too."\* Then, as was his custom when it was necessary that danger should be faced, Charles rose equal to the occasion, bade the crew trust in the mercy and goodness of the Almighty, and we are told tried to

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 382.    *Jesse*, p. 282.

enliven their spirits by singing them a Highland song.

As morning began to dawn the wind lulled, and the crew found themselves upon the coast of Long Island. Donald steered straight for the wild solitariness of the Island of Benbecula, and ran the boat into the little creek at Roonish, where they all landed after a passage of some eight hours, fraught with no little peril and discomfort. A tumble down shepherd's hut was at hand, and there Charles took up his quarters. A cow wandering about in quest of herbage was seized, killed, and its ribs soon simmering over a wood fire. For two days the party, owing to the storm which had again sprung up, were compelled to remain in this desolate region. A couch made of an old sail spread on the ground served Charles for a bed, and thanks to the remains of the cow, there was no want of food. It is said that he was not at all distressed at his situation, but "was very well pleased and slept soundly."\* This fortitude was all the more praiseworthy, as Charles appears not to have enjoyed the best of health during that time. But one of the most excellent points in the character of the Prince, had ever been the desire to show those who served him that he fully appreciated their services, and that, provided they did not repine, he was content. Throughout his campaign he had always put himself, wherever physical privation was concerned, on a level with his men, and this unselfishness had perhaps

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 385.

endeared him more than anything else to his followers. He now, amid the sterile regions of Benbecula, pursued the same policy. He shared the same fatigues, the same accommodation, the same fare, and though never forgetful of his condition, yet never allowed advantages to accrue to himself which were not common to others. His maxim seems to have been in misfortune all men are equal.

“I asked Donald,” writes Bishop Forbes, “if the Prince was in health all the time that he was with him? Donald said that the Prince would never own he was in bad health, though he and all that were with him had reason to think that, during the whole time, the Prince was more or less suffering under some disorder, but that he bore up most surprisingly and never wanted spirits. Donald added that the Prince, for all the fatigues he underwent, never slept above three or four hours at most at a time, and that when he awakened in the morning, he was always sure to call for a *chopin* of water, which he never failed to drink off at a draught. He said he had a little bottle in his pocket, out of which he used to take many drops every morning and throughout the day, saying, if anything should ail him he hoped he should cure himself, for that he was something of a doctor. ‘And faith,’ said Donald, ‘he was indeed a bit of a doctor, for Ned Burke, happening once to be unco ill of a colic, the Prince said, ‘Let him alane, I hope to cure him of that;’ and accordingly he did so, for he gae him sae mony draps out o’ the little



bottle, and Ned soon was as well as ever he had been."\* Charles was always subject to an irritability of the mucous membrane, and it can easily be imagined that the privations and exposure he now endured, must have tried him sorely.

On the evening of the 29th, the party again put to sea, intending to make for the port of Stornoway, in the Island of Lewis, where it was hoped a French vessel might be in the harbour. But the elements were again against them, and they had to take refuge in the small island of Scalpa. As Scalpa belonged to the Laird of Macleod, now a most active partisan of the Government, it was thought advisable to agree upon some story in case questions should be asked. Accordingly O'Sullivan gave out that he was a shipwrecked merchantman, the Prince was his son, and that the rest of the party were the sailors of the lost vessel. Fortunately there was no occasion for the story to be inquired into, for the islet being rented by one Donald Campbell, he treated the Prince with great kindness, and even lent his own boat for Donald to repair to Stornoway, there to obtain a larger vessel for the use of Charles. At the end of four days, Donald reported that he had secured a stout wherry at Stornoway, and that all was now ready for the Prince's service. Charles, bidding a cordial farewell to the hospitable Campbell, at once put to sea, with his faithful crew, but the wind blowing dead against them, they were compelled to land at Loch

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 384. *Jesse*, p. 284.

Sheffort, and make their way on foot over a dreary moor to Stornoway.

On nearing the Lewis port, Charles sent forward one of the watermen to apprise Donald of his approach. The loyal Highlander hastened to meet his master, gave him bread and cheese and brandy, and conducted him to the house of Mrs. Mackenzie of Kildun, a true Jacobite, where he spent the night. And now a circumstance occurred which might have resulted in the most serious consequences. On Donald entering Stornoway to look after the boat he had hired, he found the whole place in commotion, and not less than two or three hundred men under arms. Demanding the cause of the excitement, to his horror he learnt that one of his men whom he had engaged to row had got drunk, and had disclosed for whom the vessel had been hired, adding, with that mixture of truth and exaggeration of the intoxicated, that the Prince was in the neighbourhood at the head of some five hundred men. In vain Donald gave the lie direct to this statement, the good people of Stornoway refused to be calmed. They wished, they said, no harm to the Prince, all they wanted was for him to quit their country, and not compromise them with the Government. Nor would they have any hand in effecting his escape, for they refused Donald both the use of the vessel he had engaged, and the aid of a pilot. The only thing therefore to be done, was for the Prince and his party to hasten away as fast as possible, before information reached the

authorities, and make for any haven that fell within their course.

Certainly no place could be more dangerous than Stornoway. Accordingly Charles, accompanied by O'Sullivan and O'Neal, for Allan Macdonald was journeying to South Uist, and with but half their original crew, for the remainder had taken fright and fled to the mountains, embarked once more in their open boat, doubtful for what coast to steer. They were fairly supplied with oatmeal, brandy, and sugar, and provided the boat could live in the heavy seas that were so frequently whipped up in those parts, all felt that for the present the ocean was a safer refuge than the land. Scarcely had they put out to sea, however, when four vessels of war were sighted, which compelled them hastily to seek the shelter of a small desert island near the Harris. A few fishermen, accustomed to make the island their temporary home, under the belief that the Prince and his followers were a press-gang despatched from one of the men-of-war in the offing to beat up for recruits, now took flight, leaving the fish they were curing on the beach. This was a compulsory gift not to be despised by the Jacobite crew.

"Upon this desert island," writes Donald, "we found plenty of good dry fish, of which we were resolved to make the best fare we could without any butter . . . as we had plenty of brandy and sugar along with us, and found very good springs upon the island, we wanted much to have a little warm

punch to cheer our hearts in this cold remote place. We luckily found an earthen pitcher, which the fishermen had left upon the island, and this served our purpose very well for heating the punch." It was on these occasions, when the festive bowl went round, that Charles gave the toast of the Black Eye, "by which," explains Donald, "he meant the second daughter of France. I never heard him name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady, which he did frequently, he appeared to be more than ordinarily well pleased." In spite of the treatment he had received from the Court of Versailles, Charles always appears to have spoken well of the French King, "but," said he, mysteriously, "I can assure you that a King and his Council are two very different things."\*

After a brief stay upon this lonely spot, the party again took boat, well supplied with dried fish, and coasted along the shores of Long Island. During the night a dead calm sprung up, obliging them to take to their oars. The terrible lack of fresh water was here severely felt, and it was necessary to have recourse to a nauseous mixture of meal mixed with brandy and sea water to quench the thirst of the unhappy crew. Yet we are told the Prince never murmured: "Never did any meat or drink come wrong to him," writes Donald, "for he could take a share of everything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, and was always cheerful and contented in every condition." But soon

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 391.

a graver enemy than either hunger or thirst marked them down for misfortune. As soon as morning dawned they were sighted by an English man-of-war, which at once gave chase and bore down upon them with full sail. Fortunately for the Prince the dead calm of the past night still continued, and the boat pulled by the stanch watermen kept well ahead. "If we escape this danger," cried Charles, cheering on his men to fresh efforts; "you shall have a handsome reward—if not I will be sunk rather than be taken." Off the Harris the English vessel was fully becalmed, and unable to continue the pursuit: a few hours afterwards Charles landed for the second time in one of the hospitable creeks of Benbecula.

Here nothing but a few crabs presented themselves, which were eagerly caught and boiled—then, with their hunger but miserably appeased, the crew walked inland in quest of more solid provisions. After half an hour's weary tramp they reached "a poor grass-keeper's bothy or hut, which had so low a door," narrates Ned Burke, "that we digged below it, and put heather below the Prince's knees, he being tall, to let him go the easier into the poor hut."\* Beneath this roof Charles remained a few days. Clanranald, who was on the island, called upon him in his wretched retreat, bringing him wine and linen, of which he stood sorely in need. The contrast between the handsome lad flushed with success entering Edinburgh to receive homage from his people, and the unhappy wanderer

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 368.

hunted down on all sides by his rival on the throne, was a painful sight for his visitor. "He found the youth," writes Mr. Chambers, in his "*History of the Rebellion*," "who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and perhaps more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dish clout." \*

After a few days' stay at Benbecula, Charles removed to one of the most secluded spots in the neighbouring island of South Uist, where, from the character of its situation, he had a better chance, should his retreat be discovered, of escape either by the mountains or the sea. Strict watch was here kept to prevent surprise. Scouts were placed in all directions to give notice of the enemy's approach; guides were quartered about the Prince's hut to show him the way to the mountains in case of need; and a boat was always at hand ready to put to sea at a moment's notice. Thus wearily passed a whole month.

As much as in them lay, the friends of the Prince did their best to relieve the tedium of his seclusion. Clanranald, with his brother Boisdale, frequently visited him; Lady Margaret Macdonald, the wife of the Hanoverian, Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Sleat, sent him newspapers, and frequent presents of little

\* *Hist. of Rebellion*, p. 96. Jesse, p. 290.

luxuries very agreeable to the prisoner; and when in the mood Charles, accompanied by one or two of his rough courtiers, would wander about with his gun after the game with which the island abounds. We are told that "he was very dexterous at shooting fowl on the wing." His love for sport led one day to what might have been a most fatal event. Having brought down a deer, he was assisting Ned Burke in preparing a certain portion of it for food, when a half-starved lad, tempted by the savoury smell of the cooking venison, made a rush at the wood fire, and tried to snatch some of the meat away. Burke rose up, caught the boy, and gave him a thrashing, which he was about to repeat, when the Prince hastily interfered, "Man," cried Charles, "do you not remember the Scripture, which commands us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked? You ought rather to give him meat than a stripe." He then ordered the lad to be fed and some old clothes to be given him, adding, "I cannot see a Christian perishing for want of food and raiment, if I have the power to support him." Scarcely had the boy made his escape, and learning who his benefactor on this occasion had been, than with rare infamy he went to the officers commanding the companies in search of the Prince, and told them that he had seen him of whom they were in quest. Happily for Charles the lad's statement was regarded only as an impudent falsehood, and no notice taken of it.\*

But the persistent efforts of the Hanoverian scouts

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 396. *Jesse*, p. 291.

soon rendered it advisable for Charles to remove himself from South Uist. A large body of militia had landed on the island of Erisca, and their next step would doubtless be to scour South Uist. Lady Margaret Macdonald at once sent over to the Prince, a faithful Jacobite, one Hugh Macdonald of Balshair, to inform him of the news, and bid him hasten away from his present quarters ere it was too late. "Being a misty day," writes Balshair in his account of this mission, \* "I came near the Prince and his people before they discovered me, which surprised them. O'Sullivan introduced me to the hut. The Prince saluted me very kindly, and told me he was heartily glad to see the face of an honest man in such a remote corner. His dress was then a tartan short coat, and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanranald; his night-cap all patched with soot drops; his shirt, hands, and face patched with the same; a short kilt, tartan hose, and Highland brogs, his upper coat being English cloth. He called for a dram, being the first article of an Highland entertainment, which being over he called for meat. There was about a half stone of butter laid on a timber plate, and near a leg of beef laid on a chest before us, all patched with soot drops, notwithstanding it being washed *toties quoties*. As soon as we had done, who should enter the hut but Boisdale, who seemed to be a very welcome guest to the Prince, as they had been together above once before. Boisdale then told him there was a party

\* Chambers's Hist of Rebellion, p. 97.



come to Barra in pursuit of him. He asked what they were? Boisdale said they were Macdonalds and Macleods. He then said he was not the least concerned as they were Highlanders, and more especially such. I spoke to Boisdale about leaving Glencoradale (the secluded spot in South Uist Charles had selected for his quarters), as our stay there would be of dangerous consequence, and of no advantage to him. The Prince told us, as it was but seldom he met with friends he could enjoy himself with, he would not on any account part with us that night. Boisdale says to me, we could not in good manners part with him that night. I replied if he would risk staying himself that I would for my part. The Prince advised Edward Burke to fill the bowl: but before we would begin with our bowl, Boisdale insisted on his being shaved first, and then putting on a clean shirt, which he was importuned to do: and Burke shaved him. Then we began with our bowl, frank and free. As we were turning merry we were turning more free. At last I started the question if his Highness would take it amiss if I should tell him the greatest objections against him in Great Britain. He said not. I told him that Popery and arbitrary government were the two chiefest. He said it was only bad constructions his enemies put on it. 'Do you know, Mr. Macdonald,' he says, 'what religion are all the princes of Europe of?' I told him I imagined they were of the same established religion of the nation they lived in. He told me they had little or no religion at all. Boisd-

dale then told him that his predecessor Clanranald had fought seven set battles for his ; yet after the Restoration he was not owned by King Charles at Court. The Prince said, "Boisdale, don't be rubbing up old sores, for if I came home the case would be otherwise with me.' I then said to him that, notwithstanding the freedom we enjoyed there with him, we could have no access to him if he was settled at London ; and he told us then, if he had never so much ado, he would be one night merry with his Highland friends. We continued this drinking *for three days and three nights*. He had still the better of us and even of Boisdale himself, notwithstanding his being as able a bowlsman, I dare say, as in Scotland." Thus already the habit that cursed and degraded his later years was beginning to fetter him with its terrible slavery.

On the evening of the 14th of June, Charles, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Ned Burke, and Donald Macleod, took leave of South Uist, and pushed out into the open sea, again ignorant what course to pursue. The Western Islands were now environed by vigilant cruisers ; militia boats were constantly rowing about the inland seas ; scouts were being landed at the different neighbouring islets, and escape was a graver difficulty than had ever before been encountered. The first few nights were passed on the little island of Wia, where a grazier tending his flocks gave them hospitality. Then they found snatches of shelter at Rossinish, and at a most desolate spot called Aikersideallich, where Charles slept in a

crevice formed by the riven rocks. At last, finding how difficult it was to break through the men of war that encircled them, they resolved to return again to South Uist. Rowing towards the island, to their horror and surprise, they saw a frigate lying at anchor, within gunshot of the bay they had intended entering. Instantly they changed their course, and steered towards a small inland loch belonging to the island and out of sight of their pursuers. Here they landed; hid the boat in a cavern formed by the overhanging rocks, and fled to the mountains.

But they could not escape the danger that was now fast hemming them in. Within two miles of their mountainous asylum, some five hundred regular troops and militia were drawn up, and it became again advisable that Charles and his followers should part company, and each singly find his way out of the island. O'Neal alone remained with the Prince; the rest took their departure. The separation of these faithful men from their liege lord, after the weeks of privation and misery which had linked them the closer together, was very sad. In the words of Donald, "it was a woeful parting indeed." Charles bade them farewell with big tears in his eyes, and presented each with a souvenir to remind them of the days they had spent under a common misfortune. Then he climbed to the top of a hill, and keenly inspected the country spread out before him, as yet hopelessly ignorant in what direction to bend his course. Towards Benbecula he at last decided upon

journeying, and as night set in, accompanied by O'Neal and Niel Mackechan, a Highlander whom Clanranald had recommended him to take as his body servant, he began his march. And now there enters upon the scene one whose act of chivalrous devotion has ever rendered her first among the favourite heroines of history.

Commanding a company of the militia, then quartered in South Uist for the purpose of discovering the Prince, was one Hugh Macdonald of Arnadale, in the Isle of Skye. In spite of his accepting service in the King's army, he came of an old stock imbued with strong Stuart proclivities, and was in secret as earnest a Jacobite as ever wore the white cockade. It is said that, worked upon by his kinswoman, Lady Margaret Macdonald, he was induced to grant permission to his step-daughter, Flora, to assist in the escape of the Prince, and even went so far as to write to Charles, informing him of the treachery he had consented to enter into for his sake. Of the reasons which induced Flora Macdonald to embark in so perilous an enterprise we know nothing for certain. By some she is said to have conceived a tender attachment for the Prince ever since she danced with him at the ball at Holyrood. By others, that fired by the stories of Lady Margaret touching the '45 she had warmly espoused the Stuart cause, and had declared her intention of showing the true nature of her sentiments whenever any opportunity arose. But be the reasons what they may, one thing is certain,

that shortly after the arrival of the Prince near Benbecula, O'Neal was sent on a mission to Miss Macdonald at Milton, where she was then staying with her brother, to demand her services. Though prepared by her father for the plan she was to pursue, she showed some little hesitation when the matter was put directly before her. Of the interview that took place on this occasion we have O'Neal's words. A meeting had been arranged at night time at one of the out-houses on the estate, when O'Neal was to bring Charles with him.

"At midnight we came to the hut," writes O'Neal, "where by good fortune we met with Miss Flora Macdonald, whom I formerly knew. I quitted the Prince at some distance from the hut, and went with a design to inform myself if the Independent Companies were to pass that way next day. The young lady answered me, No; and said they were not to pass till the day after. Then I told her that I had brought a friend to see her; and she with some emotion asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her, it was: and instantly brought him in. We then consulted on the imminent danger the Prince was in, and could think of no more proper and safe expedient than to propose to Miss Flora to convey him to the Isle of Skye, where her mother lived. This seemed the more feasible, as the young lady's step-father being Captain of an Independent Company would accord her a pass for herself and servant to go and visit her mother. The Prince assented, and

immediately proposed it to the young lady; to which she answered with the greatest respect and loyalty, but declined it, saying, 'Sir Alexander Macdonald was too much her friend for her to be the instrument of his ruin.' I endeavoured to obviate this by assuring her Sir Alexander was not in the country (he was then absent on duty at Fort Augustus), and that she could with the greatest facility, convey the Prince to her mother's, as she lived close by the water side. I then demonstrated to her the honour and immortality that would redound to her by such a glorious action: and she at length acquiesced, after the Prince had told her the sense he would always retain of so conspicuous a service. She promised to acquaint us next day, when things were ripe for execution, and we parted for the mountains of Coradale."\*

The course to be adopted was soon settled upon. Milton being within a walk of Ormaclade, the seat of the Clanranalds, Flora talked the matter over with Lady Clanranald and arranged the details for the flight. It was decided that the Prince should dress up in female attire, and under the name of Betty Burke act the character of Miss Macdonald's maid. A small boat had been obtained to carry Charles over to Skye, and the departure from South Uist was fixed upon for the following day. But now, as had so often happened before at critical moments in the history of the Prince's wanderings, there occurred an incident which seemed likely to be attended with the

\* Jesse, p. 297.

most disastrous consequences. Going over to Ormaclade to get ready the garb and things necessary for the disguise of Charles, Miss Macdonald was observed by the neighbouring militia. Having strict orders not to let any one pass without being taken before the commanding officer, they made her a prisoner. Matters appeared still more hopeless when Niel Mackechan, who had been on his way to meet Flora to ascertain what was the plan that had been agreed upon, walked into the guard-house also a close prisoner. But as good fortune had it the officer commanding this militia detachment happened to be Macdonald of Arnadale, Flora's step-father. Hearing of his daughter's arrest, Macdonald at once gave orders for her release, and then secretly placed in her hands passports for herself, Niel Mackechan, and Betty Burke. At the same time he wrote to his wife recommending Betty for service. "I have sent your daughter from this country," he wrote, "lest she should be frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint; or if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Niel Mackechan along with your daughter and Betty Burke to take care of them."

Armed with these important documents, Miss Macdonald bade Niel conduct the Prince to Rosshiness, where she would immediately join him with the clothes and provisions necessary for the flight. Niel hastened

back to Charles, who was lying *perdu* amid the wilderness of rocks, and informed him of what had been done and where the next place of rendezvous was to be. But how to get to Rosshiness was the question? All the fords being strictly guarded by the Skye militia drawn up in line, the only plan was to make their way by sea. But they had no boat. Anxiously they scanned the open waters in front of them in the hopes of descrying some fishing smack homeward bound. Waiting and waiting till their hearts grew sick with despair, they at last hailed a small wherry and easily prevailed upon its crew to land them upon the nearest rocks. But before Rosshiness could be reached they had to tramp across a bleak and rugged moor. A blinding rain was falling, a bitter east wind cut through their drenched garments, they were in want of provisions, and a more dreary and painful walk could not be imagined. About the middle of the day Charles, who had not tasted food for several hours, was so fatigued that he dropped down from sheer exhaustion. Happily a shepherd's hut stood nigh, and, representing themselves as Irish gentlemen who had made their escape from Culloden, they were cordially welcomed in and refreshed with some black bread and dried fish. After a brief halt they again set out, and by five o'clock were within three miles of Rosshiness. They now made a rest, not thinking it prudent to arrive at their place of rendezvous till night fall. In spite of the cold and wet, Charles lay down amid the heather, and was soon



asleep ; then, when the darkness was thick enough to shroud their movements, they walked on and reached Rosshiness by ten.

They had agreed to meet Miss Macdonald at a little shepherd's hovel which stood on a hillock within easy reach of the rock-bound shore. In order to prevent surprise from the enemy, Charles and O'Neal remained some distance behind, whilst Mackechan went on in front to examine the place of rendezvous. To his horror he ascertained that only two days before a detachment of the Skye militia had landed in the island, and had pitched their tents within a quarter of a mile of the very hut which was to be the temporary quarters of the Prince. On hearing this terrible statement, Charles felt that the worst had indeed come, and that in a few hours he would be in the hands of his pursuers. For a short time he laid down in the hovel, but it appears that the daughter of its owner served milk to the militia, who came to fetch it, and it was therefore necessary as soon as morning dawned to hurry the Prince down to the rocks, where he secreted himself in a large fissure. "It is almost inexpressible," says Mackechan,\* "what torment the Prince suffered under that unhappy rock, which had neither height nor breadth to cover him from the rain, which poured down upon him so thick as if all the windows of Heaven had broken open ; and, to complete his tortures, there lay such a swarm of midges upon his face and hands as would have made any other but himself fall into

\* "New Monthly Magazine," Nov., 1840. Jesse, p. 301.

despair, which, notwithstanding his incomparable patience, made him utter such hideous cries and complaints as would have rent the rocks with compassion."

For several hours he had to remain in this woful plight, and it was not till past nine in the morning that the "good dairy maid" came to tell him that the militia had been served with their milk, and that the hut was free to him for the rest of the day. The loyalty of this young woman is only one instance out of many of the disinterested devotion shown to the Prince by the humble peasantry of the Western Islands, who, though aware that a reward was within their reach which would raise them at one bound to the position of great lairds, yet never once seem to have suffered the temptation to cross their minds, much less to take any active form. Let those who malign the Scottish character as mean and calculating, think of Prince Charles in his wanderings, and of the splendid fidelity that always attended him. To the wretched cynicism that "every man has his price," the noble conduct of those who followed the Prince in his bitter hour of extremity is the most complete refutation.

Unfortunately Miss Macdonald had been delayed longer than she expected, owing to the difficulty she met with in obtaining the necessary articles for the disguise of the fugitive; and it was not till the third day after the Prince's arrival at the hut that the good news was brought him that Flora, accompanied by Lady Clanranald, had taken boat, and was approach-

ing him by sea. Soon the wherry was seen on the waters, and Charles hastened down to the landing-place to escort the two faithful dames to his quarters. He gave his arm to Lady Clanranald, whilst O'Neal, who appears to have had a *tendre* for the fair Flora, took charge of Miss Macdonald, and the four walked together to the hut. Dinner was soon served, consisting of the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep, which the Prince had helped to cook, and the party merrily sat down to their fare. When Miss Macdonald expressed regret at the Prince's altered fortunes and his present sad condition, Charles gaily replied that "it would be well for all kings if they could pass through the same ordeal of hardships and privations which it had been his lot to undergo."

The festivity of the occasion was, however, soon rudely broken in upon. Whilst seated at table, Mackechan rushed in with the intelligence that General Campbell had landed with a large body of troops in the neighbourhood, and that Captain Ferguson was marching with an advanced party to Ormaclade. Under these circumstances Lady Clanranald thought it advisable to hasten back to her own house. She arrived there only a little before the appearance of Ferguson, and was subjected to a severe examination: nothing more could be elicited from her, however, than that she had been on a visit to a sick child. Shortly afterwards she and her husband were taken prisoners and sent up to London, where they remained in confinement until the June of 1747.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HUNTED DOWN.

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“ And thou, my Prince, my injured Prince,  
Thy people have disown'd thee,  
Have hunted and have driven thee hence,  
With ruin'd chiefs around thee.  
Though hard beset, when I forget  
Thy fate, young helpless rover,  
This broken heart shall cease to beat,  
And all its griefs be over.”

ON the night of the 28th of June, Charles, accompanied by Miss Macdonald and Niel Mackechan, put out into the open sea in the small wherry which had been obtained for them. The night was dark, and it was hoped that the weather would be favourable, but shortly after they had proceeded some little distance, a storm arose, and the boat, buffeted by the wind and waves, was in considerable danger of being swamped. Miss Macdonald became nervous, and her fears were, in a measure, entertained by the watermen at their oars. The Prince, however, was in a merry mood, and did his best to make light of the perils that beset them. Attired in the raiment of a waiting-maid to a woman of fashion, to wit, “a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a

mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood," he sat by the side of his brave protectress, singing the while gay ballads and telling stories of foreign adventure.

As morning dawned, they sighted the point of Waternish, on the western coast of Skye, and were about to make for that deserted district when, nearing the shore, they found it in possession of the militia, whose boats were pulled high and dry on the beach. Instantly the Prince gave orders to row out again to the open sea, but already the militia sentries had observed them, and shouted that, unless they landed immediately, they would fire. To these threats Charles turned a deaf ear, and bade his men pull on for dear life and "not to fear the villains." Readily responding to their chief's command, the men whipped their oars through the surging sea, saying that they had "no fear for themselves but only for him," and soon increased the distance between the boat and the inimical shore. A few bullets whistled over their heads and fell harmlessly into the water: then, in another dozen strokes, they were out of gunshot reach, and pursued their course without interruption. It appears that the oars belonging to the militia boats had been locked up in the guard-room, otherwise the Prince and his crew would doubtless have been vigorously chased on their first sign of retreat.\*

At the end of three hours the fugitives landed at

\* Lockhart Papers, p. 546.

Kilbride, within easy access of Mugstat, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Sir Alexander had not returned, being still on duty at Fort Augustus, but his wife was at home, and anxious to obtain tidings of the Prince. As soon as she had stepped from the boat, Flora bade Charles hide himself among the rocks on the beach, whilst she and Mackechan walked over to Mugstat and informed Lady Margaret of their arrival. Unfortunately the house was full of visitors, and Miss Macdonald, it seems, found some little difficulty in seeing Lady Margaret alone. To add to her perplexity, a Lieutenant Macleod, who was in command of a small detachment of militia quartered in the neighbourhood, was staying at Mugstat with several of his men, and appears to have been somewhat curious respecting her proceedings. At last Flora, aware of the important issues that hung upon her mission, determined to take into her confidence an old friend of hers, one Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a stanch Jacobite, the factor to Sir Alexander, who also happened to be a guest at the house.

Taking him aside she confided to him that the Prince was within a few hundred yards of Mugstat, and begged him, as time was of the utmost importance, to inform Lady Margaret at once of the fact. The old man readily undertook the task, and, sending a message to his hostess that he wished to see her on matters connected with Sir Alexander, told her that Charles was crouching amid the rocks on the shore, and that Flora had determined to aid him in his

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escape. Lady Margaret, good friend as she had been to the Prince throughout his wanderings, saw now how dangerous was her position if the fugitive were to remain on her estate and be discovered obtaining aid from one whose husband was in the full confidence of the Hanoverian Government. She was terror-stricken, and cried out that she and her family would be ruined for ever. Kingsburgh did his best to calm her, but Lady Margaret was not to be pacified unless the Prince withdrew himself at once from her neighbourhood. She would help him to the utmost of her power if he remained at a distance, but with him close beside her, her house containing several of the militia, and her husband holding a command in the King's service she was paralysed with fear, and could not support the secret. Miss Macdonald she said must remove the Prince instantly from Kilbride; there must be no delay; she was imperative upon that point.

Kingsburgh now proved his fealty. He said he was an old man, death could not be far distant, and it was a small matter to him whether he died in his bed or was hanged as a traitor—he would take Charles to his own house. With the selfishness of terror, Lady Margaret eagerly welcomed the offer. After some little discussion it was arranged that the Prince should be conveyed that night to Portree by way of Kingsburgh, and then should cross over to the island of Raasay, whose owner, Macleod of Raasay, was a zealous adherent of the exiled line, and had fought at Culloden. One Donald Roy, a young chief-

tain, who had been badly wounded at Culloden, and was staying at a doctor's house in the neighbourhood to be cured, undertook, at the bidding of Lady Margaret, to go to Raasay and inform its laird of the visit Charles intended to pay him. The faithful Niel was at once sent off by Flora to the Prince to inform him of what had been settled, and that Kingsburgh within an hour would meet him on the beach.

As soon as the loyal old man could leave Mugstat without creating suspicion, he quitted the house, taking with him some meat and bread, a bottle of Burgundy and a tumbler, and wended his way towards the rocks. As he approached the shore he was confronted by a tall ungainly figure, dressed in very ill-fitting woman's attire, who came towards him brandishing a thick stick.

"Are you the Macdonald of Kingsburgh?" cried the strange person suspiciously.

Kingsburgh replied in the affirmative; said he recognised the Prince in spite of his strange garb, and introduced the subject of his mission. The fears of Charles were at once allayed, and he proposed that they should immediately set out on their journey. Kingsburgh, however, induced him to take some food, and try a few glasses of Burgundy ere they began their walk. Nothing loth, Charles sat down on a rock, Kingsburgh spread out before him the frugal fare he had brought down from the house, and they were soon very merry. Charles drank to



the health of his new friend, and Kingsburgh pledged him in return.

"How fortunate it was," said Kingsburgh, "that I came to Mugstat to-day, it was by the merest accident I visited the place, for I had no motive in doing so."

"It was not by accident," said Charles gravely, who always believed that his cause was under the special direction of the Almighty, "Providence sent you there to take care of me." Their meal finished, they rose up and took the road towards Kingsburgh.

A couple of hours after the departure of Kingsburgh from Mugstat, Miss Macdonald bade good-bye to Lady Margaret saying, in reply to the mock entreaties of her hostess that she should remain, that she was unable to make any stay this time, as "she wanted to see her mother, and be at home in these troublous times." Horses were brought round, and she, together with a Mr. Macdonald of Kirkibost, Niel Mackechan, and a couple of servants, set out riding for Kingsburgh. They had not proceeded far on the road when they overtook the Prince and his companion. The manner in which Charles walked and held up his clothes was so singular, and so plainly revealed his sex, that Miss Macdonald became alarmed lest those of her party should detect his disguise. Not to allow longer opportunity for observation than could be helped, she urged on her horse, followed by Mr. Macdonald and the rest, and passed the Prince at a hand gallop. "I think I never saw," said Flora's maid to her mistress, "such an

impudent-looking woman as Kingsburgh is walking with; I dare say she is either an Irishwoman or a man in woman's clothes. See what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats!" "Yes," replied Flora quietly, "she is an Irishwoman, for I have seen her before." Even Kingsburgh appears to have been alarmed at the manner in which Charles sustained his new character. Crossing a brook the Prince held up his petticoats so indecently high that Kingsburgh begged him to act his part with more discretion. "It shall not occur again," said Charles, and the next brook he forded he was so modest that his gown and things trailed in the water. "They call you a Pretender," cried Kingsburgh thoroughly annoyed, "all I can say is that you are the worst at your trade that I ever saw." And he thought it prudent to strike off from the high road, and take his companion by the hills to his house.

On arriving at Kingsburgh, they learnt that Flora and her companions had just made their appearance. Lady Kingsburgh, for so she was called, had gone to bed, and sent down excuses for her absence, begging her husband do the honours of the house. No sooner had she dispatched this message, than her daughter, a child of seven years of age, burst into the room, crying that her papa had brought home "the most odd, muckle, ill-shaken up wife she had ever seen!" Lady Kingsburgh was about to inquire who this strange visitor could be, when her husband came up and

hurriedly desired his wife to get ready and go down stairs to the guests. Quickly obeying the order, Lady Kingsburgh descended the staircase, and entered the room where Charles and her husband were seated together. The Prince, still clad as a woman, rose from his chair, bowed, and then came forward and kissed her on both cheeks. Lady Kingsburgh felt the bristles of a man's beard touching her, but, though somewhat alarmed at the discovery, received the salutation without any signs of surprise. Then she drew her husband aside and asked, "Is he one of the unfortunate gentlemen who has escaped from Culloden?" Kingsburgh answered in the affirmative.

"Does he bring any tidings of the Prince?" she then inquired.

"My dear," said Kingsburgh taking both her hands in his, "he is the Prince himself!"

"The Prince!" she cried, terror-stricken, for well she knew the penalty attached to harbouring The Proscribed, and her first thoughts were for her husband and children. "Then we are all ruined! We shall all of us be hanged!"

"Never mind," replied Kingsburgh cheerily, "we can die but once, and if we are hanged for this, we shall die in a good cause—in performing an act of humanity and charity."

He then begged her to look after supper, and send up any provisions the larder contained. But the fare happened to be scanty that day in the house, and nothing save eggs, butter and cheese, could be ob-

tained; these, with some household pride, she demurred at placing before her visitor, but her husband told her to have no scruples.

"Eggs, butter and cheese!" she cried, "what supper is that to set before a Prince?"

"Wife," said Kingsburgh sternly, "you little know how he has fared of late; our supper will be a feast to him—besides, if we were to make it a formal meal, it would rouse the suspicions of the servants. Make haste, therefore, with what you can get, and come to supper yourself."

But the invitation appalled the homely woman; "*I come to supper!*" she exclaimed, "*I know nothing how to behave before Majesty.*"

"You must come," answered her husband, "for the Prince would not eat a bit without you, and he is so obliging and gay in conversation, that you will find it no difficult matter to behave before him."

In spite of the fears of Mistress Kingsburgh, the supper was a great success. Charles sat between his hostess and Miss Macdonald, and made an excellent meal. We are told that he ate "four eggs, some collips and bread and butter, and drank two bottles of beer." When his hunger had been appeased, he called for a bumper of brandy and proposed "the health and prosperity of his landlord and landlady, and better times to them all." Then, on the ladies retiring, he and Kingsburgh drew their chairs around the dying logs of the wood fire and began to smoke, Charles producing a small pipe, "as black as ink, and

worn or broken to the very stump." Some punch was brewed in a china bowl, and the two sat smoking and drinking far into the night. About three in the morning Kingsburgh, who was aware that they would have to be up betimes in the morning, suggested going to bed, but Charles, who was then beginning to show his fatal fondness for conviviality, would not hear of such a thing until another bowl of punch was brewed. Kingsburgh, who knew what a solemn responsibility was entrusted to him, and how necessary it was for the Prince to have rest, positively refused to accede to such a request, and rose up to put away the bowl. Charles, not to be deterred from his purpose, seized hold of the bowl, and in the struggle that ensued the china bason was broken into two pieces. No more drink now being possible, the Prince consented to go to bed.

So great a luxury was it to rest between sheets—for as Charles said he "had almost forgotten what a bed was"—that the Prince slept on until one o'clock the next day. Flora was most anxious that he should be awakened, in order to continue their flight, but the kind-hearted Kingsburgh would not let him be disturbed until nature herself had roused him. No sooner, however, did he wake than it was necessary for him to dress at once and push on to Portree. He hastily put on his woman's attire, and then sent for Lady Kingsburgh and Flora to adjust his cap and apron, and dress his hair. With much merriment the ladies gave the finishing touches to his toilet, and

completed his disguise. Whilst Miss Macdonald was putting on his mob cap, Lady Kingsburgh whispered to her in Gaelic to ask the Prince for a lock of his hair. Flora hesitated and then declined ; but Charles hearing them talking together, inquired what was the matter, when his fair abigail told him of Lady Kingsburgh's request. Instantly he laid his head in Flora's lap and told her to cut off as much as she wanted.

His shoes being in a very sorry condition, Kingsburgh presented him with a new pair, whilst he took the old ones, and tying them together hung them on a peg, observing that they might yet be of use. "In what way?" asked Charles. "Why," replied his host, "when you are fairly settled at St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." Until the death of Kingsburgh these shoes were religiously preserved ; they were then cut into strips and given to Jacobite friends. "It is in the recollection of one of his descendants," writes Mr. Chambers, "that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms." The sheets in which the Prince slept served as the grave clothes for Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald.

Taking a most affectionate farewell of his kind hostess, and receiving from her hands a small snuff-box as a souvenir, he walked, accompanied by Flora and Kingsburgh, towards Portree. At the end of half-an-hour they passed a wood, into which Charles

entered and changed his female garments for a high-land dress. This done, he bade a cordial adieu to Kingsburgh, who took charge of the discarded clothes, which he subsequently burnt, and pushed vigorously on to Portree, guided by Niel Mackechan, whilst Flora pursued a different route. Not many days elapsed before his gallant host at Kingsburgh was scented by the bloodhounds of the Government, and confined in a dungeon at Fort Augustus, heavily laden with irons. Sir Everard Fawkener took his examination, and reminded him of the noble opportunity he had lost of making his fortune. "Had I gold and silver," was the answer, "piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast for doing what I have done." From Fort Augustus he was removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept in close confinement until the passing of the Act of Grace in 1747. He died in 1772.

On arriving at Portree the Prince found a boat, which Donald Roy had obtained with considerable difficulty, ready to take him over to Raasay. In it were the Laird of Raasay, with two of his kinsmen and a couple of sturdy boatmen, John Mackenzie and Donald Macfriar by name, who had both served in the Jacobite army. To avoid suspicion Donald Roy had come ashore alone at Portree, the boat lying at anchor in a rocky inlet some half mile from the little Skye capital. Whilst proceeding to the only public-house the place boasted, he was met by

Flora, who told him that the Prince was close behind. Donald waited for his illustrious friend, and on Charles making his appearance went forward to meet him, and conducted him to the tavern. "He no sooner entered the house," writes Donald in his narrative, "than he asked if a dram could be got there: the rain pouring down from his clothes, he having on a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philibeg. Before he sat down he got his dram, and then the company desired him to shift and put on a dry shirt. He refused to shift, as Miss Flora Macdonald was in the room, but I and Niel Mackechan told him it was not a time to stand upon ceremonies, and prevailed upon him to put on a dry shirt."

The Prince then sat down to a frugal meal of fish, bread, cheese, and butter, and after a pipe of tobacco walked down to the shore where the boat with the men resting upon their oars was in wait for him. It was now necessary for him to say farewell to the courageous girl, through whose agency he had been brought thus far safely on his flight. The parting was not without emotion on either side. Charles held her hand in his, but the words would not find their way through the husky passage of his throat. He stood for some moments silently looking at her whilst the tears rushed unbidden to her eyes. Then taking off his cap he bent down and kissed her twice upon the forehead. No cold formal phrases of thanks passed his lips. When memory in after life brought the scene before his fair preserver, it recalled nothing save a hot grasp of the



hand, two kisses, and a bronzed, haggard face that said a speechless farewell. As Charles entered the boat he turned towards her and said, "For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." The hope was never fulfilled, the two never met again. As the boat pushed off from the shore, Flora sat upon a rock and earnestly watched its progress till out of sight.

"Far over yon hills of the heather so green,  
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,  
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,  
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.  
She look'd at a boat with the breezes that swung  
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main ;  
And aye as it lessen'd, she sighed and she sung,—  
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again !  
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young !  
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again !"

Her end is well known. Within a few days she was taken prisoner—her examination lies before me as I write,\* and sent to London to be dealt with as the Government thought proper. She was kept in confinement but a few months, and then after being the lion of the season returned to her native island. She married Alexander Macdonald the younger, of Kingsburgh, and was the mother of several children. Her conversation with Dr. Johnson has been immortalised by Boswell. She died at the age of seventy, in the year 1790, at her home in the Isle of Skye. "Her name," said Dr. Johnson, "will be mentioned in History, and

\* Declaration of Miss Macdonald, Applecross Bay, July 12, 1746. State Papers, Scotland, No. 33.

if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour." That opinion posterity has fully endorsed.

After a passage of some three hours Charles landed at a place called Glam, in the melancholy island of Raasay. A small hut, recently built by some shepherds, stood close at hand, and within its walls the whole party, consisting of the Prince, young Raasay, his brother Murdoch Macleod, and his cousin Malcolm Macleod, took shelter. In spite of its distant situation, the little island had not escaped the visiting hand of the Duke of Cumberland. Its herds had been pillaged, its huts burnt down, and many of the inhabitants carried over to the main land. Charles was much moved at the tale of misery now unfolded to him, and he inquired narrowly into all the damage that had been done. "Upon his being told," writes Murdoch Macleod, "of all the houses burnt, and of the other great depredations on the island to which the houses were but a trifle, he seemed much affected, but at the same time said that instead of the huts burnt, he would yet build houses of stone."

Young Raasay having gone out in search of food, returned with a kid, which they roasted, and with the aid of some oaten bread, cream, and butter, made an excellent supper. The exposure and privations the Prince had suffered in his past wanderings now became the subject of conversation, and Charles remarked that his "was a bitter, hard life, but he would rather live ten years in that way than be taken by his enemies." He appears to have been surprised, as well he might,

at being able to bear such fatigues, "for," said he, "since the battle of Culloden, I have endured more than would kill a hundred men. Sure Providence does not design this for nothing; I am certainly yet reserved for some good!" On one of the party asking him what he thought his enemies would do with him should he by chance fall into their hands, he answered moodily, "I do not think that they would dare to take away my life publicly; but I dread being privately destroyed, either by poison or assassination."\*

After a stay of a couple of days at Raasay, Charles set sail for Skye in the same boat which had carried him from Portree. He was anxious to reach the country of the Mackenzies, where he hoped to find a French ship on the look out for him in the neighbourhood of Lochbroom. He fared no better now than he had ever done on those treacherous inland seas, the open boat was in so great danger of foundering, that his companions begged him to return to Raasay and defer his departure till the weather was more favourable. But he declined. "Providence," he said, "has carried me through so many dangers that I do not doubt it will have the same care for me now." They sailed on, but the waves kept splashing into the boat with such force that it required all the exertions of young Raasay and the Macleods to prevent the craft from being swamped. "Gentlemen," said Charles, in acknowledgment of their labours, "I hope to thank you for this trouble yet at St. James's."

\* "Narrative of Murdoch Macleod," Jesse, p. 317.

Late at night they landed at a place called Nicholson's Great Rock, close to Scorobreck in Troternish, on the north coast of Skye. The boat was hauled up high and dry, and the wet and shivering crew rambled on in search of shelter. After a two miles' walk they spied a cow-house. Young Raasay went forward to inspect it. "What must become of your Royal Highness," said Murdoch Macleod, "if there be people in it, for certainly you must perish if long exposed to such weather." "I care nothing for it," replied Charles bravely, "for I have been abroad in a hundred such nights." However, Raasay returned with the report that the shed was empty, and not a soul in the neighbourhood. Then they all laid down to rest for the night, after partaking of some bread and cheese which they had brought with them.

The next day the Prince took leave of Raasay and his brother Murdoch, and despatched them on different missions over the island. Linking his arm in that of Malcolm Macleod, he quitted the cow-house and walked on. "Where are you intending to go to?" asked Malcolm.

"Why, Malcolm," frankly replied the Prince, "I now throw myself entirely into your hands, and leave you to do with me as you please. I wish to go to Mackinnon's country, and if you can guide me there safe I hope you will accompany me." Macleod, with that devotion which invariably characterised the friends of Charles, readily assented, but advised that they should proceed by sea, and thus avoid the soldiers and scouts who were infesting the island. But the Prince

preferred the land journey. "In our situation," said he, "there is no doing anything without running risks." It was arranged, therefore, that the Prince should for the second time appear in the character of a servant. Charles took off his waistcoat of scarlet tartan with gold twist buttons, and exchanged it for the plain vest of Malcolm: then he put his periwig in his pocket and tied up his face, as if suffering from toothache, in a dirty napkin: the buckles were pulled off his shoes, and the lace ruffles from his shirt; a bundle was put in his hand, and his disguise was supposed to be complete. Still there was so much of the gentleman about Charles, which art and raiment were powerless to conceal, that his companion feared he would be recognised. "There is not a person," said Macleod afterwards to Bishop Forbes, "who knows what the air of a noble or great man is, but, upon seeing the Prince in any disguise he could put on, would see something that was not ordinary—something of the stately and grand." \*

After travelling all night, they reached Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in Mackinnon's country. Malcolm now conducted the Prince to the house of his brother-in-law, one John Mackinnon, who had served as a captain in the Highland army. Mackinnon happened not to be at home, but the travellers were warmly received by his wife; Charles being passed off as a certain Lewie Caw, the son of a surgeon in Crieff who had been engaged in the rebellion, and was now known to be

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 480.

lying *perdu* among his relations in Skye. Mrs. Mackinnon was much concerned at the condition of the Prince, and said to her brother that her heart warmed to a man of his appearance. Certainly, if we are to believe Malcolm Macleod, the state of Charles was far from enviable. "Happening," says Malcolm,\* "to see the Prince uneasy and fidgety, he took him to the back of a knowe, and, opening his breast, saw him troubled with vermin for want of clean linen, and by reason of the coarse odd way he behoved to live in, both as to sustenance and sleep: Malcolm said he believed he took four score off him. This," writes Bishop Forbes, "serves to show that he was reduced to the very lowest ebb of misery and distress, and is a certain indication of that greatness of soul which could rise above all misfortunes and bear up with a cheerfulness not to be equalled in history under all the scenes of woe that could happen." It is difficult to understand how or why Charles allowed himself to get into this filthy state. One would have thought, in spite of his scanty stock of linen and the continual wearing of the same garments, that an occasional bathe in the sea, for it was summer time, or an ablution in a mountain stream, would have prevented all the grosser details that arise from uncleanness.

In the course of the day the old chief of Mackinnon was informed that the Prince was in the neighbourhood. At once he hastened to pay his respects, and advised Charles to repair to the mainland under his

\* Jesse, p. 322.

guidance that very night, for the militia scouts were active, and every moment was of importance. The Prince assented ; a good-sized wherry was obtained ; and at eight o'clock in the evening the fugitive, accompanied by the old chieftain Mackinnon and his kinsman, John Mackinnon, went down to the sea shore to embark. The parting between the Prince and Malcolm Macleod, which was now considered advisable, was felt by both. "For myself," said Malcolm, "I have no care : but for you I am much afraid." Malcolm had been so long absent that he thought the military would pursue him on suspicion, and in that case Charles would also fall into their hands. It was better therefore that they should separate. Before saying adieu the two sat down together, at the instigation of Charles, and had a smoke, talking the while of the sorrows of the past and the hopes of the future ; then the Prince rose up, presented Malcolm with a silver stock buckle and ten guineas, embraced him twice as he said farewell, and hurried to his seat in the stern of the boat. As he had anticipated, Malcolm was taken prisoner and brought to London, where he was kept in custody till July, 1747, when he returned to Scotland with Flora Macdonald. "And so," he used to say with much glee, "I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a braw post chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald." Twenty-seven years afterwards he was introduced to Boswell. "I never saw a figure," said the biographer of Dr. Johnson, "which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much

to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and *polite* in the true sense of the word." \*

After a stormy passage, which occupied some eight hours, Charles and his companions landed at four o'clock in the morning near a place called Little Mallack, on the southern side of Loch Nevis. But the change was not for the better. The militia were quartered in the immediate neighbourhood, and it thus became most dangerous for the Prince or his friends to attempt to penetrate into the interior. For three days they remained on the spot at which they had first landed, without fire or shelter, not daring to move. On the fourth day they entered their boat, and coasted along the broken shores of Loch Nevis, in the hope of finding some cave which would protect them from the inclemency of the weather. Steering round one of the petty promontories of the loch, they fouled against a boat moored to a rock, and the next moment saw five men standing on the shore whose bonnets, marked with a red cross, proclaimed them to belong to the militia. Charles was fortunately lying at the bottom of the boat taking his rest, with the plaid of Mackinnon thrown over him. This unexpected appearance of the enemy somewhat staggered the crew, and they hesitated on their oars.

"Where do you come from?" cried the militiamen.

"From Sleat," answered Mackinnon.

"Row ashore," ordered the militiamen, "for examination!"

\* Jesse, p. 326.



“Pull for your lives!” cried John Mackinnon; and no sooner was the word given than the watermen settled themselves down to their work, and rowed rapidly along the loch.

But the militiamen were not to be thus cheated. Like lightning they leaped into their boat, cast loose the painter, and in another minute were in full chase. For some quarter of an hour the pursuit was keen: then the oarsmen of the Prince drew rapidly away, and coming to a part of the loch where the firs and underwood grew thick down to the water’s edge, they shot their boat into the covert, and hid themselves from the foe. Charles landed and ran up a hill, from which he perceived the discomfited militiamen returning from their fruitless pursuit.

Across the loch was a small island to which the escaped crew, after a few hours’ rest, now steered. Old Clanranald happening to be in the neighbourhood, the Prince sent John Mackinnon to him with a request for aid. But the chieftain, to whom the Stuart cause had already been sufficiently costly, declined any further assistance: he was proscribed and ruined, and would not run any more risk. Mackinnon, finding that Clanranald was not to be won, either by arguments or entreaties, quitted him in a passion, and returned to the Prince, mightily indignant at the failure of his mission. But Charles met him with a cheerful “Well, Mackinnon, there is no help for it: we must do the best we can for ourselves.” \*

\* *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 489, 490; *Jesse*, p. 328.

They now rowed back to Little Mallack, and as Clanranald had failed them, resolved to try what success they would meet with at the hands of Macdonald of Morar, whose house stood hard by the loch of that name. Mrs. Macdonald was the sister of Lochiel, and received the illustrious fugitive most warmly; so affected was she at the sight of his wretched condition that, it is said, she burst into tears. Her husband, catching something of his wife's sympathy, now came forward and greeted them all with much cordiality. The conversation turned at once upon the necessity of the Prince making speedy his escape out of the country. The coast was watched by gun-boats; Ferguson and his men were close on his track; the militia were at every port and inlet; flight was no easy matter. Morar said that he would go in search of young Clanranald, and enlist his services on behalf of the Prince. He set out, and did not return to his home till the following day. But it was evident that a change had come over the spirit of his enthusiasm. He was cold and distant; he had been unable, he said, to find young Clanranald, and did not know of any one whom he could recommend to his Royal Highness. The Prince was not slow to see that Morar had been dissuaded from his purpose by others, and was not a little hurt.

"Why, Morar," he said, "this is very hard; you were very kind to me yesternight, and said you would find out a hiding-place proof against all the search of the enemy's forces, and now you say you can do

nothing at all for me. You can travel to no place but what I will travel to also, you can eat or drink nothing but I will take a share of them with you and be well content. When Fortune smiled on me, and I had money to give, I found some people ready enough to serve me ; but now, when Fortune frowns on me, and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity."

The taunt did not strike home. Like the old chieftain Clanranald, Morar was stubborn, and refused to mix himself up in the Prince's affairs. Then Charles, who saw the meshes of the enemy closing around him, and no way out for escape, thus gave expression to his feelings. "Almighty God," cried he, "look down upon my circumstances and pity me, for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those who joined me at first, and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need ; while some of those again who refused to join me, and stood at a distance, are now among my best friends ; for it is remarkable that those of Sir Alexander Macdonald's following have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation." Then turning round to John Mackinnon, he stretched out his hand and said, "I hope, Mackinnon, you will not desert me too, and leave me in the lurch?"

The old chieftain was standing by his kinsman, and he thought the words were addressed to him. "I never," he cried, tears of devotion and indignation starting to his eyes, "I never will leave your Royal

Highness in the day of danger, but will, under God, do all I can for you, and go with you wherever you order me."

"Oh no," replied Charles, "this is too much for one of your advanced years. I heartily thank you for your readiness to take care of me, and I am well satisfied of your zeal for me and my cause; but one of your age cannot well hold out with the fatigues and dangers I must undergo. It was to your friend John here, a stout young man, that I was addressing myself."

"Well, then," readily responded John, "with the help of God I will go through the wide world with your Royal Highness."\*

Loyal as was the offer it was not necessary to be accepted. Escorted by the Mackinnons, Charles now made his way towards Borrodaile, the seat of Angus Macdonald. Here, as the aid of his two faithful friends was now superfluous, the Prince bade them farewell, and placed himself unreservedly in the hands of his new protector. Burnt out of hearth and home for his advocacy of the Stuart cause, Angus Macdonald was now living in a small hut on his estate. As Charles entered the mean abode he could not restrain his tears, for not only had his host been utterly ruined for the adherence he had given, but a beloved son of his had perished on the fatal field of Culloden. The Prince approached Mrs. Macdonald, saluted her, and asked if she could endure the sight of one who had been the

\* Mackinnon's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 492 *et seq.*

cause of so much misery to her and her family. "Yes," was the fine reply, "even though all my sons had fallen in your Royal Highness's service." \*

"I ance had sons, but now has nane,  
I bred them toiling sairly;  
And I wad bear them a' again,  
And lose them a' for Charlie."

For three days Charles remained at Borrodaile in the most strict seclusion; but on the fourth day news was received that the enemy had traced him from Skye, were even now on his scent and he was advised to fly to Glen Morar. Critical as had been the position of the Prince during the last few months, danger seemed now to have reached its full height. The gunboats were stationed off Loch Nevis. General Campbell had drawn a complete cordon round the neighbouring district. Sentinels at frequent intervals guarded every pass and ford, and allowed none to pass without examination, whilst the scouts and militiamen were more busy than ever in scouring the disaffected districts. But a *Deus ex machinâ* presented itself in the shape of Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who knew every glen and ravine in the surrounding wildness. Guided by this devoted adherent, Charles, at the end of three days of intense danger, fatigue, and exhaustion, found himself, on the night of the 28th of July, on the top of the braes of Glenmoriston and Strathglass, "where, without food or fire, and wet to the skin, his only shelter was a small cave, the

\* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 497.

limits of which were so narrow, and the narrow floor so rugged, as almost to rob him even of the luxury of sleep." But by winding through the tortuous passages of ravines, scaling almost inaccessible passes, and making the widest of *détours*, he had broken through the enemy's lines and was for a time free from danger.

Maintaining a guerilla warfare amid the rugged fastnesses of these regions were seven men whom Jacobite partisanship will not readily forget. Their names were Patrick Grant, a farmer, but better known as Black Peter of Craskie; John Macdonnell alias Campbell; Alexander Macdonnell; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, three brothers, and Grigor Macgregor. These were the notorious "Seven Men of Glenmoriston." They had borne arms in the late Rebellion, and for this cause had had their homes burnt over their heads and been proscribed by the Government. With all the vindictiveness of a Corsican, each man had vowed a bitter revenge against those who had made their hearths desolate, slain their kindred, and shipped their clansmen as slaves. Kissing their dirks, they had solemnly sworn to stand by each other on every occasion, to know no mercy in an encounter with the minions of the Duke of Cumberland, and to deal out, whenever opportunity offered, the same punishment to the surrounding soldiery as had been dealt out by the victors of Culloden to the vanquished. Already their lawless deeds were the subjects of many a story round the camp fires of Campbell's and Ferguson's men, and the very mention

of their names arrested the soldier's attention and often made him blanch with fear.

Not without reason. Well acquainted with every crag and cave for miles around, these Glenmoriston freebooters refused to be caught. Stationed behind rocks, they would pour a deadly fire upon any of the soldiery carrying provisions: then, before the attacked could recover themselves, would sweep down upon them, like a hawk upon his prey, and utterly destroy them. On the boughs of the trees near the highroads, it was no unusual thing to see the gory head of an Englishman suspended. In the dead of the night they would descend upon the little camp of the militia and carry off the cattle. The soldiers marching from one spot to the other, trembled as they entered any of those narrow defiles, which, in the west of Scotland, lead on to the open, for well they knew the murderous fire with which their terrible and ubiquitous enemy had more than once from above ploughed their ranks. On one occasion these seven men had attacked a large body of Campbell's troops, had kept up a running fire in a narrow ravine, and had forced the enemy to fly in dire confusion. Both Campbell and Ferguson had set any price upon their heads, but none as yet had displayed the skill or the courage to deserve the reward.

Charles, being now in the territory of these Jacobite banditti, they were asked if they would protect their Prince. They readily assented. Young Clanranald introduced them to the Prince, and he was escorted to their cave amid every demonstration of respect and

delight. Here they swore that "their backs might be to God, their faces to the devil; that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger." So rigidly did they keep this oath that Charles had been a year in France before it was known that he had been the guest of these loyal but lawless Highlanders.

And he was their guest. For three weeks they secreted him in the different caves and hiding-places throughout the country. They foraged for him, and brought to their strongholds every delicacy they could rob or buy, which they fancied he would like. It was days since Charles had fared so sumptuously. Distressed at the miserable condition of his dress, they waylaid some servants carrying baggage to Fort Augustus, shot them down, and then bore off the booty to the Prince. He fascinated them. His coolness in moments of danger, his winning manners, his powers of enduring fatigue, his superiority in all manly exercises, won not only their devotion, but their love. "Stay with us," they cried, when Charles had expressed his intention of finding Lochiel; "stay with us; the mountain of gold which the Government have set upon your head, may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country and live on the price of his dishonour—but to us there



exists no such temptations. We can speak no language but our own : we can live nowhere but in this country. Were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death."

But the story of these Highland wanderings is now drawing to a close. On quitting these generous but unscrupulous outlaws Charles effected a junction with his staunch friends, Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, who were lurking in the wilds of Badenoch. For some time they took up their abode in a "very romantic and comical habitation" called the Cage, on the side of Mount Benalder, which is still shown to the tourist. "The Cage," says Donald Macpherson, "was only large enough to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards ; one idle, looking on ; one baking ; and another firing bread and cooking."

Here it was that the Prince received the joyful news that two French vessels, sent out expressly for his deliverance, had anchored in Lochnanuagh. Losing no time, he started off at once for the very spot where fourteen months before he had landed full of the most sanguine hopes. The ships were riding at anchor ; a boat was moored to a rock awaiting the arrival of the Fugitive ; the Prince jumped into it, and in a few minutes was safe from the terrors of the past. With him embarked Lochiel, young Clanranald, John Roy Stuart, and other chieftains ; also one hundred and seven common men.

"A fellow I had in the braes of Loch Arkaig," writes an informer to Lord Albemarle,\* "this moment informs me that last Thursday about twelve o'clock, the Pretender's son embarked on board a French ship of war in the same loch in Moidart where he first landed, attended by many of his friends . . . they had a considerable quantity of baggage along with them, and told those that were not to go on board to have good hopes that they might expect to hear from them in five or six weeks, and might depend upon their returning with a considerable force."

Thus ended the Highland adventures of him, whom posterity with the fondness that shuns the stilted homage due to royalty, still calls Prince Charlie. When we consider the boldness of the enterprise he undertook, the wondrous meed of success that first attended it, the endless dangers that were met and avoided during the trying months of his concealment, and the splendid devotion—among the most brilliant acts that Heroism can boast—of his followers, it is not surprising that the episode of 'The Forty Five' still maintains a hold over the imagination such as no other period of history possesses. It reads like a chapter in the romances of chivalry, and raises human nature in the estimation of mankind.

"For what wise end," writes the Journalist of the *Escape*,† "Heaven has thus disappointed, and yet

\* *State Papers, Scotland*, Sept. 21, 1746.

† *The Lockhart Papers*, Vol. II., p. 562.

preserved this Noble Prince, and what future scenes the history of his life may display time only can tell ; yet something very remarkable still seems waiting him and this poor country also. May God grant a happy issue ! ” We shall see how that prayer was answered.

## CHAPTER V.

### UNDER PROTECTION.\*

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- "Royal Charlie's now awa,  
Safely owre the friendly main ;  
Mony a heart will break in twa,  
Should he ne'er come back again.  
Will you no come back again ?  
Will you no come back again ?  
Better lo'ed you'll never be,  
And will you no come back again ?"

ON landing at the little port of Roscoff in Brittany, Charles drove on to Morlaix, where he resolved to rest for a few days in order to recover from the fatigues of the voyage. Here he penned the following letter to his brother Henry, who was the guest of Louis XV. at Versailles.

"MORLAIX, *October 10, N. S., 1746.*

"DEAR BROTHER,—As I am certain of your great concern for me, I cannot express the joy I have, on your account, of my safe arrival in this country. I send here inclosed two lines to my master,† just to show him I am alive and safe, being fatigued not a

\* Unless where special reference is given, I am indebted for my information in this chapter to "The Young Pretender in France." Lockhart Papers, vol. ii., pp. 565-586.

† His father.

little, as you may imagine. It is my opinion you should write immediately to the French king, giving him notice of my safe arrival, and at the same excusing my not writing to him myself immediately, being so much fatigued, and hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing him. I leave to your prudence the wording of this letter, and would be glad no time should be lost in writing and despatching it, as also that you should consult nobody, without exception, upon it, but Sir John Graham, and Sir Thomas,\* the reasons of which I will tell you on meeting. It is an absolute necessity I must see the French king as soon as possible, for to bring things to a right head. Warren, the bearer, will instruct you of the way I would wish you should meet me at Paris. I embrace you with all my heart, and remain

Your most loving brother,

CHARLES P." †

The news that Charles had effected his escape into France created no little joy in the Pretender's Court at Rome. During the weary months of the Prince's wandering in Skye and the Hebrides, James had been a victim of the gravest melancholy. He was ignorant of the whereabouts of his son, and was ever torturing himself with reproaches for having permitted so rash an expedition to be undertaken. He assailed the French ambassador at Rome most bitterly for having misled him with false hopes of French assistance, and up-

\* Sheridan. † Stuart Papers. Stanhope's "Forty Five," Appendix.

braided all with whom he came in contact. Day after day he went moaning about his palace, vowing that life was a burden to him, and that he should see his beloved Charles no more. Not a line had he received from the Prince, whilst he was always being given a wrong account of his movements. Now it was that his son was safely housed in Paris; then that he had just landed in Sweden; or that he was marching south to England, a captive prisoner of the blood-thirsty Duke.\* Thus hearing nothing, and hoping against hope, James found no refuge for his anxiety but in the consolations of his Church and the sympathies of his confessor. At last intelligence that could be depended upon reached him, and from that moment the old man began to revive. "Since the Pretender," writes Sir Horace Mann to the Duke of Newcastle,† "has received the news of his eldest son's arrival in France, he is much less melancholy than before, and has now confessed that for nearly six months he had not received any certain notice of him."

After a few days rest at the quaint Breton fishing port, Charles set out for Paris. The Most Christian King, as soon as he learnt of the arrival of his illustrious visitor upon French soil, had given orders for the Castle of St. Antoine to be prepared for his reception. On approaching Paris, the Prince was met by the Duke of York and several members of the

\* State Papers, Tuscany. Walton's Letters, 1746.  
*Ibid.* Nov. 15, No. 52.

French aristocracy, who congratulated him upon his past campaigns and successful escape. The meeting between the two brothers was most affectionate. "Charles did not know me at first sight," writes Henry to his father, "but I am sure I knew him very well, for he is not in the least altered since I saw him, except grown somewhat broader and fatter, which is incomprehensible after all the fatigues he has endured. Your Majesty may conceive, better than I can express in writing, the tenderness of our first meeting. Those that were present said they never saw the like in their lives, and indeed I defy the whole world to show another brother so kind and loving as he is to me. For my part, I can safely say, that all my endeavours tend to no other end but that of deserving so much goodness as he has for me."

Without even a halt at Paris for refreshment, Charles at once proceeded to Versailles to have audience with the King. Louis was presiding over the deliberations of an extraordinary Council of State, but at once quitted the chamber to receive the Prince. "*Mon très cher Prince,*" he said cordially embracing him, "*Je rends grâce au ciel qui me donne le plaisir extrême de vous voir arrivé en bonne santé après tant de fatigues et de dangers. Vous avez fait voir que toutes les grandes qualités des héros et des philosophes se trouvent réunies en vous ; et j'espère qu'un de ces jours vous recevrez la récompense d'un mérite si extraordinaire.*" This charming speech, from the lips of one who had systematically during the last two

years belied his words, having been delivered, Louis escorted Charles to the apartments of the Queen, who welcomed him with every demonstration of goodwill and satisfaction. On his departure from the Palace, the whole Court crowded round him, and cordially complimented him upon the manner in which he had conducted his expedition.

But Louis, if he had neglected his illustrious visitor during the past, determined now to treat him with every distinction. He gave orders that Charles should be received at Court as became the Prince Regent of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and appointed a day for his presentation. With all due ceremony Charles prepared himself for the occasion. At the hour appointed he issued from the gates of St. Antoine to make his first official appearance at the Court of Versailles. He was dressed in a suit "of uncommon elegance." The coat was made of rose-coloured velvet embroidered with silver. The waistcoat was a rich gold brocade with a "spangled fringe set on in scollops." His cockade and shoe buckles sparkled with diamonds. On his breast were the stars of St. George and St. Andrew. "In short," says his reporter, "he glittered all over like the star which they tell you appeared at his nativity."

The procession consisted of three carriages. In the first were Lords Elcho and Ogilvie (the former of whom, according to Sir Walter Scott, had vowed that he would never look upon the face of his Prince again), with Glenbucket and Kelly, secretaries to the Regency.



In the second sat the Prince himself, with Lord Lewis Gordon and old Lochiel: two pages resplendently dressed, and ten footmen in the English Royal Livery, walked by their side. The third was occupied by the four Chamberlains. Following the state carriages were young Lochiel and an escort drawn from *la jeunesse dorée* of the French aristocracy. The King greeted the Prince with every mark of distinction, and in the evening he was entertained at a State banquet. "I should not have mentioned these particulars," writes the narrator in the Lockhart Papers, "but to shew you that the French Court took all imaginable pains to lull the young Chevalier into forgetfulness of the breach of past promises, and persuade him that his concerns would now be taken into immediate consideration."

Agreeable as were the attentions he now received after the months of past misery, Charles never forgot the subject which was uppermost in his mind. He was still as untiring as ever in his efforts to persuade Louis to send troops into Scotland and create another rebellion. He explained that the recent conduct of the English government had caused the most lively dissatisfaction in Scotland, and that for every follower he formerly possessed he now had three. He was sure, he said, that he could rely on the fidelity of his Scotch subjects—he had never lacked warriors in the Highlands—but their loyalty was useless without money, provisions, and regular troops to strengthen their efforts. Had he only possessed 3000 regular troops

he would have marched at once into England after defeating Cope, and nothing could have prevented his reaching London. Had he but been supplied with provisions, he would have been in a condition to pursue Hawley after defeating him at Falkirk, and thus to put to the sword his whole army—the flower of the English troops. Had he but received half the money France sent him, he would have been able to fight the Duke of Cumberland on equal terms, and would doubtless have defeated him. But, argued Charles, the misfortunes of the past could easily be repaired, if only His Majesty would grant him a force of 18 or 20,000 men. The interests of France had always been identical with those of the House of Stuart, and he hoped that this time he should not have to plead in vain.

To this request Louis prudently gave no definite answer. He temporised with the matter, and tried to turn the young man's thoughts into a different channel by surrounding him with all the gaities of a Court. He was styled Prince Regent of England, and a suite placed at his disposal. A handsome pension was assigned him. The brilliant society of Paris was at his feet. Not a week passed without his being invited to Court, and treated with the distinction due to one of Royal blood. The Queen, who had been a warm friend of his mother, looked upon him with almost maternal tenderness, and we are told often encouraged him to talk of his past adventures, "the details of which seldom failed to draw tears from her eyes."

Nor are we led to believe that this sympathy was confined only to the Consort of Louis XV. There was, we are told, a dark-eyed daughter of the House of Bourbon who shared her mother's interest in the graceful young man, and whose sympathy and admiration were fast developing into a warmer feeling. For the hazel orbs of this kindly damsel, Charles, we know, had always expressed an admiration, and on convivial occasions during the past campaign, his favourite toast was "the Black Eyes—the second daughter of France."

The *tendre*, if ever it existed, however, never came to anything, and served only perhaps as an agreeable flirtation for the Prince. Rumour was then very busy with his name wherever the fair sex was concerned, and always reporting that he was about to enter into a matrimonial alliance. Now it is Walton who says that he is to marry a daughter of the House of Massa, then it is Mann who writes that he is to marry a young Princess of Modena, or else the bride is to be a Princess of France, or a Princess of Spain, or a daughter of the reigning House in Sweden—gossip which shows the interest Europe was taking in the fortunes of the young Chevalier. Charles did not marry till late in life; and, though it may appear strange why a man, endowed with a handsome person and singularly winning manners, to whom a brilliant alliance would have been politically of service, should have so long remained a bachelor, the reason perhaps is that the affections of Charles were deeply but illicitly engaged elsewhere.

The attention shown to the Prince by the House of Bourbon created great hopes in the minds of the Jacobites. "Everybody," writes Mann from Florence,\* "talks of the distinguished reception which the French King is said to have given to the Pretender's eldest son, and with assurances never to abandon his interests. The Pretender's people and partisans are grown extremely insolent upon it, and flatter themselves with the greatest advantages." But these hopes were soon destined to disappointment. It was not long before Charles felt how illusory was the idea of expecting aid from France. A few regiments, it is true, were being drilled and paraded at Calais and Boulogne, Dunkirk and Dieppe, ostensibly for the invasion of England, but the Prince saw plainly how inadequate their numbers were for the purpose. He knew how crushing had been the effect of the battle of Culloden upon his party, and that it would be nothing short of madness again to stir up a rebellion and expose the lives of his faithful friends unless powerfully supported by French troops. He now saw how wise had been his friends when they advised him, some eighteen months ago, not to meditate an invasion without the aid of French soldiery. He had learnt by experience, and he would not repeat the fault. Still he hoped on, and it was not till after a visit from Cardinal Tencin that he really discovered how frail, in the present condition of foreign politics, was the reed on which he depended.

\* *State Papers, Tuscany, Nov. 29, 1746, No. 52.*

The Cardinal was a staunch and ambitious Jacobite, and having been indebted for his Hat to the interest and favour of James, there was little he was not ready to undertake, or pretend to undertake, for the advancement of the Stuart cause. He called frequently upon Charles at St. Antoine, "to pay," as he said, "his compliments to the son of a person to whom he was so highly obliged." Their conversations naturally turned upon the state of England, and the expediency of obtaining French assistance. The Cardinal, in whose person the whole power of the Ministry was centred, was at first very guarded in his answers, and careful not to compromise himself. But one morning His Eminence hinted that though France had her hands full, and was busy in coping with her enemies on all sides, yet she might be induced to grant him the desired aid on a condition. "What was the condition?" asked the Prince eagerly. "That Ireland be ceded to France," replied the Cardinal, "as a compensation for the expense the court at Versailles would necessarily be put to." But scarcely had His Eminence mentioned the proposal, than Charles rose angrily from his seat and cried out, "*Non, Monsieur le Cardinal, tout ou rien ! point de partage ! point de partage !*" and to quiet himself he paced up and down the room, repeating the while the words of his refusal.

The Cardinal, somewhat taken aback by this burst of indignation, now changed his tactics, and begged Charles to think no more of the offer : he had, he said, but made the suggestion, which was entirely a project

of his own, and in no way of an official character, simply out of the love and regard he bore to the illustrious House of Stuart, and in the belief that the proposal would have been acceptable. It was not acceptable, and there was an end of the matter ; he hoped His Royal Highness would think no more about it. To this Charles haughtily replied that he would not even condescend to give himself the trouble to think of it.

Whether Tencin had orders to make this proposal, or it was, as he said, but a scheme of his own, we know not. The probability is that the idea was conceived by the ambitious churchman alone, under the impression that Charles would be only too glad to avail himself of the offer, and thus Ireland be transferred to the dominion of France, with His Eminence Cardinal Tencin as Primate of the new kingdom and patron of its ecclesiastical benefices. Had the Prince accepted the proposal, Tencin would have had but little difficulty in "educating" the French ministers up to his views. He was, however, not prepared for the fact that, though Charles was ever ready to conspire against the reigning House of Hanover, and to plot for the repossession of what he considered as his dominions, he was none the less an Englishman, and would rather see his country in the hands of a rival, whole and intact, than recover possession of it at the cost of territorial sacrifice. But the offer, coming from the foremost statesman of France, plainly proved to the Prince the folly of expecting

such assistance from Louis or his ministers as he could receive without disloyalty to his country or indignity to himself. He had imagined his ally a chivalrous friend, he found him but a keen-witted trader. He wanted generous help, not a vile bargain.

Despairing of France, Charles now turned his gaze south of the Pyrenees. If Versailles was cold and calculating, perhaps the Escorial would be warmer and less interested. Spain had always been full of assurances of sympathy and good wishes towards the House of Stuart. She had been a staunch ally to the father, and had extended her favour to the son. At the commencement of the rebellion she had sent a ship into Moidart with arms and money for the Prince; but, as the campaign proceeded, she held herself rather coldly aloof. This coldness was attributed by Sir Charles Wogan, who was busying himself about his Master's affairs at Madrid, to the jealousy felt by the Spanish Court at the Prince's having entered into a treaty of alliance with France. "They look upon it," writes Wogan to Charles,\* "as a sort of neglect or contempt of them that you have not equally entered into engagements with them." And then he hints that it would be as well if the Prince wrote occasionally to His Most Catholic Majesty and to his ministers, "as they often express a wish to hear from him, and would take such an act very kindly." "For their jealousy," continues Wogan, "is a jealousy of love and real kindness, which only

\* State Papers, Domestic. Madrid, Dec. 10, 1745, No. 76.

wants some demonstration and affection and confidence on your side to exert itself in your favour with all the eagerness and zeal that the circumstances of their whole troops being abroad and their Treasury being stinted at home, by the few returns from their Indies in this time of war with England, can afford. For I (that have many friends in this Court, and know but too well how their affairs stand) was surprised, I own it, at their liberality in sending your Royal Highness so great a sum." \*

Charles received this letter when about to retreat from Stirling, and the events that ensued appear to have rendered him unable to take the hint of Wogan. It was now, whilst idling away his time in Paris, that he bethought himself of journeying south, in the hopes that Madrid might grant what Versailles refused. But he was doomed to disappointment. Spain was no longer the first-rate power she had been under the sway of her first Charles and her second Philip, but a kingdom rapidly on the decline, and fully alive to the expediency of adopting a conciliatory state policy. The Prince crossed the Pyrenees in vain. Let us learn from his own lips the failure of his mission.†

"I believe your Majesty will be as much surprised as I am to find that, no sooner arrived, I was

\* This sum is variously estimated at £10,000, £6,000, and £5,000 ; but in the Domestic State Papers, Oct., 1745, No. 72, I have come across the exact amount sent by the King of Spain to Charles. It is as follows :—3,000 Spanish pistoles in gold, or £2,625 ; and 6,705 Spanish crown pieces in silver, or £1,676 2s. 4d. ; making a total of £4,301 2s. 4d.

† Stuart Papers, Guadalaxara, March 12, 1747. Stanhope.



hurried away without so much as allowing me time to rest. I thought there was not such fools as the French court, but I find it here far beyond it. Your Majesty must forgive me if I speak here a little out of humour, for an angel would take the spleen on this occasion. Notwithstanding you will find I behaved towards them with all the respect and civility imaginable, doing *à la lettre* whatever they required of me, to give them not the least reason of complaining of me, and by that putting them entirely *dans leur tort*. I shall now begin my narration of all that has passed since my arrival in this country.

“For, to arrive with the greater secrecy and diligence, so that this court should not hear of me until I let them know it, I took post at Perpignan, with Vaughan and Cameron, the rest not being able to ride, and not to be so many together. I arrived at Barcelona, and finding that, by the indiscretion of some of our own people (which the town happened then to be full of), it was immediately spread I was there; this hindered me to wait here for the rest of my people coming up, as I intended, and made me take the resolution to leave even those that had come there with me, for the greater blind and expedition, and to take along with me only Colonel Nagle, who had been with the Duke of Ormond.

“I arrived at Madrid the 2nd instant, and addressed myself immediately to Geraldine, Sir Charles Wogan being at his government; and it happened better so, for I find they are not well together, and Geraldine is

all in all with the ministers. I gave him immediately a letter for Caravajal, which enclosed one for the king, of which I send here a copy; this was the channel he advised me to go by. Upon that I got an appointment with the said minister; and he carried me to him in his coach, with a great many ridiculous precautions, for I find all here like the pheasants, that it is enough to hide their heads to cover the rest of the body, as they think. After I made Caravajal many compliments, I asked him that I supposed he had delivered my letter to the king, and had received his orders what I should do? To which he said he had not, telling me it was better he should not give it, and that I should go back immediately; that he was very sorry the situation of affairs was such, that he advised me to do so. This he endeavoured to persuade me to by several very nonsensical reasons. I answered them all, so that he had nothing in the world to say, but that he would deliver my letter. I told him that my sudden resolution of coming here was upon one of my friends coming just before I parted from Paris to me, from the rest, assuring me that they were ready as much as ever, if they had the assistance necessary, to allow them time to come to a head; at the same time expressing what a conceit that nation had for the Spaniards' good inclinations, and how popular it would be for me to take a jaunt in that country, out of gratitude for all they had endeavoured to do for us; that I could be back at any event for any expedition of effect, for that, with

reason, none could be undertook till the month of April or May. I added to that my personal inclinations, which hit with theirs.

“I parted, after all compliments were over, and was never more surprised than when Caravajal himself came at the door of the *auberge* I was lodged in, at eleven at night and a half, to tell me that the king wanted to see me immediately. I went instantly, and saw the king and queen together, who made me a great many civilities, but at the same time desiring me to go back as soon as possible; that, unluckily, circumstances of affairs required so at present; that nothing in the world they desired more than to have the occasion of showing me proofs of their friendship and regard. (One finds in old histories, that the greatest proofs of showing such things are to help people in distress; but this, I find, is not now *à la mode*, according to French fashion.) I asked the king leave in the first place, to see the queen dowager, and the rest of the royal family, to which he answered there was no need to do it. Upon my repeating, how mortifying it would be for me, at least, not to make my respects to the old queen, to thank her for her goodness towards us, he said I might speak of that to Caravajal. I found by that he had got his lesson, and was a weak man just put in motion like a clock-work. At last, after many respectful compliments, and that the chief motive of my coming was to thank his Majesty for all the services his royal family had done for ours, at the same time to desire the continuation

of them ; to which he said, if occasion offered he would even do more ; after that I asked him, for not to trouble him longer, which was the minister he would leave me to speak to of my affairs, and of what I wanted ? to which he said, that he had an entire confidence in Caravajal, and that to him alone I might speak as to himself. I spoke then, that Caravajal might hear, that there was nobody that could be more acceptable to me than him : says I, in laughing, he is half an Englishman, being called Lancaster. I parted ; and who should I make out at the door but Farinelli, who took me by the hand with effrontery. I thought at first it was some grandee, or captain of the guards, that had seen me in Italy, and was never so much surprised as when he named himself, saying that he had seen me formerly, which he was sure I could not remember.

“ From thence I went in the minister’s apartment, and staid some time with him ; but I perceived immediately that he *battait la campagne*, and concluded nothing to the purpose, but pressing me ardently to go out of the town and away immediately. I told him, though I had made a long journey, notwithstanding, being young and strong, I would be ready to go away that very same night ; but that, if he cared to assist me in the least, he must allow me a little time to explain and settle things with him ; that, if he pleased, I would be next day with him again. He agreed to that, but that absolutely it was necessary, to do a pleasure to the King, I should part the day

after. I went to him as agreed upon, and brought a note of what I was to speak to him about, which, after explaining, I gave to him a copy of, which I enclose here, along with the answer he made before me in writing, which seems to me not to say much. He pressed me again to part next day. I represented it was an impossibility, in a manner, for me to go before any of my people coming up. At last he agreed to send along with me Sir Thomas Geraldine, as far as Guadalaxara, where I might wait for my family. We parted, loading one another with compliments."

Cold as the reception of the Prince had been, we learn that the visit was not entirely fruitless. "One of my correspondents," writes Sir Horace Mann to the Duke of Newcastle,\* "has seen a letter from the daughter of the Constable Colonna, who is married in Spain, by which she acquaints her father that the Pretender's eldest son had been there, but was very ill received at Court; that, however, his journey had not been totally fruitless, as he had obtained a promise from the King of Spain of the continuance of the yearly pension which that Court has long given to the Pretender, though at some times it has been very ill paid, and that the Court besides gave the young man a considerable sum of money for his journey."

On the receipt of his son's letter, James was seized with another of those fits of melancholy which the vigilant Walton was ever observing. Believing that

\* *State Papers, Tuscany*, April 18, 1747.

his cause was now deserted both by France and Spain, he wished the Prince to take up his abode at Rome, and used all his influence with the Pope to obtain a settled allowance for Charles. But the Prince, much to the annoyance of his Father, had no intention of returning to Italy, he thought the wiser course was to remain quietly at Paris and seize every opportunity of pleading his cause to his most Christian Majesty. "I thought it proper," Charles writes to Lord Clancarty from Paris within a fortnight after his return from Madrid, "to come back again to France; but intend to keep myself absolutely in private, as the season is now favorable to make another attempt and to bring these people here to reason if possible. On our side we must leave no stone unturned, and leave the rest to Providence." \*

But the Stuart cause was soon to receive a blow, almost as severe as that dealt out to it on the sods of Culloden. The Duke of York had always been a devoted son of the Church; indeed, if we are to believe his contemporaries, he was bigoted to a degree, and as years rolled on he became more and more desirous of prominently identifying himself with Her creed. At last this desire took a definite form. Unknown to his brother, he secretly quitted Paris and arrived at Rome late in the evening of the 25th of May. He gave out that his visit was merely to pay his respects to his father; but the gossips and spies at Rome were not to be deceived. "The young Prince,"

\* Stuart Papers.

writes a correspondent to Mann,\* “seems very quiet at present, but he has certainly something in his head which will soon flash out.”

Nor had expectation long to wait. In a few days the Eternal city learnt that it was the intention of the supreme Pontiff to raise the Duke to the Cardinalate. The ceremony was conducted with a distinction which aroused not a little the jealousy of the Sacred College. On the day appointed—the third of July—a particular ceremonial was established for the occasion. The Duke was treated not only as a Prince of the Church but also as a Prince of the Blood Royal. He wore ermine on his upper cloak. He took rank next to Cardinal Ruffo, the Dean of the Sacred College, and received, without returning, the visits of ceremony from the different members of the Conclave. His arms were the Royal Arms of England, and “there was a great dispute whether the Crown or the Hat should be uppermost.” In the Consistory the Pope made a speech on the occasion, which, writes Mann,† “was extremely ridiculed at Rome.” And not without reason.

His Holiness began by saying that he had assembled his Holy Brethren together to inform them of his intention of creating Henry Benedict Clement, Duke of York, the second son of his Majesty King James the Third of Great Britain, a Cardinal Deacon. He forbore to enumerate the gallant deeds of the Cardinal elect’s royal parent, for they were known to

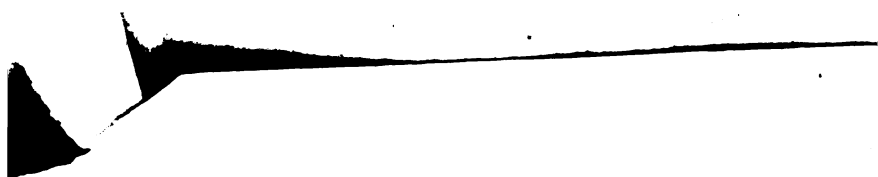
\* State Papers, Tuscany, 1747.

† State Papers, Tuscany, July 11, 1747.

all. None could be ignorant of the fact that from his boyhood his Majesty was a king without a kingdom, and that he had ever been undertaking expeditions to kingdoms and provinces estranged from the Catholic Church, not only with the object of restoring his exiled family to their throne, but also of restoring faith and religion to their ancient splendour. All his attempts had, alas! been unsuccessful; but still no reverse could break his Majesty's spirit or weaken his virtue; no labour or distress could detach him from Christian laws and institutions. And why? Because his Majesty not only professed the Gospel but followed it during the whole course of his life. No one knew better than his Majesty that nothing profited a man if he gained the whole world and yet lost his own soul. And as a worthy companion to this life and conduct were the good actions and pious career of his Majesty's late consort, who was known and admired by the whole city, and at her death left behind her examples of all the virtues.

From these illustrious parents, continued His Holiness, was Henry, Duke of York, sprung. Though but twenty-three years of age, he was yet as old as Saint Charles Borromeo when he was enrolled among the Cardinals by Pius IV.; he was six years older than was Peter of Luxemburg when created Cardinal by Clement VII.; and ten years older than was Robert de Nobilibus whom Julius III. raised to a seat in the Sacred College. And yet all these, young though they were, sustained their dignity to the love and





He pretends that the Roman Princes and Dukes should make him a visit in ceremony without a restitution of that visit, which the others insist upon. He has an assembly every Thursday evening in his apartment to which the Duke Lanti lately went, but was told by a servant, after he was got up the stairs, that there was no place for him, so that he was obliged to return back extremely mortified; the same affront had been shown to many others, and particularly to the Duke of Caserta, who was formerly their great friend, and had for several years in the hunting season entertained both the Pretender's sons at his country house at a very great expense. The Duke Lanti is nephew to the Cardinal of that name, who is styled at Rome Protector of Scotland, and it is said he insists upon his nephews going in ceremony to the Pretender's second son to make excuses for not having made him a proper visit sooner, though it is thought that his example will not be followed by any others of the same rank."

Utterly ignorant of his brother's resolution, the first intelligence that Charles received of the premeditated step was from his father.\*

"I know not whether you will be surprised, my dearest Carluccio," writes James, "when I tell you that your brother will be made a Cardinal the first day of next month.† Naturally speaking, you should have

\* Stuart Papers, Albano, June 13, 1747. Stanhope.

† This is wrong. Henry was created a cardinal on Monday, the 3rd of July, and received the hat on the 8th inst. See Mann, State Papers, Tuscany, July 11th, 1747.

been consulted about a resolution of that kind before it had been executed ; but as the Duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and we foresaw that you might probably not approve of it, we thought it would be showing you more regard, and that it would even be more agreeable to you, that the thing should be done before your answer could come here, and to have it in your power to say it was done without your knowledge and approbation. It is very true, I did not expect to see the Duke here so soon, and that his tenderness and affection for me prompted him to undertake that journey ; but, after I had seen him, I soon found that his chief motive for it was to discourse with me fully and freely on the vocation he had long had to embrace an ecclesiastical state, and which he had so long concealed from me and kept to himself, with a view, no doubt, of having it in his power of being of some use to you in the late conjunctures. But the case is now altered ; and, as I am fully convinced of the sincerity and solidity of his vocation, I should think it a resisting the will of God, and acting directly against my conscience, if I should pretend to constrain him in a matter which so nearly concerns him.

“The maxims I have bred you up in, and have always followed, of not constraining others in matters of religion, did not a little help to determine me on the present occasion, since it would be a monstrous proposition that a king should be a father to his people and a tyrant to his children. After this, I will

not conceal from you, my dearest Carluccio, that motives of conscience and equity have not alone determined me in this particular ; and that, when I seriously consider all that has passed in relation to the Duke for some years bygone, had he not had the vocation he has, I should have used my best endeavours, and all arguments, to have induced him to embrace that state. If Providence has made you the elder brother, he is as much my son as you, and my paternal care and affection are equally to be extended to you and him ; so that I should have thought I had greatly failed in both towards him, had I not endeavoured by all means to secure to him, as much as in me lay, that tranquillity and happiness which I was sensible it was impossible for him to enjoy in any other state.

“ You will understand all that I mean, without my enlarging farther on this last so disagreeable article ; and you cannot, I am sure, complain that I deprive you of any service the Duke might have been to you, since you must be sensible that, all things considered, he would have been useless to you remaining in the world. But let us look forward and not backward. The resolution is taken, and will be executed before your answer to this can come here. If you think proper to say you were ignorant of it, and do not approve it, I shall not take it amiss of you ; but, for God’s sake, let not a step, which naturally should secure peace and union to us for the rest of our days, become a subject of scandal and *éclat*, which would fall heavier upon you than upon us in our present situation, and which

a filial and brotherly conduct in you will easily prevent. Your silence towards your brother, and what you writ to me about him since he left Paris, would do you little honour if they were known, and are mortifications your brother did not deserve, but which cannot alter his sentiments towards you. He now writes to you a few lines himself, but I forbid him entering into any particulars, since it would be giving himself and you a useless trouble after all I have said about him here.

“ You must be sensible that on many occasions I have had reason to complain of you, and that I have acted for this long while towards you more like a son than a father ; but I can assure you, my dear child, nothing of all that sticks with me, and I forgive you the more sincerely and cordially all the trouble you have given me, that I am persuaded it was not your intention to fail towards me, and that I shall have reason to be pleased with you for the time to come, since all I request of you hereafter is your personal love and affection for me and your brother. Those who may have had their own views in endeavouring to remove us from your affairs, have compassed their end. We are satisfied, and you remain master ; so that I see no bone of contention remaining, nor any possible obstacle to a perfect peace and union amongst us for the future. God bless my dearest Carluccio, whom I tenderly embrace.

“ I am all yours,

“ JAMES R.”

From this letter it is evident that Charles and Henry were not on the best of terms during latter residence together at Paris. What caused the estrangement is not quite clear, but from one or two sentences in the letters of the Prince to his father, it would appear that Henry disapproved of some of his brother's courtiers, and that his mind had been poisoned against him. "I do nothing without consulting my dear brother," writes Charles,\* "and when I happen to do contrary to his opinion, it is entirely of my own head, and not by anybody's else advice; for I can assure your Majesty I myself trust nobody more than I do him, as with reason I tell him everything I can; but I am afraid some people have given him a bad opinion of me, for I suppose I must own he does not open his heart to me. I shall always love him, and be united with him. Whatever he does to me, I will always tell him face to face what I think for his good, let him take it well or ill. I know him to be a little lively, not much loving to be contradicted; but I also know and am sensible of his love and tenderness for me in particular beyond expression, and of his good heart in general . . . Notwithstanding I offered to my dear brother, that anyone or all about me that he had a disgust for, I would dismiss to make him easy; to which he assured me he had no dislike for anybody, and did not want any such thing. He does not open his heart to me, and yet I perceive he is grieved, which must proceed from malicious people

\* *Stuart Papers*, Dec. 19, 1746; Jan. 16, 1747. Stanhope.

putting things in his head, and preventing him against me."

Whatever the cause of this coldness, there is no doubt that the moment Charles heard of his brother having been created a Cardinal, the kindly feelings which once animated him altogether ceased. He broke off all correspondence with him, and for a time refused even to write to his father. Walton is full of gossip relating to this grave family feud. Here are a few extracts from his despatches.

"The Pretender has found himself *en grande disunion* with his eldest son, on account of the latter having never approved of the resolution adopted at Rome of making the Cardinal take Holy Orders, and thus preventing him ever marrying should occasion require it. They have written to him (Charles) explaining the necessity of such a proceeding, but without any effect; he has for some time shown openly his discontent towards his father, and among other things has not written to him for several posts. At this the Pretender is very much hurt, because of his two sons the elder has always been his favourite."\*  
 "Cardinal Valenti has written by the order of the Pope to the Pretender's eldest son, to convince him of the necessity he has been under of conferring priest's orders upon Cardinal Stuart, and has exhorted him to become reconciled with his father, who in all that he has done has only followed the persuasions of the Court of France and of the Vatican."†

\* State Papers, Tuscany, Sept. 3, 1748.    † *Ibid.*, Sept. 17, 1748.  
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"Bishop Canillo has given himself a great deal of trouble in order to persuade the Pretender to write to his eldest son, but he has found it impossible to soften his temper, which is so irritable upon the subject that the dissension between the father and son continues to grow stronger and stronger, and offers very little hope of a reconciliation."\* "The eldest son still preserves his silence towards his father, and makes use of Bishop Canillo to conduct his affairs at the Vatican."† "No one ever mentions the name of the eldest son in the Palace of the Pretender, which shows that peace has not yet been effected between father and son."‡ "The Pretender has caused Cardinal Riviera to write to his eldest son, begging him in very pathetic terms to recommence their ordinary correspondence, which has now been interrupted for so many months."§ And then at last we read:—"Cardinal Corsini has received a letter from the Pretender's eldest son full of respect for his father, which makes one believe that a reconciliation will soon follow."||

A kind of reconciliation *did* follow, but the affectionate feeling which had formerly subsisted between father and son never regained its place in the heart of the son. Instead of the long letters Charles had been in the habit of writing to Rome, a few curt lines signifying his future movements or his pecuniary necessities were all he henceforth vouchsafed. Throughout the correspondence of Walton, the information that the

\* State Papers, Tuscany, Sept. 24, 1748. † *Ibid.*, Oct. 8. ‡ Oct. 22.  
§ Nov. 13. || Nov. 26.



Pretender has received a letter from his eldest son *en peu de mots* is constantly occurring. On the side of James this coldness is never apparent; he speaks always affectionately of Charles; takes up the cudgels in his defence; is bitterly grieved at the life he leads; and uses every effort to induce him to come and take up his abode near Rome. But Charles, rendered stubborn and morose whenever he took offence, by that fatal habit of which he was fast becoming the slave, seems always to have declined to respond to this paternal interest and affection. Among the pet grievances he loved in after life to dwell upon, Henry's acceptance of the Hat and priest's orders was perhaps the most prominent.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE TREATY OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

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“ Suppliant-like for alms depending  
On a false and foreign court ;  
Jostled by the flaunting nobles,  
Half their pity, half their sport.  
Forced to hold a place in pageant  
Like a royal prize of war,  
Walking with dejected features  
Close behind his victor's car ;  
Styled an equal—deemed a servant—  
Fed with future hopes of gain :  
Worse by far is fancied freedom  
Than the captive's clanking chain ! ”

WHILST Charles, still hoping against hope, was trying to make himself believe that France would one day cordially support his cause, the Court of Versailles was seriously thinking of peace. Of late the war, that was generally engrossing the attention of Europe, had pressed hardly upon Louis the Fifteenth. His fleets had been severely defeated by the English. His finances were well nigh exhausted. In Italy his arms had not been so successful as he had anticipated. The elevation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the Imperial throne, and the peace that now subsisted between the Houses of Austria, Bavaria and Branden-

burg, had totally defeated his schemes in Germany. Though victorious in the Netherlands, the election of a Stadtholder so united the force of the States-General against him as to leave little hopes of future conquest in that quarter. Both Spain and Genoa were expensive allies. Influenced by these considerations, the ministers of the Most Christian King thought it advisable to make advances both at London and the Hague towards an accommodation. Plenipotentiaries met at Aix-la-Chapelle, and in the first week of the October of 1748 a definitive treaty of peace was signed, and hostilities ceased in all quarters.

With the various articles of this Treaty we have little to do: the only one that interests us is the clause relating to the treatment of Prince Charles and his family. Months before the Treaty was signed it became evident, as soon as the plenipotentiaries met together in council, that England would agree to no peace unless the King of France pledged himself not to permit any member of the Stuart family to reside within his territory. Anxious for peace and yet desirous of preserving himself from the impression of being dictated to, Louis, though perfectly willing to agree to the wishes of England, preferred that the removal of Charles should appear to be a voluntary act on the young man's part. He sent for the Prince and offered him a residence at Fribourg in Switzerland with the promise of a handsome pension. The Prince declined; he had been invited to France under the

promise of active assistance, and he would not quit the country out of obedience to Hanoverian dictation. If France chose to break her word and obtain peace by ignoring his cause, that was her affair ; he, however, would only submit to be exiled from the kingdom by force, and then all Europe should see how basely he had been deceived, and with what cowardice protected. In this extremity Versailles wrote to James, and begged him to use his influence and recall his son. But Charles was in no humour to pay attention to his father's wishes and entreaties, and curtly refused to return to Italy. Quarters might be prepared for him at Bologna or Ferrara, if his father so chose, but nothing would induce him to leave Paris. So hurt was James by this decided refusal, that he begged the Pope to remonstrate with the Prince on his obstinacy.\*

At Paris Charles remained during the months the articles of the Treaty were being drawn up, and used every effort to win the Marquis de Puysieux over to his side. When the terms of the Treaty were made known to him, and he found that France had humbled herself to be dictated to by England, he issued the following indignant protest: —†

“No one is ignorant of the hereditary rights of our Royal House to the throne of Great Britain ; it is needless to enter into a particular detail thereof. All

\* State Papers, Tuscany, Dec. 3, 1748.

† Paris, July 16, 1748. I have to thank the Rev. Francis Hopkinson, LL.D., of Malvern Wells, for a copy of this document.



Europe is acquainted with the troubles which have so often disturbed these kingdoms, and the wrongs we have suffered. She knows that length of time cannot alter the constitution of the state, nor ground a prescription against the fundamental laws. She cannot see without astonishment that we should remain silent while the powers in War are holding a treaty for a peace which may, without regarding the justice of our cause (in which all sovereigns are concerned), agree upon and stipulate articles prejudicial to our interests and to those of the subjects of our most honoured Lord and Father.

“For these causes, authorised by the examples of our most honoured Grandfather, and our most honoured Lord and Father, We, as well in the name of our most honoured Lord and Father, who has given to us full powers by committing to us the regency of his kingdoms, as also in our own and proper name as natural heir to the Crown, Protest in the most solemn manner, and in the best form that may be done against all that may be said, done, or stipulated in the assembly now held at Aix-la-Chapelle, or in other assembly which, in consequence thereof, may be held in any other place to the prejudice or diminution of the lawful rights of our most honoured Lord and Father, of our own, or those of the Princes or Princesses of our Royal House that are or shall be born.

“We Protest in like manner against all conventions which may be stipulated in the Assembly aforesaid,

which shall be contrary to the engagements before made with us: Declaring by these presents that we look upon, and shall ever look upon as null, void, and ineffectual all that may be agreed upon and stipulated which may tend to the diminution of our just rights, and the recognition of any other person whatsoever in quality of sovereign of the Realms of Great Britain other than the person of the most High and most excellent King James the Third, our most honoured Lord and Father, and in default of him to the person of his next heir conformably to the fundamental laws of Great Britain.

“We declare to all the subjects of our most honoured Lord and Father, and more particularly to those who have lately given us such strong proofs of their attachment to our Royal Family and the Ancient Constitution of the State, that nothing shall alter the warm and sincere love which our birth inspires us with for them, and that the just sense which we have of their fidelity, zeal, and courage will never be effaced from our hearts; that far from listening to any proposal which may tend to annul or weaken those indissoluble bands which unite us, we look upon ourselves, and shall always look upon ourselves, under the most intimate and indispensable obligation, to be constantly attentive to every thing that may contribute to their happiness, and that we shall be ever ready to spill even the last drop of our blood to deliver them from a foreign yoke.

“We Protest and declare that the defects which

may be in the present Protestation shall not hurt or prejudice our Royal House, and We reserve to ourselves all our rights and actions which remain safe and entire."

Nor was the indignation of the Prince confined merely to his own personal treatment. It had been decided at the Congress that Cape Breton should be restored to France, and that hostages should be given for its restitution. The Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart, two noblemen of high rank, were fixed upon as the pledges to be sent to Paris for this purpose. No sooner did Charles hear of their arrival than he burst out, "If ever I mount the throne of my ancestors, Europe shall see me use my utmost endeavours to force France in her turn to send hostages to England."

Wounded at the conduct of France towards him, Charles held himself haughtily aloof from the circle at Versailles and Fontainebleau. When necessity compelled him to attend at Court, his visits were rendered as short as possible. Instead of seeking, as he had formerly done, private conferences with the King, he took every opportunity of avoiding His Majesty, and whenever conversation turned upon the late peace, he paid no attention to what was said, "but either sang or found some way of avoiding a reply." At the same time, like many disappointed men he gave himself up to dissipation. Of the drama he had always been fond and seldom a night now passed without his presence being observed at the theatre or the opera.

Indeed, in order that he might be nearer to his favourite places of amusement, he rented a handsome hotel on the Quai des Théatins. Walton says that the conduct of the Prince at this time caused his father much sorrow.

As if to show how little he prized the future friendship of France, Charles, in a fit of spite, caused a number of medals to be cast with his profile, and the inscription *Carolus Walliæ Princeps* on the obverse, and on the reverse Britannia surrounded by shipping, with the motto, *Amor et spes Britannia*. As France had been reduced to the condition of being glad of a peace solely by the prowess of the English fleet, these medals, which were freely distributed among all classes, were regarded by many Frenchmen as a special insult to their country. Indeed the ministry were so much offended that they reported the matter to Louis, and begged him to take cognizance of the impertinence. The King deeming it wise to ignore the whole affair, replied that "the Prince doubtless had his reasons, but that whatever they were, as he could not be called to an account, nothing should be said on the occasion." The Prince de Conti, one of the proudest and wittiest of Frenchmen, was, however, of a different opinion, and thought that the insult should not be permitted to pass completely unnoticed. Meeting Charles one morning as he was taking the air in the gardens of the Luxembourg, he came up to him and said with a sneer that His Royal Highness was not very happy in selecting the device on his



medals, as the past had shown that he and the English navy were not the very best of friends. "That is true, Prince," replied Charles haughtily, "but for all that I shall not the less always defend the British navy against all its enemies. The glory of England I shall always regard as my own, and the glory of England rests on her navy." "Unwilling to make a serious affair of it," writes he who records the interview, "the Prince de Conti made no reply, but left the Prince to join some other company, to whom it seems he related what had passed, not without inveighing with some heat against the ingratitude, as he termed it, of the young Chevalier." \*

Meanwhile the continued stay of Charles at Paris was becoming awkward to the French Ministry. It seemed as if the resolve of the Prince not to quit France unless by actual force would have to be carried out. In vain ministers and high officials called one after the other at the Castle of St. Antoine to persuade him to depart; the answer they received was always the same, a firm and decided refusal. Neither entreaty nor argument moved him. When mention was made of the painful necessity the King was under, owing to the late Treaty, of insisting on the departure of the Prince, Charles replied with warmth that "there was a prior treaty between himself and His Most Christian Majesty from which he could not depart with honour." On being asked to explain what he meant, the Prince coldly bade

\* Lockhart Papers, vol. ii., p. 571.

his visitors repeat his answer to their Master, who would know well enough what he meant. He was then asked if he would quit France only for a time, and that the Court would see that he speedily returned "with a greater prospect of advantage than ever," but this alternative was also rejected.

Charles, with true Stuart obstinacy, would not leave Paris. Four years ago he had been invited to France, he had been assured that come what might his cause should not be abandoned, he had been drawn into the position in which he now stood almost entirely by the faithless policy of Versailles, and he declined to be made a cat's paw any longer. If every word in a treaty was to be binding, he had a prior treaty with France, in which his rank was duly acknowledged and his cause openly supported. He would abide by that treaty. What had he to do with the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the clauses there framed? He had protested against the treaty, and refused to be bound by its articles. After being induced to visit the country by specific promises, he would not quietly submit to be dismissed at the dictation of a foe, without the fulfilment of a single one of those promises. Such was his answer, and he gave it frankly to the emissaries of the Court who argued with him.

Clearly this resistance of Charles was impolitic. He must have known that his opposition was not only fruitless but suicidal to his interests. The fortune of

war, and the exhaustion of the treasury, made peace a necessity for France; but painful as it might be to her pride, peace could only be obtained by her definite promise to protect no longer the interests of the Stuarts. She had to decide between the continuation of a grievous war or the abandonment of a family from which she could now obtain but little advantage. She preferred the abandonment of the Stuarts. Had Charles been sensible he would have bowed to the force of circumstances. He would have said, "It is true I have been most shamefully treated by France in the transaction of this peace, but what can I do? I have vented my wrongs, and satisfied my sense of self-respect by publicly protesting against the treaty, but now that it is signed and ratified can I, alone, an exile, with no power at my back, attempt to resist its being carried out? Will not such resistance only embarrass the chief friend I have, the King of France, and alienate his ministry from my side? The course for me to adopt is to quit France with dignity, and to show the world how a great mind can bear adversity. A time may come when France, after a brief rest, will be able to cast this treaty to the winds, and then, mindful of the manner in which I have behaved in the hour of their extremity, she may resolutely support my cause, and lead me to the throne of my fathers. At all events, without the aid of France I can never, either now or in the future, hope to win England. Let me not then incense, from mere temper, the friend that must always be needful to me." So would argue

with himself the prudent calculating mind. But Charles seldom listened to the voice of prudence—rash, hot-headed, and burning with indignation, he faced the Court and Cabinet of Versailles, and braved, with the defiant spirit of a man who knows he has been deceived, the cold diplomacy of Europe.

“I cannot prophesy how this resistance of the Prince will end,” writes one of his adherents to a friend at Rome,\* “but I fear the worst. The reason of the Prince’s obstinacy is an insoluble enigma to me and to all those who are here, and I regard it as the greatest misfortune that has ever happened to the family since the Revolution . . . Still the Prince is in good health, and seems very gay, but his household is very sad, and with good reason, for the future is far from bright.”

And yet the Prince did not lack admirers. The clause in the treaty compelling France to treat with such inhospitality the man who was their guest, and who but a few months before had been received with such public favour at Versailles, was very distasteful to many Frenchmen—the more so as the treatment had been dictated by England. The resistance of Charles was therefore looked upon as a sign of proper spirit, and “for one that blamed his conduct in this respect,” writes the chronicler in the Lockhart Papers, “there were more than a hundred that applauded it.” The Prince, always a favourite in Paris, now became the hero of the hour. When he walked about the streets

\* State Papers, Tuscany. Enclosed in Sir H. Mann’s, Dec. 6, 1748.

or gardens of the gay capital, his steps were followed by an admiring crowd, "as if impelled by irresistible attraction." No sooner did he take his seat in his box at the opera or the theatre than "the attention of the audience was fixed upon him, regardless of what was presented on the stage." Fair ladies so ardently espoused his cause that one of their order, the beautiful Princess Talmont, was forbidden the Court. Nor was the Princess alone in her punishment, for we are assured by our authority that "several other great personages were highly in disgrace on the same account." In short, the Prince, what with the embarrassment he was causing the French ministers, and the favour that was being shown to his resistance by Parisian society, was becoming daily more and more dangerous.

Louis, who, in spite of the neglect of the past, was personally not indisposed to the Prince, determined to make yet another effort to conquer the young man's obstinacy. He commissioned for the fourth time the Duc de Gesvres, the Governor of Paris, to visit Charles, and insist upon his departure. Irritated at these frequent orders, to which he had always returned the same answer, the Prince replied with some asperity that "though he should always treat with respect any one who came to him from the King, yet he was sorry to find that the Duc had the trouble of so often repeating a message to which he could give no ear without hearing it from the King himself."

"But," answered the Duc, "since your Royal Highness does not go to Court, how can such a message ever be delivered? It cannot be expected that His Majesty is to visit you in person at the Quai des Théatins."

"Very well then, Monsieur le Duc," exclaimed Charles, "I have nothing more to say on the matter than I have already said. Excuse me, I have some business to attend to." And with these words he quitted the room, leaving the Duke in the greatest consternation.

Anxious to get rid of his tenacious visitor, and yet loth to proceed to extremities, the King now wrote him a letter with his own hand, and sent it with a blank order to be filled up by the Prince for what yearly sum he pleased. Charles read the letter twice over, and then, after a brief pause, threw the order from him with disdain, saying that he neither wanted nor would receive any favours of that kind from His Most Christian Majesty, and that as for the rest what was required of him was not consistent with honour. "Whether," says our narrator, "he meant his own honour or that of the King is uncertain, but he would explain himself no further, and this was all that the King's condescension produced." \*

Another step was now taken. Perplexed, and not a little irritated, the King called a council of his ministers, and it was then resolved that Count de Maurepas, who had always been very friendly with

\* Lockhart Papers, vol. ii., p. 577.

the Prince, should see Charles, expostulate with him, and not leave him till he had received a distinct promise of departure. But the Count was no more successful than his predecessors. He informed the Prince that it was absolutely necessary that he should quit Paris, and that if he "did not conform to the present necessity of affairs by leaving the kingdom with a good grace, the ministers would be forced to compel him to it, in order to fulfil their engagements with Great Britain."

"The ministers! the ministers!" cried Charles in hot scorn. "If you wish to do me a favour, Monsieur le Comte, have the goodness to tell the King your master that I am born to defeat all the designs of his ministers!"

The obstinacy of the young man was now becoming very serious. England, through her hostages, Lords Cathcart and Sussex, was complaining that the continued residence of the Prince within French territory was a violation of the late treaty, and could no longer be permitted. The Ministry felt they had no alternative but to have recourse to the *fortiter in re*. Every measure which courtesy and honour could suggest had been adopted in order to get rid of the intruder, but in vain. The King had written to him; his own father had written to him; the Pope through his Cardinals had remonstrated with him; minister after minister had expostulated with him—commands, entreaties, arguments had all been useless. Since fair means had failed in their purpose, recourse must be

had to foul. The King was pressed to give orders for the arrest of the Prince, and for his expulsion from the kingdom by force. After a brief hesitation, Louis consented. As he signed the order he muttered, "Poor Prince! how hard it is for a King to be a true friend!"

In a gossiping town like Paris the news that an order had been drawn up for the arrest of the Prince was soon an open secret. Charles himself was made aware of the decree through an anonymous letter, but either from disbelief or indifference, declined to trouble himself about the matter. The spot chosen for his capture was a passage leading to the Opera house. In the evening of the day—the 10th of December—on which the order had been signed, Charles, according to his custom, drove to the Opera. As his carriage passed along the Rue St. Honoré a voice cried out "Prince, return, they are going to arrest you, the Palais Royal is beset!" To this warning he paid no attention, but drove on to the doors of the theatre.

Here every precaution had been taken to carry out the Royal instructions. The Opera house was surrounded by twelve hundred men under the command of the Duc de Biron, Colonel of the French Guards. At all the avenues the guards were doubled, and the sentinels at the doors had received orders to let no one pass out of the theatre. In the neighbouring streets armed police were stationed. To prevent Charles from taking refuge in an adjoining house,



scaling ladders were prepared and locksmiths in readiness to force open doors and windows. So careful were all the arrangements, that three surgeons and a physician were in attendance to dress the wounded in case of accident.

The moment the Prince's carriage was in sight, Major de Vaudreuil of the French Guards, accompanied by a staff of non-commissioned officers in plain clothes, stationed himself at the door-way of the theatre. The carriage drove up and Charles alighted. No sooner had he set foot to the ground, than at a pre-concerted signal two sergeants seized him by the arms behind, two confined his hands, one clasped him round the middle, whilst the sixth seized his legs. Thus secured he was carried through a long passage into an alley near the theatre where de Vaudreuil came up to him and said, "I arrest you in the name of the King my master."

"The manner is a little too violent," replied the Prince quietly, and without the least change in his countenance.

He was then taken to a room on the ground floor and ordered to give up his arms.

"I shall not deliver them to you but you may take them," said he.

They then searched his person, and took his sword, a knife with two blades, and a brace of pistols.

"You must not be surprised," said Charles, "at seeing me with pistols, having constantly carried them with me since I returned from Scotland."

De Vaudreuil now came up and begged the Prince not to make any attempt upon his own life, or that of any other person.

"I will not," curtly answered Charles.

A brief delay ensued. Vaudreuil not knowing exactly how to act, went up to the Duc de Biron who was seated in his coach in the courtyard of the theatre, and informed him that the Prince had been made prisoner and had allowed himself to be disarmed without resistance.

"Have you had him bound?" asked the Duc.

Vaudreuil replied in the negative. It was then thought that for greater security Charles should be bound. Ten ells of crimson silk cord had been procured for that special purpose.

Vaudreuil returned to his prisoner and apologised for the act he was about to perform, by assuring the Prince that these precautions were taken out of regard to his person, and solely to prevent him from making any attempt upon himself.

"I am not used to such proceedings," said the Prince, as the men began to secure him, "and I shall not say whether they are justifiable or not. But the disgrace cannot affect me, it can only affect your Master."

Again Vaudreuil apologised, and assured the Prince how chagrined he felt at having to execute such a commission.

"It must be very mortifying for an officer," said Charles drily.

Thus swathed like an infant, as Colonel Power puts it, the Prince was lifted into a coach by four men, and Vaudreuil placed himself by his side. Guarded by a military escort, the coach then drove off for the prison at Vincennes. At St. Antoine horses were changed, and the Prince in bitter jest asked if they were going to take him to Hanover?

"No, sir," answered Vaudreuil, "we change horses in order not to be too long on the road."

The Prince declined to ask where he was being conducted.

As the carriage rolled under the gateway of the Château de Vincennes, the Marquis de Chatelet, the prison governor, who was well known to Charles and highly respected by him, came forward.

"I should be glad to embrace you," said Charles; "come to me, my friend—you see I cannot go to you."

Horror-stricken at the brutality with which the capture of the Prince had been effected, the Marquis at once gave orders for the crimson cords to be unbound, and conducted his illustrious prisoner to his cell. It was a small white-washed room, lacking all furniture save a rush chair and a wretched camp bed.

"This is not very magnificent," said the Prince with a smile, and looking round him.

A larger room was adjoining, and the Marquis was about to say that if the Prince would give his word, when Charles haughtily interrupted him.

"I shall not give my word," said he. "I have given it once already, and it was not taken. I shall therefore give it no more."

"I am undone," cried the Marquis, falling at the feet of the Prince. "Monseigneur, this is the most unfortunate day of my whole life!"

Charles bent forward, extended his hand, and raised up the prostrate penitent.

"I know your friendship for me," said he, kindly; "I shall never confound the friend with the governor—do the duties of your office."

No sooner did the governor leave his prisoner to himself, than the acted impassiveness of the last few hours gave way, and the Prince burst into a flood of tears. "After Culloden he had been hunted down like a wild beast," he said, "but like a wild beast, he had at least ground to range over." The memory of this indignity was never effaced. Forty years afterwards he accidentally met at Rome the son of Major Vaudreuil, and the associations that the young man's presence called up were so strong, that Charles straightway fainted.

The morning after the arrest of the Prince, the Marquis de Puitsieux begged the Lords Sussex and Cathcart to wait upon him. As soon as the two peers were ushered into his chamber, he said that the King, his master, had been throughout most anxious to fulfil all the engagements he had entered into with the Court of Great Britain, but that he had delayed the execution of the article relating to the Pretender's

son longer than he intended, in the hopes of effecting his purpose with the delicacy and gentleness he thought proper to employ on such an occasion. His Majesty, said the Marquis, had now found that, as all gentler measures had been used in vain, it was necessary to have recourse to force, and, therefore, last night the young man had been seized and conducted to Vincennes, where he would remain in close confinement for a few days, until it was thought proper to convey him out of the French dominions.

"It is not easy to explain to your Grace," write the Lords Sussex and Cathcart to the Duke of Newcastle,\* "to what point the unaccountable headstrongness of the Pretender's son has exasperated the French ministry. He did not satisfy himself with refusing to comply with the King's reiterated instances, which were conveyed to him in the gentlest manner by persons of rank, but at last declared he would shoot the first man who brought him any message on that subject, and affected in several circumstances a contempt for the Court, and an indecent ostentation of gaiety at all public places. The most sensible of his adherents left him day by day."

When the circumstances which attended the arrest of the Prince became fully known, all Paris was loud in expressions of sympathy and indignation. The day that followed was described as one of general mourning. "The Prince," says Colonel Power, "was be

\* State Papers, France, Dec. 11, 1748, No. 39.

loved by the people, and they sympathised with his unhappy fate. He had been invited to France, and the French people had felt that he was worthy of their protection. There seemed to be scarcely a house in which an air of sadness did not prevail, in which indignation was not loudly expressed, in which it was not felt that a blot had been cast on the glory of the King of France, and of every individual Frenchman."

But the act was not to pass unpunished. The whole army of pamphleteers, always hostile to the errors of a government, discharged their broadsheets, bitterly railing at the Ministers for their humiliating compliance with the orders of *le fier Anglais*, and at the manner in which all the laws of hospitality had been flagrantly violated. The press teemed with sneers and invectives against Louis who was so taken up with his mistresses as to be indifferent to the honour of his country, and against the Duc de Biron, Vaudreuil, and the minions who had given a harsh obedience to disgraceful behests. In the Parisian *salons* the wits invented each day a fresh epigram on the Marquis de Puysieux and the members of his Cabinet. Not a Frenchman who respected himself or his country but felt the clause dictated by England in the late treaty a personal insult. The poets burst forth into verse and indignantly denounced their King, *flétri par sa faiblesse*, and sleeping, *dans le sein de la honte*, whilst they sang the praises of *Edouard captif et sans couronne*. Dufresnoy awoke

his muse, and his ringing sarcasms eclipsed the efforts of his feebler brethren.

“ Peuple jadis si fier, aujourd’hui si servile,  
Des Princes malheureux vous n’êtes plus l’asile.  
Hélas ! auriez-vous donc couru tant de hasards  
Pour voir . . . le fils de Stuart, par vous-même appelé,  
Aux frayeurs de Brunswick lâchement immolé !  
Et toi que tes flatteurs ont paré d’un vain titre,  
De l’Europe en ce jour te diras-tu l’arbitre,  
Lorsque dans tes états tu ne peux conserver  
Un héros que le sort n’est pas las d’éprouver ;  
Mais qui dans les horreurs d’une vie agitée,  
Au sein de l’Angleterre à sa perte excitée,  
Abandonné des siens, fugitif, mis à prix,  
Se vit toujours du moins plus libre qu’à Paris ?  
De l’amitié des rois exemple mémorable,  
Et de leurs intérêts victime déplorable,  
Tu triomphes, cher prince, au milieu de tes fers ;  
Sur toi dans ce moment tous les yeux sont ouverts.  
Un peuple généreux et juge du mérite,  
Va révoquer l’arrêt d’une race proscrite.  
Tes malheurs ont changé les esprits prévenus,  
Dans les cœurs des Anglais tous tes droits sont connus,  
Plus flatteurs et plus surs que ceux de ta naissance,  
Ces droits vont doublement affermir ta puissance,” &c.

But perhaps the bitterest critic on this occasion was the Dauphin, then the hope of his country. On the morning after the arrest he boldly expressed his views to the King at a levee that was being held. He said he was grieved and surprised that His Majesty had been prevailed upon to sanction an act which fixed an indelible stain on the glory of France—that all Europe would despise the policy of a Court which showed no regard either to its own engagements, or to the blood and virtues of the person thus ill dealt with—that the

ministers who yielded to the insertion of such an article in the Treaty, and supported its execution, were the betrayers of His Majesty's honour and traitors to their country; and that in making these remarks he spoke not only his own opinions, but those of the whole nation. The King, though not a little irritated at this freedom of speech, contented himself with remarking to the courtiers around him, that the Dauphin was but a lad, and his judgment on such matters could be of little value. Stung by this remark, the Dauphin renewed his criticisms with a candour more frank and acid than before, and we are told that the conversation between father and son at last became so animated, that the courtiers around the throne deemed it prudent to withdraw from the Royal presence, and not "to witness a dispute in which none could interpose."

So universal was the indignation at the manner in which the Prince had been arrested, that the Government thought it wise to exonerate itself at the expense of truth. A report was therefore circulated that after the Prince had pledged his word of honour to surrender all the arms in his possession, a pistol was found secreted about his person, and that it was only after this discovery had been made that the orders were given to bind him. But this not very cleverly concocted story came too late. The officers engaged in the arrest could not now contradict facts which they themselves had publicly related; and indeed their sense of honour was such, that they refused to be



parties to the foul lie. With the exception of one or two guardsmen who cared more for ministerial favour than for veracity, all "refused obedience to this order, and continued to speak with admiration of the young Chevalier."

For seven days and nights Charles remained a close prisoner at Vincennes. On the 17th of December he was escorted to Beauvoisin, a small French town on the borders of Savoy, by M. de Parrusis, the only officer he desired should accompany him. Here M. de Parrusis bade the Prince farewell, saying that he had no orders to escort him any further, and begged to know whether he could do anything for him in Paris. Charles tendered his thanks to the officer for the trouble he had been at, and said that he supposed the French King would soon expect to hear of his arrival at Constantinople, "since he had not thought proper to procure an honourable retreat for him in France or any other place." To this M. de Parrusis made no reply, and took his departure.

Charles now disguised himself as a Spanish soldier, and rode post to a place called Monmeillan. Here he halted for a time, and then hired a chaise and drove to Avignon, arriving at the Papal city on the 27th inst. late at night. After a few moments rest at an inn called La Ville de St. Omer, he ordered a chair and went immediately to the house of Lady Inverness. As soon as his arrival was made known, he was waited upon with all ceremony by

the Vice Legate and the Archbishop, and accommodation at once prepared for him.\*

\* State Papers, Tuscany. Sir H. Mann to the Duke of Bedford, Jan. 24, 1749.

## CHAPTER VII.

### UNDER A CLOUD.

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“ Love may die, and hatred slumber,  
And their memory will decay,  
As the watered garden recks not  
Of the drought of yesterday ;  
But the dream of power once broken,  
What shall give repose again ? ”

SHORTLY after the establishment of his headquarters at Bannockburn, Charles had made the acquaintance of a young lady, whose history and fortunes were for a time to be closely connected with his own. Of Miss Walkenshaw we know but little. We are told \* that she was the daughter of John Walkenshaw, Baron of Barronsfield, a staunch adherent of the Stuarts, and that at her birth she bore, by special permission of the Consort of James, the names of Clementine Marie Sophie. Whilst the siege of Stirling was being slowly carried on, Miss Walkenshaw was a guest at Bannockburn House, and the Prince taking up his abode under the same roof, the two had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted. Charles flirted with the tall dark girl who was some-

\* Œuvres de St. Simon, tom xii. p. 144.

what about his own age, and promised her an appointment at his future Court. Miss Walkenshaw does not appear to have discouraged the attentions of the Prince, and her virtue not being proof against the fascinations of royalty, she consented at the end of a few days to share his fortunes, "whatever the issue of his enterprise might be."

After the battle of Culloden, Miss Walkenshaw remained quietly in Scotland, and it was not till Charles became settled in Paris that she crossed the channel and rejoined him. "*Depuis le moment de sa réunion avec le Prince,*" writes the Duc de St. Simon, "*elle fut toujours traitée et regardée dans le public comme son épouse portant la même nom que le Prince et faisant les honneurs de sa maison.*" Indeed there were some who believed that the tie had been sanctioned by Holy Mother Church, and that the couple were man and wife. No sooner had the Prince reached Avignon, than he informed his mistress of his arrival, and Miss Walkenshaw hastened to follow him. "The Pretender," writes Walton,\* "has learnt with much vexation that the same Dulcinea who has so greatly disturbed the mind of his son, and was the cause of all his wildness at Paris, has joined him at Avignon, where she lives as his mistress with much publicity."

The Prince had hoped to find the Papal city a trusty place of refuge, but he was soon mistaken. The Court of Saint James's was incessant in its re-

\* State Papers, Tuscany, Feb. 6, 1749.

presentations to the Court of Versailles to request the Vatican to have the Prince *chasséd* from French territory. The Ministers of Louis however were disinclined to meddle further with the matter. *La ville sonnante*, though in France, was yet under another jurisdiction, and they felt that should active steps again be taken to expel the Prince, Europe would accuse them of persecution. "The Marquis de Puy sieux," writes Colonel Yorke to the Duke of Bedford,\* "personally hates and despises the Pretender's son, and cannot forbear expressing his dislike to him whenever his name is mentioned, in the strongest manner. He would be only too glad to get rid of the young man, but that the fact of the late arrest had been so commented upon that he did not think it prudent to continue the same violent measures immediately, besides the noise it would make in Europe if France should send troops into the Pope's territory to drive him out from thence." "We have already," added the Marquis to Colonel Yorke in conversation, "been violently reproached for our conduct towards the Pretender's son, even from Courts most intimately connected with your own Court."

But the English Government was not in a mood to accept any such excuses, and for several weeks a rather angry correspondence ensued between London and Paris on the subject. England requesting that the Prince should take up his abode in Italy or in Switzerland, and France trying to beg the question by assuring the Court

\* State Papers, France, March 15, 1749, No. 442.

of St. James's that the young man could do no harm at Avignon, and that the moment he put foot within French soil he should be instantly ordered to depart.

During the carrying on of this correspondence, the Prince was trying to amuse himself as best he could in the Papal city. The Archbishop of Avignon had received him with every mark of respect and attention, and the prelate's nephew having one of the best houses in the town, it was assigned to Charles. But a quarrel soon ensued between the courteous Metropolitan and the Prince. Charles, from the days when he was a lad at Albano, had been very fond of boxing, and the feats of the English prize ring were topics on which he always loved to descant. To enliven the respectable dullness of Avignon, he bethought himself of introducing boxing matches and prize fights into the city. The Archbishop, however, objected to the innovation, as such sports were specially forbidden by an edict of Sixtus the Fifth. A hot dispute arose between the two, and at last the matter was referred to the arbitration of the Pope, when His Holiness, as might be expected, decided in favour of the ruling of the Archbishop, and cordially approved of his opposition.\* In a huff at this decision, Charles withdrew himself from the society of the Archbishop; nor does the prelate appear to have been distressed at the retirement.

Among the distinguished guests then staying in the Papal city was the Infanta Don Philip, who was on his way to the Duchy of Parma, which had been

\* State Papers, Tuscany. Walton, Feb. 28, 1749.

assigned him by a clause in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Both the young men were anxious to make each other's acquaintance, and were only prevented by the cold rules of etiquette. The Infanta, from his superior rank, could not make the first advances ; whilst Charles, still smarting under his recent insult from the House of Bourbon, declined to take any step which might look as if he were appearing to court one of the family. At last the ingenuity of the Vice-Legate and Col. Power successfully got over the difficulty. A masked ball was given at the house of the Vice-Legate, and both the Princes were invited. During the entertainment it was so arranged that the two should be brought, as "if by accident, into the same room, where an introduction could not fail to take place." The result of the little plot was crowned with success. The Prince and the Infanta cordially greeted each other, laid aside their masks, and remained in close conversation for some time. The acquaintance thus begun ended in the two seeing each other constantly during the time of their brief stay.

But Charles and his associations with Avignon were soon to be rudely severed. The English Government had determined to be thwarted no longer in its wish that the Prince should quit Avignon. A communication was accordingly made to the Vatican, that unless his Holiness compelled the son of the Pretender to withdraw from the Papal city the English fleet would bombard Civita Vecchia. This threat was effectual. The Vice-Legate of Avignon, Monsignor

Acquaviva, was told to represent the case to the Prince, and to insist upon his instant departure. Those who had expected that the opposition Charles had maintained before quitting Paris would be repeated on this occasion were disappointed. Charles, without a murmur, acquiesced in the decision of the Supreme Pontiff. On the night of the 28th of February he took his departure, but so dexterously did he wrap his movements in mystery that none knew whither he had bent his flight. At first it was not believed that he had quitted Avignon. His house was as open as if its master still resided there, nothing was packed up, and the servants still remained in charge. To keep the public off the scent of his whereabouts, the Prince, before taking his departure, desired his servants not to mention the fact of his having left Avignon, but to give out that he was indisposed and ordered to keep his room. The better to carry out the farce, the Prince's physician called every day as if in attendance upon the invalid. For a short time the ruse was successful. Charles was supposed to be at Avignon, but laid up with an illness which required him to remain in rigid seclusion. At the end of a few days, however, some curious people ascertained, by climbing to the top of a house opposite to the one in which the Prince lived, that there was no fire in his room, and the trick was suspected. Within a few hours of this discovery all Avignon knew that their guest had quitted the city.\*

But where had he fled to? We can only conjec-

\* *State Papers, France.* Yorke to Duke of Bedford, March 1, 1749, No. 442.



ture, for we are now entering upon a period when ample information fails us, and we have to connect the chain of biography by links forged out of snatches of gossip and correspondence that have to be carefully tested. What was the object of Charles after he quitted Avignon in enveloping his movements in so close a secrecy as to defy all inquiry we cannot tell. It may be that he was piqued with the world after the circumstances of his late arrest, or that he was anxious for quiet and rest after the excitement of the last four years, or that he was actuated by that mild form of insanity which loves to make a mystery simply for the sake of mystery ; but whatever his purpose was, he managed to keep his residence during the next few years a secret unrevealed. On leaving Avignon he wrote to his father informing him of his intention to quit the city and reside elsewhere ; but at the same time carefully avoided mentioning either the town or the country he proposed to make his abode.\* From time to time, as months rolled on, James received an epistle from his son, but never a hint where the wanderer was to be found. In vain did the anxious father, in vain did his brother, in vain did vigilant diplomatists try to track him to his lair. Rumour, as was to be expected, was busy with her tongue ; but on investigation the report always turned out unworthy of credit. Now it was that the Prince had taken up his abode in the neighbourhood of Metz, and was about to visit the fortifications of Strasbourg ; then that he had

\* *State Papers, Tuscany.* Walton, March 21, 1749.

passed through Leipzig *en route* for Poland, where he was to claim certain property belonging to his mother; a third report declared that he had been invited over to Sweden, and a palace assigned him at Stockholm; then he was reported to be living in Venice unknown to the Pope; then he was said to be somewhere in Lorraine, enjoying the society of one of his Parisian mistresses; then that he was at Fribourg, at Bologna, at Paris, still at Avignon, and last of all it was suggested that he had returned to Scotland. Walton informs us that many people at Rome, not hearing anything from him, gave out that he was dead.\*

All these conflicting statements, however, only show how cleverly the Prince preserved the secret of his residence, and in spite of the curiosity of Europe escaped detection. "It has given me," writes Sir Horace Mann from Florence,† "great concern that notwithstanding the utmost diligence and infinite pains I have taken to discover where the Pretender's eldest son conceals himself, I have not been able to get any information about him, all my correspondents at Rome persisting in the same story, that the Pretender himself nor any of his adherents there knew anything of him. I wrote to Cardinal Albani very lately on the same subject, who, by the last post, acquainted me that it was certain that nobody there knew anything of him, and that in an interview which he himself had a few days before with the Pretender's second son, the Cardinal,

\* State Papers, Tuscany. Letters of Walton and Mann, 1749-53.

† State Papers, Tuscany, Aug. 23, 1750.

the latter inquired with great earnestness about his brother, and desired Cardinal Albani, as a particular favour, to try by the means of his friends and correspondents to discover where he resides. He owned to him that the Pretender, his father, now and then received a letter from him, sometimes by one and sometimes by another, with news of his health only; but that those letters were never dated nor any mention made of the place whence they came, adding that the father was quite in despair. Cardinal Albani assures me that he was fully persuaded there was no mystery or deceit in the young Cardinal's discourse, and concludes by saying that if his father and the Pope (who is equally curious to be informed of him) cannot succeed, it is no wonder that other people cannot discover where he is." The tenor of this conversation is borne out by the frequent letters of Walton, who would certainly have known, if any one knew at Rome, whether James was in the secret of his son's hiding place. But from the pages of his correspondence we are assured that, though the father occasionally received intelligence of his son, he was in utter ignorance of his abode, and remained so for many years.\* Indeed History has hitherto been content to regard this period of the Prince's biography as a blank, and it is only from the casual gleanings of State Papers, and from the scanty notice of contemporaries, that we are able to bridge over the gap.

In spite of the assurances to the contrary, made by

\* State Papers, Tuscany. Walton's Letters, 1749-1755.

the Marquis de Puysieux to both Lord Albemarle and Colonel Yorke, the probability is that Charles, shortly after his departure from Avignon, managed to secrete himself in the neighbourhood of Paris. Writing from the gay capital, Colonel Yorke states\* that within the last few days letters had been received from the young Prince by his friends in Paris, "in which he desires his friends not to be uneasy about him, that he was in perfect health, and would write to them soon again. But the particular thing in the letter which struck me was, that he desired Waters the banker, and General Buckley, to whom he wrote, to send him back the man who delivered them the letter, because he had immediate occasion for him. That alone seems to destroy the notion of his being in Poland, because it is not probable that he should send a man so far with a letter, and I own gives me some suspicion that he is not far from this quarter." A year later we find it again suggested that he was still in the neighbourhood of Paris. Lord Albemarle in writing home† says that an express was received yesterday by Sullivan, to the effect that "the Pretender's son had been at the point of death for many days, but was declared by his physician to be out of danger no longer ago than Wednesday last ; which proves that he cannot be at a great distance from hence."

When the report that the Prince was living in France was brought before the Court of Versailles,

\* State Papers, France, June 4, 1749.

† State Papers, France, Aug. 12, 1750.

Louis indignantly said, that "if he were caught he gave his word that he should not be honoured a second time with a detachment of the Household troops, but should be driven across the frontier by the *maréchaussée*," whilst the Marquis de Puysieux assured the English ambassador that the ministers "had not played a double game in this affair," that the Court knew nothing of his hiding place, and that "they are doing all they can to find him, and are determined to send him immediately to Marseilles and embark him for Civita Vecchia."\* These assurances certainly strike one as not being quite in good faith. It seems strange that if France had really been in earnest about apprehending the Prince, she should have been so singularly unfortunate in her attempts. Here was a man able to communicate with his friends, to obtain money from his banker, and to send for his physician, and yet we are told to believe that what an ordinary detective could have discovered in a few hours, was sufficient to baffle the vigilance of a whole cabinet. To make the matter still more like a farce, M. D'Argenson, who was charged with the discovery of the Prince, on hearing that Charles had sent for money from his banker, examined Waters. With all due solemnity the minister threatened the man of commerce that, unless he confessed where his client lay concealed, he would be sentenced to capital punishment. In spite of this

\* "Decline of the Last Stuarts." Extracts from the despatches of British Envoys to the Secretary of State, by Earl Stanhope. Roxburgh Club.

terrible alternative, Mr. Waters "positively to the last denied his knowing where he was hid."\* We do not hear that the banker was beheaded.

The probability is that the French ministers, somewhat ashamed of their ready compliance with the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and still more ashamed of the manner in which the arrest had been conducted, winked at the Prince's lying *perdu* within their midst, and were willing, so long as he behaved himself quietly and moderately, to assist in the preservation of his secret. Without their assistance it seems impossible that Charles should have baffled for many months the curiosity of Europe. It was owing to the assurance of France that the Prince was not in her territory, and to Charles knowing how to keep himself from the public eye, that so many conflicting rumours anent his haunts arose to puzzle the diplomatic world.

Notwithstanding the grave illness mentioned by Lord Albemarle which had brought the Prince well nigh to the grave, we find him a few weeks after his recovery visiting London for the first time in his life. The English Jacobites had of late been extremely active, and Charles, accompanied by his friend Colonel Brett, crossed the Channel to ascertain how far the schemes that were then being agitated for a new rebellion were practicable. Dr. King, then at the head of the Church of England Jacobites, received the distinguished visitor as his guest; but after a stay of a few days the Prince saw that the country was not

\* State Papers, France, June 4, 1749.

ripe for rebellion, and that the scheme which had been set on foot could not be carried out. However, he wandered about the London streets with Brett, picking up such information as he thought might be useful. He visited the Tower, carefully examined its walls, and came to the conclusion that one of its gates could be beaten down with a petard. A secret meeting of his friends was held at Pall Mall, where were present, among others, the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Westmoreland. The Prince on this occasion said that if only 4,000 men could be raised, he would publicly put himself at the head of them. After a brief stay—King says a week, Charles in a subsequent conversation with Chevalier de Tours gives it as a fortnight\*—the Prince and Colonel Brett returned to France, the English Government not having been the least cognisant of their visit.

In thus thrusting himself into the very jaws of the enemy, Charles was guilty of no little daring. Some busts had been made of him at Paris, when he was the hero of the hour, and these were freely sold in London. Dr. King states that one evening, after the Prince had been drinking tea with him, his servant, on the departure of his guest, remarked that "he thought my new visitor very like Prince Charles." "Why," asked the Doctor; "have you ever seen Prince Charles?" "No,

\* State Papers, Tuscany, Dec. 6, 1783. From some jottings of the Prince among the Stuart Papers at Windsor, a week appears to have been the extent of the visit. Charles writes, "*arrived in London Sept. 5, 1750; returned to Paris, Sept. 13.*" See the letter of the late Librarian to the Queen to the *Times*, Dec. 27, 1864.

sir," replied the man, "but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts sold in Red Lion Street, and are said to be busts of Prince Charles." It seems strange that the Prince, notwithstanding the vigilance of the English Government, should have been able to walk about the town, visit its public places, and call upon his friends, without the fact being brought to the knowledge of the ministry. And yet there can be no doubt, both from the evidence of contemporaries, and from the statement made in after years at Florence by Charles himself,\* that the visit was actually paid, and that in spite of the open manner in which it was conducted, it remained a secret to the English Government. The remark of Mann,† that "something extraordinary has happened," and the statement of Cardinal Albani that the Pretender had received intelligence from his son that nothing could be more discouraging than the position of affairs, doubtless refer to this visit and its consequences.

It was during this brief stay in London, that an event occurred the truth of which has been as often asserted as disputed, but which, recent investigation has removed out of the region of doubt and dispute. Believing that the faith of his ancestors was the chief obstacle to his gaining adherents, and the one great reason which prejudiced his cause in the eyes of the English people, Charles, when in London, formally renounced his profession of the Roman Catholic

\* "Decline of the Last Stuarts." State Papers, Tuscany, Dec. 6, 1783.

† State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. 15, 1751.



religion, and attached himself to the Anglican Communion. "I find," writes Hume, the historian, to his friend, Sir John Pringle,\* "that the Pretender's visit in England in the year 1753 was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand, and that is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the Court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars." In spite of the doubt which Hume throws on the subject, it is now certain that the Prince embraced Protestantism for a time. The fact is placed beyond dispute by the Prince's own words. Among the Stuart Papers is the following memorandum, written by Charles himself, "*To mention my religion (which is) of the Church of England as by law established, as I have declared myself when in London the year 1750.*" † This statement is not only conclusive as to the Prince's change of religion, but specifies the exact period, hitherto disputed, when the event took place. Hume, as we have seen, says it was reported to have occurred in the year 1753. Lord Elcho puts it at a later date, for he writes that it was whilst residing in Switzerland that the Prince became a Protestant.‡ We now learn from evidence which cannot be called in question, that it was in

\* Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes of the 18th century*, vol. ix. p. 401.

† Discoveries among the Stuart Papers by the late Librarian to the Queen, and communicated to the *Times*, Dec. 27, 1864.

‡ Journal MS.

the September of 1750 that Charles deemed it expedient to sacrifice what he was pleased to term his religion for his political good.

That the Prince was suspected of lukewarmness towards Rome at this time is plain from contemporary gossip. In the summer of 1752 Cardinal Tencin wrote to the Pope, that he was informed that the eldest son of His Majesty James the Third had strayed from the fold and become a Protestant.\* Where the Cardinal obtained his information we know not, but it is certain that during the latter part of the year 1752 the conversion or perversion of the Prince was the common talk of the coffee-houses of Florence and Rome. Cardinal Albani himself mentioned the subject in conversation to Sir Horace Mann, though he took the precaution at the same time to add, "that he had not been able to learn what foundation there was for it." The careful envoy was not long before he communicated the matter to the authorities at home, and stated that, whether the news was false or true, he had heard that an unaccountable consternation had on a sudden been observed among the Pretender's people and adherents, and that they appeared dejected and very mysterious whenever questioned upon the subject. Protestantism cannot however be credited with the doubtful compliment of the Prince's adherence for any length of time. Whatever creed Charles pretended to profess during the years of his mysterious seclusion, it is certain that on his return to Italy he lived and died

\* State Papers, Tuscany, August 18 and 22, 1752.

as one who at all events outwardly belonged to the Roman Communion.

It is now supposed that the Prince became the guest of his friend the Duc de Bouillon, and amused himself in hunting the boars and wolves of the Ardennes. Still gossip did not permit his name to rest in peace. That a young man of his birth and handsome bearing, and over whose life hung the halo of romance, should so long remain unmarried was a mystery to the social and diplomatic *quidnuncs* of Europe. Accordingly rumour was ever busy with the alliances that the Prince was about to contract. To give the names of these imaginary brides is to mention half the royal and high-born spinsters of the period. Now it is his old flame, the dark-eyed daughter of Louis, then a daughter of the House of Prussia, then "a lady whose name is not given," then the sister of his host Madame de Bouillon, then "a Madame Radtzevill," then a Princess of the Ducal House of Massa, then "an opulent dame who has a splendid palace at Bologna," and so on.\* Indeed, the damsels rumour credits him with intending to marry, are as numerous as the different places it reports that he had selected for his residence. But Charles was evidently not in favour of the ties of wedlock: the two gravest obstacles to such a state prevented him—he was still living with Miss Walkenshaw, and he was daily becoming more and more a slave to the hateful passion of drink.

\* State Papers, Tuscany. Walton's Letters, 1751, 1752.

In spite of the romance that the name of Prince Charles will ever call up, in spite of the loyalty with which Scotland cherishes his memory, in spite of much that was excellent and commendable in his character, it is impossible to number the Prince among the Heroes of Biography whose lives bear inspection to the end. He lived too long for his reputation. Had he died when a lad at Albano, or had he perished on the moor at Culloden, History would have handed his name down to posterity as one of those brave generous hearts so beloved by the Gods that they are snatched away ere promise has had time to ripen into fulfilment. The picture of a mere boy gallantly fighting for what he deems his own, achieving success in the face of overwhelming odds, displaying on every occasion a tender humanity and a noble consideration, then enduring with courage and dignity the bitterest privations of adversity, is one not lightly to be despised. But unhappily there is a reverse side to the portrait. Instead of the youth so chivalrous in his deeds, so gallant in his bearing, so generous in his sympathies, we meet with a manhood debased by vice, a temper rendered querulous and suspicious by disease, no refinement, no delicacy, nothing but humanity's coarsest grain. In dwelling upon the events of the Prince's earlier life, and in recording those of his later days, one with difficulty imagines that both relate to the same man. It is like reading two distinct biographies, in which the virtues of the one are intended to bring out all the more in

relief the baser points of the other. Between the bright, manly lad at Gaeta, the dignified Prince Regent in the old halls of Holyrood, the victor at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, the hardy mountaineer of Skye, and the shattered creature that afterwards comes on the scene, with his bloated features and palsied energies, who quarrels with every one, ill-treats his mistress, ill-treats his wife, and never appears in public without being miserably in his cups, what possible connection can there be? As well compare a Spartan chieftain with his Helot! And yet each of the two descriptions belongs to the same Prince Charles, and a very few years have effected the awful contrast.

We saw that Charles, during the months he was being hunted down by the English in Scotland, began to accustom himself to drams of whisky, the better to bear up against the privations and fatigue, it fell to his lot to endure. The habit thus formed took such a firm hold of him that he was unable to quit it. After his return to Paris, though the age was one of immoderate drinking—the self-indulgence of the Prince was commented upon, and the fact that his Confessor was a “notorious drunkard,” and then much in his society, did not tend to improve matters.\* Still worse did the vice become after his connection with Miss Walkenshaw, who—whether taught by the Prince or from natural inclination—was herself addicted to it. Thus the habit—which it is said is the most difficult of all to abandon when youth falls under

\* *Stuart Papers*, April 15, 1747. Stanhope.

its yoke—had within a few years acquired a complete mastery over the Prince. The letters of Mann and Walton are full of allusions to the subject, and we learn, without much surprise, that when anything unusually vexatious occurred he drank harder than usual.

Perhaps the most charitable construction,—one not incompatible with the views of modern psychology—that can be put upon the actions of the Prince, which we are about to record, is to regard them as the results of an unsound mind. The medical teaching of the present day proves that the habitual drunkard is a victim to the same mental disorders as the lunatic. His whole moral nature undergoes a complete change, his character is the antithesis of what it was before disease affected him, and in all that he does, he is actuated by the same motives as the insane. Morose, suspicious, obstinate, fitfully happy and fitfully violent, Science has christened him by the name of *dipsomaniac*, and in France he is subject to the same restraints as the unsound. A dipsomaniac Charles was, if ever man deserved the name. And if, as the medical world maintains, drink is so terrible a poison, that when once it has enslaved its votary, it renders him the exact opposite of what he was before his bondage, then the contrast between the Charles of the '45 and the driveller at Florence is at once accounted for. Never did character undergo so complete a transformation. His bold daring degenerated into the most childish cowardice; his sensitive humanity, that

was always loth to shed blood, changed into the worst kind of brutality—cruelty towards woman ; generous so far as his means had allowed him, he became selfish and meanly avaricious ; his courtly manners, which had won the admiration of all who met him, were now changed to an uneasy swagger and the coarse hilarity of a tavern haunter ; from being a dandy he became a sloven. Peevish, suspicious, easily offended yet always offending, we are not surprised to learn from more than one Envoy that he was considered no gentleman, and shunned even by those who wished to be loyal to him. Biography scarcely records a dawn more brilliant, a sunset more clouded.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### STILL IN SECLUSION.

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“ What is life to such as me,  
With my very heart as palsied  
As a wasted cripple's knee ! ”

NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the visit of the Prince to London in the autumn of 1750, and the then hopeless state of Jacobite machinations, a scheme for another insurrection was shortly afterwards planned. Early in the year of 1752 Alexander Murray, a brother of Lord Elibank, happening to be at Paris, the question of making another attempt to place the Prince upon the throne was again mooted. The feasibility of the scheme was discussed, and the plotting went so far as to arrange the order of proceedings. Macdonald of Lochgary, and Dr. Archibald Cameron, the brother of Lochiel, who was then chief surgeon to a French regiment, were to repair to Scotland to raise the Highlanders. Murray, with some of the officers of Ogilvie's regiment, was to go to London, where he said he was sure of forming a company of at least one hundred men. The Prince was to remain *perdu* in



London until his opportunity arrived. When matters were ripe, Murray, with his followers, was to march into St. James's Palace, make the Royal Family prisoners, and then Charles was to issue from his hiding-place, proclaim himself to the people, and all would be well.\*

Impracticable as this plot appears, it was seriously entertained. Macdonald and Dr. Cameron went over to Scotland to stir up revolt. The Prince was in London incognito at Lady Primrose's. All that was wanted to begin operations was the assistance of Murray. But at the last moment the courage of the chief agent failed him. Murray arrived in town with the officers he had pledged himself to bring; but when he began to reflect upon the step he was about to take, he was seized with timidity and hastily returned to Paris.†

With regard to the truth of this second visit of the Prince to London, some doubt has been expressed. It has been regarded as one of those historical facts which might have occurred, but concerning which no proof exists. But we have proof. Lord Elcho, and I see no reason to doubt his veracity in a statement of this nature, says in so many words, "At the end of the year (1752) Murray put his scheme into action; the Prince was in London incognito at Lady Primrose's." We have, however, another authority for this visit. Hume, the historian, writing to Sir John Pringle, states, "That the present Pretender was in

\* MS. Journal of Lord Elcho.

† *Ibid.*

London in the year 1753,\* I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Marischal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his lordship gave me this information, he told me that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady (whom I imagined to be Lady Primrose), though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening, without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room when she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name; she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture which hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady), that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue riband and star; walked once through St. James's and took a turn in the Mall. About five years ago, I told this story to Lord Holderness, who was Secretary of State in the year

\* Dec., 1752, to Jan., 1753, is more probably the exact date of the Prince's visit.

1753, and I added that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at that time escaped his lordship. 'By no means,' said he; 'and who do you think first told it me? It was the king himself; who subjoined, "And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?"' Lord Holderness owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for, if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the royal family. The king perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England he will go abroad again.' I think this story, for the honour of the late King, ought to be more generally known."\*

If the King were really as indifferent to the presence and the actions of Prince Charles as he professed to be, it is somewhat strange why His Majesty should have so strongly objected to the Prince's stay at Avignon, and why his envoys in every court in Europe were so anxious to communicate any intelligence touching the Pretender's family that came to their knowledge.†

On the conspiracy proving abortive, the Prince

\* "Nichol's Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century," vol. ix. p. 401.

† The existence of two medals of the dates 1750 and 1752 shows the activity of the Jacobites at this period. The one was struck in silver and bronze, bearing the bust of Charles on the obverse, and on the reverse a withered tree, from which a vigorous young branch is shooting forth, with the legend *Revirescet*, and the date MDCCCL. The other medal, struck in silver, bears likewise the bust of Charles, with the legend *Redeat magnus ille genius Britanniae*. On the reverse, Britannia is seen looking with anxious desire at some approaching vessels. His connection with the plot of 1752, as is well known, led to the execution of Dr. Cameron.

crossed the Channel. He was observed by the watchful Lord Albemarle to pass through Paris, "after making a stay in it of two days, but from whence he came [thus the Prince's visit to England was a secret to the ambassador], or to what parts he was going, it was not possible to know." \* On this occasion it was said that he walked through the streets, "so disguised as to make it extremely difficult to know him, having painted his face with red, and coloured his eyebrows with the deepest black, and keeping a handkerchief to his face as if to keep off the cold." † We shall find that this habit of wearing disguise was one which he frequently adopted during these mysterious years of his seclusion.

In all probability the Prince again took up his abode at Navarre, the seat of the Duke of Bouillon, near Evreux, for we read that his marriage with M<sup>de</sup>. de Bouillon was still on the *tapis*. The following year he was again seen at Paris. This time Miss Walkenshaw accompanied him, and if we are to credit Lord Elcho, ‡ the two were seen drinking together at a low restaurant. As the wine began to make its presence felt, a quarrel ensued.

\* "Decline of the Last Stuarts." State Papers, France, Jan. 10, 1753.

† *Ibid.*

‡ MS. Journal. Though Lord Elcho had formed one of the suite on the occasion of the Prince's visit of ceremony to Louis, the two were still strangers to each other. On the arrival of Charles at Paris, Lord Elcho refused to call upon him; but this rudeness being resented by the Scotch there, he was pressed to pay his respects. He agreed to do so, but on his name being sent up to the Prince, Charles refused to see him, saying that as he had written home for his pardon Lord Elcho was no partisan of his (Journal).

A coarse wooden table intervened between the couple; Charles leant his arms upon it, bent forward, and said, "*Vous êtes une coquaine!*" to which remark his mistress politely replied, "Your Royal Highness is unworthy to bear the name of a gentleman." After much mutual abuse, says Elcho, they both began to fight, but what was the issue of the battle he does not proceed to relate. We are also told that Colonel Goring was so tired of living with the Prince that he was anxious to exchange for foreign service. "He spoke worse of the Prince than I ever did," adds the chronicler with considerable self-satisfaction, winding up this part of his narrative.

It is said that in the May of 1754 the Prince managed to cross over to England and pay a third visit. Lord Albemarle, the ambassador at Paris, writing to Sir Thomas Robinson, the Secretary of State in the Duke of Newcastle's administration, says: \* "It has been positively asserted to me by a person of some note, who is strongly attached to the Young Pretender, but dissatisfied with his conduct, that he (the Pretender's son) had actually been in England in a great disguise, as may be imagined, no longer ago than about three months; that he did not know how far he had gone, nor how long he had been there, but that he had stayed till the time above mentioned, when word was brought him at Nottingham by one of his friends that there was reason to apprehend that he was discovered, or in the greatest danger

\* Lansdowne MSS., Aug. 21, 1754, vol. xxxvi.

of being so, and that he ought therefore to lose no time in leaving England, which he accordingly did directly. The person from whom I have this is as likely to have been informed of it as anybody of the party, and could have no particular reason to have imposed such a story upon me, which could serve no purpose."

This statement is corroborated by Philip Thicknesse in his Memoirs. "That this unfortunate man," writes Thicknesse, "was in London about the year 1754, I can positively assert. He came hither contrary to the opinions of his friends abroad; but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself to reign. After being a few days at a lady's house in Essex Street, in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his person in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This circumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house he resided, that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France. Monsieur Massac, late secretary to the Duc de Noailles, told me he was sent to treat with the Prince, relative to a subsequent attempt to invade England. M. Massac dined with him, and had much conversation on the subject; but observed, that he was rather a weak man, bigoted to his religion, and unable to refrain from the bottle, the only benefit, he said, he had acquired by his expedition among his countrymen in Scotland. Mr. Segrave, an Irish officer with only one arm, formerly well known at the *Café de Condé*, at Paris, assured me

that he had been with the Prince in England between the years 1745 and 1756, and that they had laid a plan of seizing the person of the King (George the Second), as he returned from the play, by a body of Irish chairmen, who were to knock the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights, and create a confusion while a party carried the King to the water-side, and hurried him away to France. It is certain that the late King often returned from the theatres in so private a manner, that such an attempt was not impracticable ; for what could not a hundred or two desperate villains effect, at eleven o'clock at night, in any of the public streets of London ? Ten minutes' start would do it ; and they could not have failed of a much greater length of time. He also told me that they had more than fifteen hundred chairmen, or that class of people, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story ; but it may be right to relate it, to prevent such an attempt, should any other Pretender start up ; for I have the best authority to say such a thing is practicable, and that a person was taken off in broad daylight, and in the middle of a large city, though under the protection of an English major, and seven old French women : and that, too, by an individual. There are many people now living at Southampton who remember that transaction. It was not a king, it is true, who was taken off, nor was it a man ; but before the surprise of the major and his

female party was over, the lady was far out of their reach."

Early in the year 1755, M. Ruvigny De Cosne, who was doing temporary duty at Paris, on the death of Lord Albermarle, writes \* to the Secretary of State that he has been informed that the Pretender's son has been passing three weeks at Avignon dressed as an abbé, that he then visited Lyons, and that he believes he is now in Paris or its neighbourhood. "I will do all I can to find out if it is so," concludes De Cosne, "though it will be very difficult to know it in so large a city as this, and in the continual and different disguises he uses." It is not improbable that the Prince was in Paris at this time, for political reasons rendered his presence there advisable. War was again about to break out between England and France, and Charles hoped that the occasion might be favourable to his cause. He was, however, again disappointed. In spite of the remonstrances of his friend, Count De Lally, who was ever assuring the Cabinet of Versailles that now was the time to land the Prince with an army in England, and thus embarrass the action of Great Britain in the ensuing hostilities, the French Government refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, and another favourable opportunity was thus allowed to pass away. Still the Prince, buoyed up by false expectations, had repaired to his friend at Navarre, and afterwards held several interviews with King Stanislaus at Nancy. It was not till some weeks

\* "Decline of the Last Stuarts." State Papers, France, April 9, 1755.



had been spent in fruitless negotiation that he learnt definitely from De Lally that France refused to support his cause by her arms.

Whilst these dark clouds were gathering in the horizon, the English Jacobites, aware of the relationship that existed between Charles and Miss Walkenshaw, despatched one of their order to Paris to remonstrate with the Prince upon the connection. The principles of severe morality had little to do with their representations, but it so happened that the sister of Miss Walkenshaw had been appointed housekeeper in the household of the Princess Dowager of Wales, and the English Jacobites not unnaturally feared that through the medium of the two sisters, the English Government might obtain access to the private correspondence of Charles with his adherents. The person appointed to undertake this delicate mission was a Mr. Macnamara, who being a staunch Jacobite, and a man of good sense, it was hoped might succeed in his purpose. But Mr. Macnamara pleaded in vain. Though the eloquent Irishman used all the arts of persuasion to induce the Prince to put away his mistress, and even went so far as to state that unless Charles severed his connection with Miss Walkenshaw he would at once lose all his powerful friends across the Channel, the Prince, with true Stuart obstinacy, remained inflexible. Well nigh a week did Macnamara spend in endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper, but without effect. Charles frankly declared that he was not attached to Miss Walken-

shaw, or indeed entertained any particular regard for her; he could see her removed from him without any concern, but what he would not permit was that those who called themselves his adherents should presume to interfere with his private conduct, and dictate to him their directions. Finding that all persuasions of his were powerless to change the resolve of the Prince, Macnamara rose up to take his leave; but as he quitted the room there issued from his lips this indignant query, "What has your family done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?"\* We know not the reply the Prince made.

When this resolution of Charles was brought to London, his adherents saw at once the kind of man they had to deal with. Since their Prince could not be persuaded to serve himself, and preferred to endanger the lives of his faithful followers rather than part with a woman whom he openly admitted that he "neither honoured nor esteemed," no blame could rest upon those who withdrew from their allegiance. The conduct of Charles on this occasion—so like the sullen obstinacy of a madman, who, rather than yield to the advice of others, will prefer to imperil his own position by maintaining his object though he hold that object but lightly—lost him many a loyal adherent. Had the Prince, when asked to dismiss his mistress replied to Mr. Macnamara thus:—"You are deputed by my subjects at home to ask me to discard Miss Walken-

\* Dr. King's *Anecdotes*, p. 207.

shaw. I regret I cannot comply with your request. I do not deny you may have grounds for deeming her connection with me dangerous, in a political point of view. As for me, I have not the slightest suspicion of her acting treacherously; for from the time she consented to occupy this left-handed position, I have found her my best and truest friend. We have a daughter. You therefore ask me to disown the woman who yielded up her honour to me on the strength of my protection, and to throw an additional stigma upon her and her child by letting her appear as my cast-off mistress, simply because you suspect her of political infidelity. Before I act so harshly, and according to my lights so basely to her, I must have some stronger proof than the mere suspicions of my subjects. Give me proofs and then my conduct will be different. For me now to sever my connection with Miss Walkenshaw may be, in your eyes, an act of political expediency, but in mine it would be a cruel and unmanly desertion. I must decline, even at the risk of damaging my cause, to commit a grave personal injustice against one who deserves far different treatment. Tell those who have sent you on this mission that I cannot separate myself from ties which have wound themselves round my heart for so empty a cause as proofless suspicions, or for so cold an object as political expediency. I would rather lose my chances of a crown than do wrong to the woman who has loved me for many years, and who has now only my protection to depend upon. If any of my subjects feel hurt at this decision, tell them I release them from their adherence."

Had the Prince answered in some such form, he would have behaved, if not like a king who ought to sacrifice all personal feelings for the political good, at least like a man who did not wish to purchase his own advantage at the expense of what he deemed dishonour. But Charles acted neither like a king nor a gentleman. What he said, practically amounted to this :—" You ask me to quit Miss Walkenshaw. I refuse to do so, not because I am attached to my mistress, for I neither honour nor esteem her, but because you have dared to interfere with my private concerns. You think because you have risked your lives and your fortunes for my House, that you have a right to advise me, believing that both our interests are identical. You have no right, and I will just show you how little I care for endangering your safety—for Miss Walkenshaw may write to her sister at Leicester House if she pleases—and how cheaply I hold your adherence, because I prefer to both the society of a woman of low tastes, of no elegance of manners, and for whom I have not a particle of affection. I am not to be dictated to or advised by anyone, let me tell you ! " Well might Dr. King, when commenting upon this conduct of Charles, ejaculate, "*Quos Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat.*"

Finding that France now virtually refused to trouble herself about his fortunes, Charles, accompanied by Miss Walkenshaw and the daughter that had been born some three years ago, took up his abode at Basel in Switzerland. Here he passed himself off as a Dr.

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- Thompson, an English doctor, anxious to recruit the health of himself and his wife and child by the mountain air.\*

The following letter from the English envoy at Berne, now for the first time brought to the light, is full of interest:—†

*“Very Secret.*

*“BERN, the 28th May, 1756.*

“SIR,—I have within these few days had an interview at a place four or five leagues distant from this town with a particular friend of mine who is of Neuchatel, and whom I have already mentioned in some of my former letters; I had observed that there was something in that part of his correspondence which related to the young Pretender, that was affectedly obscure, and which he seemed unwilling to trust in plainer terms to paper; I therefore agreed to a rendezvous, where we met, at the hour appointed, and spent the best part of the day together. The lights I have gained by this conversation with him, are of so extraordinary a nature, that I think it my duty to lay the substance of them before you, though they may possibly contain nothing but what you are apprised of, from other hands. The person above mentioned has lived in the greatest intimacy with the Governor of Neuchatel‡ ever since his coming thither, insomuch that there are few subjects and

\* Lord Elcho's Journal, MS.

† State Papers, Switzerland, No. 30.

‡ Lord Marischal, who had been appointed to this post by the King of Prussia. On the death of William III. of England, Neufchatel passed to his nephew, Frederick I. of Prussia.

circumstances of his life, which he has not very openly and frankly let him into. By this means, my friend has been able to explain what he had often hinted to me, in his letters, of the young Pretender's not being at so great a distance from this part of the world, as I imagine, by acquainting me, that he had lived, for some time past, at, or in the neighbourhood of Basel, under the name of Thompson, as a private English gentleman, retired thither with his family, which consisted of a lady, who passed for his wife, and went under the same name, and by her he has a daughter, an elderly gentleman in the figure of a near relation, who is charged with a kind of inspecting over his conduct, and two other attendants, who, though men of birth, appear in public, in no better light than that of ordinary servants. My friend could not give me a more particular account as to the men, but, with regard to the woman, he informed me she was a niece of General Paterson's, who formerly commanded the King of Sardinia's galleys, and is now Governor of Villa Francha; he further assured me that, though the young Chevalier was often backward and forward, Basel was still his abode, and that his family continued there at this time. Upon my inquiring into the young Pretender's connection and correspondence with the Governor of Neuchatel, I was told very positively they had none whatever; that the Pretender's eldest son had never been at Neuchatel, as was reported; that indeed, he had offered to make the Governor a visit there very privately, but the latter had declined

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it, and wrote him word, in very plain terms, that he would acquaint the King of Prussia therewith, and immediately make the thing public, upon which it was dropped. And, farther, that the governor never mentioned him but with the utmost horror and detestation, and in the most opprobrious terms; having told him more than once that his conduct, from his setting out from Rome, on his last expedition in Scotland to this day, had been one continued scene of falsehood, ingratitude and villainy; and that the father's was little better. This misunderstanding between them, my friend says, has subsisted ever since the Pretender's expedition into Scotland, which he had previously assured his friends in that kingdom to have been concerted with, and approved by the Governor of Neufchatel, though this last in reality had dissuaded and was entirely against it, which he afterwards wrote over to his friends there, declaring, in so many words, that what the young Chevalier had advanced on this head was false. With regard to his character, my friend tells me that the several particulars which the governor had given him of it had likewise been confirmed to him by Lord Elcho, who held him in no great esteem, and who had confessed to him, more than once, that, before he had known him twenty-four hours, he had heartily repented of his folly and rashness in coming over to him; and had added, farther, that all the people about him were in the same case, and cursed the hour they came into his service, which most of them continued in from no other

motive but the fear to want bread ; that the gentleman who is now with him as a kind of a governor, though he was but lately entered upon that office, was as heartily tired of it as his predecessor, one Goring, formerly an officer in the Imperial Service, who could hold out no longer, and had quitted him, and being lately dead in the King of Prussia's service, where he was universally regretted as a man of superior merit and distinguished ability as a soldier. In support of these several particulars my friend mentioned one circumstance more, which deserves to be related. He says that a person of note was sent over, last year, on a private commission to the young Pretender, by the principal men of his party in Scotland, and that this person, agreeable to his instructions (which directed him to Neufchatel, on his way to consult with the governor on the whole matter committed to his charge), had been there to pay him a visit, and had spent some days with him ; that when he opened his commission to him he found the governor so totally alienated from the Pretender, of whom he gave the most odious character, that he said it was unnecessary he should go any farther, and was for returning to Scotland directly, but that the governor had opposed this, and advised him to proceed as he was directed, to see the Pretender, and not to frame his notions on the report of others, but to trust to his own senses and judgment. That this person accordingly had continued his journey to Basel, and been several days there, with the Pretender, from whence, being returned to Neuf-



chatel, he declared that he had found things exactly as he had been told, and that the governor, in the account he had given him, had not been influenced by resentment or passion, or deviated from the truth in any one instance; having further insinuated to my friend, in private discourse, that he had hitherto been a strenuous promoter of Jacobitism, but that, on his return to Great Britain, he would preach quite another doctrine, and turn his whole endeavours towards undeceiving and converting as many as he could of his friends and acquaintance, who were under the same infatuation. . . . .

“I beg pardon for being so very particular, and taking up so much of your time, for which I dare promise myself the precise orders, signified to me last year by Sir Thomas Robinson, on the 18th of April, will entitle me to some indulgence. I will add but one observation upon the whole; namely, that, to my certain knowledge, there has been, for several months past, such a person at Basel as a Mr. Thompson with his family, as described above, and that they live there very decently, as persons of easy fortune, but without the least affectation of show or magnificence. I would, at present, have endeavoured to get farther light into this matter by some other channel, had I not been cautioned against it by the person from whom I had the intelligence above, who observed, that this young spark was extremely shy, and would move his quarters upon the least suspicion of his being discovered, and that as my Court (which must be supposed to know

something of his being in Switzerland) had taken no notice of it, it was to be inferred from that very circumstance that they had rather he should be there than anywhere else.

"I have the honour to remain, with infinite respect,

" Sir,

" Your most obedient and most devoted

" Humble Servant,

" ARTHUR VILLETES."

The remark contained in this letter of Arthur Villette, that the relations between the Prince and the Lord Marischal were now anything but cordial, is corroborated by Hume in his correspondence with Sir John Pringle already quoted. "Lord Marischal," writes Hume, "had a very bad opinion of this unfortunate Prince, and thought there was no vice so mean or atrocious of which he was not capable, of which he gave me several instances . . . with all this strange character he was no bigot, but rather had learned from the philosophers of Paris to affect a contempt of all religion." Walton more than once admits that the Prince showed in his after life very little evidence of the Catholic teaching of his youth—deterioration is written all over the later days of Charles. By a strange fatality, as Dr. King expressed it, he alienated the affections of his best friends and put an absolute barrier to all his own hopes.

For the next few years little of moment occurred in

the life of the Prince, and we can gather but the scantiest details as to his movements. During the Carnival he generally managed to visit Paris, and kept up his acquaintance with his friend at Navarre. For some time we learn he lived near Liege, where he passed himself off as a Mr. Smith. He did not desert Switzerland—indeed he seems to have settled never for long at any one place, but always to have been on the move under different names and in different disguises.\*

A just punishment had now fallen upon him for his behaviour towards Miss Walkenshaw. That unhappy dame had at last resolved to tolerate the treatment she was in the habit of receiving from the Prince no longer. Their illicit union had been a most unhappy one, and it is probable Miss Walkenshaw only endured it for the sake of her child, and because she was at a loss how to maintain herself apart from her protector. That Charles incessantly quarrelled with her, frequently beat her and otherwise maltreated her, are facts that cannot be disputed. Provoked by this bad usage one night—July 22, 1760—when they were staying at Bouillon, she fled with her child from her lover and took refuge in a convent. Charles at once wrote to the King of France desiring that orders should be given compelling his mistress to return to him. To this request His Most Christian Majesty replied that “he could not force the inclination of anybody in that situation.”†

\* “Decline of the Last Stuarts.”

† *Ibid.*; State Papers, Tuscany, Oct. 3, 1761.

The convent that Miss Walkenshaw and her little daughter ultimately repaired to was the Abbey at Meaux, and thither, at the request of the unhappy fugitive, Lord Elcho paid a visit. Miss Walkenshaw appears not to have been reticent about herself, if we are to credit the author of the *Journal*. She told him all her history—how miserable she had been during the whole time she lived with the Prince; how he often gave her as many as fifty thrashings with a stick during the day; how madly jealous he was of her, and how “he invariably surrounded their bed with chairs placed on tables, and on the chairs little bells, so that if anyone approached during the night, the bells would be set a-ringing.”\*

Charles, with an indifference which does him little credit, appears to have taken no further trouble about the woman who had lived so long as his mistress, or ever meditated making a settlement upon her. It was his brother, the Cardinal, who saw that she and her child were decently provided for.

On the departure of Miss Walkenshaw, Charles took to drinking harder than ever. His habits were now so gross that he had forfeited the esteem and respect of all. “I hear,” writes Mr. Stanley,† “that the Pretender’s eldest son is drunk as soon as he rises, and is always senselessly so at night, when his servants carry him to bed . . . . He is not thought of even by the exiles.” This even is expressive. Grave indeed must have been his mis-

\* *Journal*, MS.

† *State Papers*, France, June 8, 1761.

conduct to alienate the affections of those who were still plotting and scheming for the restoration of his family, and who had lost their rights as subjects for his cause. Not a few now reflected for the first time, whether it was a wise thing to struggle to place such a degraded object on the throne, and whether England was not happier under her present dynasty. Such reflections changed many a Jacobite into a loyal Hanoverian, and as years rolled on, Charles had only himself to thank that the list of his adherents numbered so scanty a following.

On the coronation of George the Third, it is said that the Prince was among the spectators in Westminster Abbey. The only authority for this statement is the letter already alluded to, of Hume to Sir John Pringle. "But what will surprise you more," writes Hume, "Lord Marischal, a few days after the coronation of the present king, told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my lord the reason for this strange fact. 'Why,' says he, 'a gentleman told me so who saw him there; and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words: "Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here." "It was curiosity that led me," said the other; "but I assure you," added he, "that the person who is the object of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I envy the least."' You see

this story is so near traced from the fountain-head as to wear a great face of probability. Query: What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?"\*

Lord Elcho, whose statements respecting the movements of the Prince at the time are generally accurate and corroborated by State Paper evidence, makes no mention of this visit of Charles to England.

We now enter upon a period when information presents itself in a more connected form.

\* The reader will doubtless remember the episode of the Champion's gage in *Redgauntlet*.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A TITULAR KING.

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“ Better to be born a peasant  
Than to live an exiled king !”

THE Chevalier de St. George had long been ailing, and those who carefully watched his movements in and about the Eternal City felt that his end was not far distant. During the last few years his constitution had shown more than one symptom of breaking up. He was easily worried; his nerves were shattered; he was a martyr to dyspepsia; and he had aged considerably in appearance. “The Pope,” writes Mann some ten years before the Chevalier’s decease,\* “has lately granted a privilege to the Pretender of an uncommon nature in the Roman Church, though very trifling in itself, to drink either broth or chocolate before he communicates, on account of his habitual indisposition of stomach which prevents him from fasting so long as their church prescribes before that ceremony.” We learn that this indulgence had been granted to Charles the Fifth, after his abdication, by Julius the

\* “Decline of the Last Stuarts : ” *State Papers, Tuscany*, April 24, 1756.

Third, and Benedict XIV. therefore felt that, when making James the recipient of this favour, he was justified by precedent. Four years after this remark upon the Chevalier's state, Mann again alludes to the subject. "The Pretender's health has suffered very little alteration of late, though he is so emaciated and so weak that it is not natural to suppose that he can hold out long. He seems of late totally indifferent to all affairs both of a public or a domestic nature."\* With the exception of a rigid compliance with all the rites and ceremonies enjoined by his Church, he led the last few years before his death a life of complete inactivity. Save to attend daily mass, or on special occasions to visit the Pope, he kept himself a close prisoner in his room. A few of his intimate friends came now and then to see him, but they remained with him only a short time, as talking soon fatigued him. Gradually even these occasional visits were too much for his delicate state of health, and he was then left in perfect quiet, undisturbed by all except by those whose presence was necessary to watch the invalid. The management of his affairs was entrusted to his son the Cardinal, and to a Mr. Graham, the titular Lord Alford, who, on the death of O'Brien, had been appointed Secretary of State to the Court of the Chevalier. No one was surprised when the news came that he had passed away.

At nine o'clock of the night of the first of January, 1766, he died, in the 79th year of his age. It was

\* "Decline of the Last Stuarts : " State Papers, Tuscany, Nov. 8, 1760.



said that the fortune he left behind him, in money, jewels, and plate, amounted to some £250,000.\* This sum was doubtless very much exaggerated.

“The funeral obsequies of the Chevalier were performed with regal honours. After lying in state for five days, his body was carried to the Church of the Apostles, dressed in royal robes, with the crown of England upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and upon his breast the arms of Great Britain, wrought in jewels and gold. The procession was attended by the members of the Pope’s household, as well as by the members of almost every order and fraternity, religious as well as secular, in Rome; a thousand wax-tapers were borne by as many attendants, and twenty Cardinals supported the pall. On reaching the church, the body was placed on a magnificent bed of state, the drapery of which consisted of purple silk, with stripes of gold lace. Above him was a throne suspended from the ceiling, on the top of which were the figures of four angels holding a crown and sceptre, and at each corner the figure of Death looking down. Over the bed was the inscription, “JACOBUS, MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REX, ANNO MDCCLXVI.,” with a number of medallions representing the several orders of chivalry in Great Britain, and the three crowns of England, Scotland, and Ireland; to which were added the royal insignia,—the purple robe lined with ermine, the velvet tunic ornamented with gold, the globe, the crown, the sceptre, and the crosses of St. George and

\* “Decline of the Last Stuarts :” *State Papers*, Tuscany, Jan. 10, 1766.

St. Andrew. Cardinal Alberoni officiated in his pontificalia at the *requiem*, which was sung by the choir from the Apostolic palace; while the church was illuminated by a number of chandeliers, besides wax-tapers held by skeletons. The body remained in this state for three days, when it was removed to, and interred with similar solemnity and magnificence in, the great church of St. Peter's."\*

When it became evident that James was sinking, and beyond the hope of recovery, Charles, who was then staying at Bouillon, expressed a wish to return to Rome. A correspondence ensued between the Prince and the Vatican, the nature of which is disclosed by the following letter of Cardinal Albani to Sir Horace Mann.

"ROME, Nov. 6, 1765.

"SIR,—Though at the present moment what I am about to communicate to you is perhaps no longer a secret, I must still beg of you to keep it to yourself, and never to admit that it has been disclosed by me. It is reported that the eldest son of the Pretender, after having been so long in such hidden retirement as to cause many people to think him dead, is desirous of returning to Rome. He asks to be treated with the same honours that he enjoyed before his departure, to succeed on the death of his father to the pensions received by his parent from the Apostolic Chamber, and to be recognised after his father's decease as King.

"To these requests His Holiness has replied that he

\* "The Pretenders and their Adherents," by J. H. Jesse, p. 53.

will see him again with much pleasure, that he will be treated in accordance with his distinguished rank, and that he can reckon, after his father's death, upon the revenues which have already been settled for the Cardinal his brother. But with regard to his being recognised as King, the Pope neither can nor will take upon himself the responsibility of admitting such a claim; His Holiness will act in this respect as the other sovereigns. I do not know if he will agree to the terms of this reply, but whatever may result from it, I shall take care to inform you.

“ALBANI.”\*

The Court of St. James was not slow to observe the issues that hung upon the demise of the Pretender, and the possible recognition of his son as King of Great Britain by certain of the European powers. The Duke of Grafton, at once, when the news of the Pretender's serious condition arrived in London, desired Lord Stormont, who was then Ambassador at the Court of Vienna, to ascertain the views of Austria at this critical moment. His Grace did not think the Courts of France and Spain would give their sanction to the exploded claims of the Stuarts, still it would be well if his Lordship could draw out in casual conversation what was the course the Austrian Cabinet would adopt supposing France and Spain were to recognise the Prince. “They must not, however, suspect you have any instructions on this head,” writes the Duke of

\* “Decline of the Last Stuarts :” *State Papers, Tuscany.*

Grafton. "You will assure the Austrian Ministers of the King's desire to cultivate the esteem and friendship of the Court of Vienna. The King's title founded upon law and the love of his people cannot be affected by the pretensions of a stranger; yet it is an insult to His Majesty, and therefore the Court of Vienna ought to discourage such claims."\*

Not many days elapsed before His Grace of Grafton received his reply. Lord Stormont had dined with Prince Kaunitz, and had incidentally referred to the death of the Pretender, and the claims of his son. The Austrian Minister did not think that the Young Pretender would apply to Vienna for support, "as they never had any intercourse with his father." Should, however, he do so, "they would have nothing to say to him, and let him understand so." Neither did the Prince think that the Courts of France or Spain would act in the matter contrary to their protestations, but should they do so, "their friends who wish for public tranquillity would give them good advice."†

Prince Kaunitz had judged rightly. No sooner had James breathed his last than Cardinal Yorke craved an immediate interview with the Pope. His request was granted. With the utmost warmth the Cardinal begged His Holiness to acknowledge Charles as King of England. The Pope refused. The French Ambassador at Rome, a Monsieur D'Aubeterre, now chimed in with the prayer of the Cardinal. The Supreme Pontiff, believing

\* Lansdowne MSS., vol. vii., Vienna, Dec. 26, 1765.

† *Ibid.*, Jan. 14, 1766.

that the diplomatist had received instructions from his country to support the claims of the Prince, hesitated before giving a direct answer. He promised that he would summon a congregation of Cardinals, and ask their advice on this important matter. With this answer the petitioners were satisfied, and left the Vatican.

And now it was rumoured in London that France had resolved to recognise the title of the Young Pretender, and that her ambassador at Rome had been ordered to advocate his claims at the Vatican. With some indignation the Secretary of State wrote to the Duke of Richmond at Paris for confirmation or contradiction of the report. "In my note of the 3rd December," says Mr. Conway,\* "I just mentioned the resolution which I understand the Pope has taken to make the conduct of the Courts of France and Spain the rule of his own in regard to the manner of treating the Pretender's son upon the event which was expected of the Pretender's death. These pretensions, equally repugnant to the laws of Great Britain and to the inclination of the people, are in themselves too idle to deserve any serious attention, as His Majesty's right cannot be affected thereby, but though his right cannot be affected, his dignity cannot but be touched if any Court whatever shall presume to give the least sanction to the claims, however absurd, of a pretender to the throne. The absurdity, indeed, of the claim aggravates the affront, and His Majesty will find his honour engaged to resent such an indignity. I must desire

\* State Papers, France, Jan. 31, 1766, No. 505.

your Grace to represent this to the French Court in the strongest terms, as I have received accounts that the French Ambassador at Rome has so far forgot himself as to use his endeavours to dissuade the Court of Rome from the prudent resolution she has taken. You will observe to the French Ministry that they are not only bound by the general respect due to every power in alliance with the French King, but that they are absolutely bound by treaty, as guarantees of the succession, to support His Majesty's right . . . . If the French, forgetful of the common respect reciprocally due to Powers in peace, and also forgetful of particular treaties by which they are bound, shall not take every opportunity which the times afford to discountenance claims which, while they cannot hurt, are still an affront to this country, I cannot suppose they expect a great confidence to be given to the professions they make of wishing to continue upon good terms with His Majesty, and it is we and not they who have a right to complain and say that *this conduct looks hostile*."

On the receipt of this communication the Duke of Richmond had an interview with the French Minister, M. de Praslin, and strongly complained of the conduct of M. D'Aubeterre in interesting himself in the affair, and endeavouring to bring about the decision of the Cardinals in favour of the Pretender! The reply of M. de Praslin was most satisfactory. He said "that the king, his master, knew but one king of England who was his present Majesty, with whom he was in peace and friendship; that he did not acknowledge

the late Pretender, and certainly should not the present one; that what M. D'Aubeterre had done was without instructions from his Court, and merely proceeded from a private regard for Cardinal Stuart who had solicited him on the occasion, but that a letter was already sent to M. D'Aubeterre to disapprove of what he had done, and orders were given him not to meddle any more in the matter, as His Most Christian Majesty was determined not to take any part in the affair." \*

This rebuff to the French Ambassador at Rome, showed the Vatican what course to adopt. The congregation of Cardinals was assembled, as the Pope had promised Cardinal York, but when the question was put whether Charles should be acknowledged as King of Great Britain, it was unanimously answered in the negative. Perhaps this decided expression of opinion was also in some measure due to the remonstrances of Sir Horace Mann, who wrote to Cardinal Albani informing him of "the inconveniences that the Pope might expose himself to, by complying with the instances that have been made to him." † It was evident that the Vatican had no intention of embroiling itself with European Courts in the support of so "exploded a claim" as that of the Stuarts.

"I have now the satisfaction to inform your Grace," writes Sir Horace Mann to the Duke of Richmond, ‡ "that the consultation whether it was expedient for

\* State Papers, France, Jan. 29, 1766, No. 505.

† "Decline of the Last Stuarts:" State Papers, Tuscany, Jan. 10 and 21, 1766.

‡ State Papers, France, Jan. 24, 1766, No. 505.

the Pope to acknowledge the present Pretender under the title which his Father usurped, was held the 13th, and the result was that the Pope could not *per ora* grant what was demanded. This sentence has greatly displeased Cardinal Stuart and his friends, among the most zealous and active of whom were the public ministers whom I mentioned in my last letter, and who I should think would not be able to justify their conduct to their own Courts if it was taken notice of."

The approaching dissolution of the father had reconciled the brothers. From the hour that Henry accepted the Cardinal's hat, the Prince had regarded him as a stranger. His name never passed his lips; in his letters he never once inquired after him; and between the two a dead silence had reigned. As the last moments of the Chevalier however drew nigh, whether at the wish of the father, or because Charles deemed it politic to be on good terms with one who might now be a powerful ally, the estrangement between the brothers ceased. The coldness that had formerly subsisted, was replaced by a feeling, if not of affection at least of apparent cordiality.

Charles was at Bouillon when the Cardinal informed him of the death of his father. With all haste he made his preparations for departure, and wished, as he wrote to his brother, that he had wings to reach Rome sooner. A few days' sharp travelling brought him to the Eternal City. He had expected to be received with the distinction due to Royalty, to be visited by the Cardinals as became a Monarch, and to reign



in his little Court as his father had reigned before him. His expectations were disappointed. His entry into the town was marked by no more outward display than if he had been the most private of individuals. No escort of troops attended upon him, no Cardinals came in their carriages to greet him, the Pope sent no representative to receive him at the City gates, he was met by his brother alone, and drove with him to his palace.

As had been the reception so was the after-treatment. The Prince was simply regarded—save by a few Irish parasites of his father's Court—as the brother of Cardinal York, and treated with no higher honours than were accorded to the Roman aristocracy around him. Deeply chagrined at this want of loyalty to his house, he shut himself up within his palace and showed his pique by giving out that he only wanted to be recognised as plain John Douglas, “with a view, it is supposed,” writes Mann, “of exempting himself from all ceremony with regard to the Pope and the College of Cardinals with whom he is most extremely dissatisfied.” Once more Cardinal York tried to persuade the Pope to reconsider his decision, but His Holiness we learn was so indignant at the repetition of the request that he turned on his heel and vouchsafed no answer.\*

According to Mann, this decided antagonism of the Vatican to the claims of the Stuarts was a significant proof of the power of the House of Hanover. “I must beg leave to observe to you, Sir,” he writes to the Secretary of State,\* “that the decision of the Court of

\* “Decline of the Last Stuarts :” *State Papers, Tuscany*, Feb. 1, 1766.

Rome on this occasion, so contrary to their maxims and to the practice of so many preceding Popes, is looked upon in these parts as the strongest and the most public proof of the respect which the greatness of His Majesty's name and the apprehension of offending him could produce."

This deference, however, to the "greatness of His Majesty's name" was anything but pleasing to the Royal brothers, and they took little pains to conceal their displeasure. In the most ostentatious manner possible Cardinal York drove through the streets of Rome in his state carriage, with his brother seated on his right hand—a distinction which no Cardinal should accord to any but a crowned head.\* Though the Prince shunned the gaities of Roman society and kept himself aloof from the world, he was always ready to receive those who came to the palace to do him homage. In spite of the title of plain John Douglas he affected, his presence was never denied to those who acknowledged his title as Sovereign of England. But his courtiers were very few in number, nor did they represent social or political strength. A few English of doubtful fortunes, a few Irish in the French service, hungering after the crumbs that might fall from their master's table, a few—very few—stern Scotch Jacobites who, in spite of the past, still regarded him as their King, and refused obedience to "the Elector;" these were the men who swelled his ranks and did obeisance to him at his levées.

\* Sir H. Mann, Feb. 11, 1766.

Higher folk had, however, sought to pay him homage, but had been reprimanded for their temerity. Cardinal Orsini, the Minister of Naples, the Grand Priors of the Order of Malta, Altieri, and Fiano, and the Rectors of the English, Scotch, and Irish Colleges at Rome had entered his *salons*, paid him the state due to royalty, and acknowledged the titles he assumed "in the most solemn manner that could depend upon them." \* But the news of this recognition, in defiance of all Papal orders, soon reached the Vatican. A gentleman was sent round by the Supreme Pontiff to all the Cardinals and the Heads of the Religious Orders, "to acquaint them that the Santa Sede does not acknowledge the Prince Stuart as King, and that it was expected they should conform themselves in their behaviour to him agreeable to that declaration." For this piece of flagrant disobedience, the Rectors of the English, Scotch, and Irish Colleges, not being sufficiently exalted to escape only with a reprimand, were banished from Rome. At the same time the royal arms of England, which the late Chevalier St. George had placed over the door of his palace, were taken down, by directions from the Pope.

The conduct of the Prince tended not a little to increase the indifference with which he was now treated. He refused to visit the Pope, and thus widened the estrangement between him and the Holy See. He avoided the whole College of Cardinals. He sought to make no friends in Roman society. His

\* "Decline of the Last Stuarts." State Papers, Tuscany, April 15, 1766.

manner, except to those who acknowledged his rank, was cold and offensive. Much of his time he spent, during the sporting season, between Albano and Frascati, in hunting and shooting, when his friends were his keepers and attendants. But his worst offence of all was his accursed thralldom to drink. He was always in his cups. "Last week," writes Mann,\* "he committed some great outrage against some of his own people, in a drunken fit, by drawing his sword and pursuing them, so that they narrowly escaped being killed."

On this unhappy failing the Cardinal writes,† "I have very little to say, except to deplore the continuance of the bottle; that, I own to you, makes me despair of everything, and I am of opinion that it is impossible for my brother to live if he continues in this strain: you say he ought to be sensible of all I have endeavoured to do for his good; whether he is or not, is more than I can tell, for he never has said anything of that kind to me; what is certain is, that he has singular tenderness and regard for me, and a'l regards myself, and as singular an inflexibility and disregard for everything that regards his own good. I am seriously afflicted on his account when I reflect on the dismal situation he puts himself under, which is a thousand times worse than the situation his enemies have endeavoured to place him, but there is no remedy

\* Sir H. Mann, Nov. 29, 1766.

† Autograph letters from Cardinal York, but without the address, in the possession of John Webster, Esq., of Aberdeen. Hist. MSS. Report.

except a miracle, which may be kept at last for his eternal salvation, but surely nothing else."

"I am persuaded we should gain ground," again writes the Cardinal, on the same subject,\* "as to everything, were it not for the nasty bottle, that goes on but too much, and certainly must at last kill him. Stafford is in desolation about it, but has no sway as, in reality, no living body has with him." So degraded had the Prince become by this vice, that, when his visitors came to know him a little better, "they treated him without any ceremony."

At the close of this year Lord Elcho arrived in Rome. The object of his visit was not to swell the thin ranks of Charles' courtiers, but to see if it were possible to regain possession of that fifteen hundred pounds he had lent the Prince at Gray's Mill. More than once he had applied for the sum, but as yet without effect. He now hoped that as the Prince had succeeded to his father's property, there might be some chance of its being refunded. Well aware that there was little love lost between himself and the titular monarch, Lord Elcho thought it more prudent to make his application indirectly. He entrusted the matter to the hands of Cardinal Torrigiani. At the end of a few days the Cardinal informed Lord Elcho that the Prince fully admitted the debt, that he had no intention of shirking his obligations, and that he would pay the sum—when he succeeded to the throne.

\* Letters in the possession of the Rev. F. Hopkinson, LL.D., of Malvern Wells.

With pardonable scepticism Lord Elcho replied that as he looked upon that event as too far distant, he must decline to be content with such an answer.

"What course will you pursue, then?" inquired the Cardinal; "will you prosecute your Sovereign?"

"I do not look upon him as my Sovereign," replied his lordship; "and if I would not compromise myself I would prosecute him."

"We shall not prevent you," said the Cardinal blandly, "but you must not be surprised if you find the Prince protected here, because he is so zealous for our religion."

"Why, only a little while ago," said Lord Elcho, indignantly, "he abjured your religion at Basle!"

"I have heard that, but at present he is a good Catholic," replied the Cardinal, who was evidently a man not very difficult to please.

Finding that the employment of the Cardinal was not so effective for his purpose as he had anticipated, Lord Elcho now turned his thoughts to the brother of his debtor, the Cardinal York. He wrote a letter stating the nature of the loan and how it had been contracted, and begged His Eminence to help him in the matter. He received no reply. Not to be debarred from his just rights, Lord Elcho wrote again, and this time he received an answer from the Cardinal's secretary desiring him not to trouble His Royal Highness any further. In his extremity he now applied to the Pope for redress, but His Holiness replied that he could not interfere in the matter, and even if he consented, his interference would prove of

little value, as the Prince was very indignant with the Vatican at not being recognised as King of England.\* Thus foiled on all sides Lord Elcho had to bide his time, and learn by practical experience the error of putting his trust in princes.

The loss of this sum was no slight inconvenience to the exile. Lord Elcho was almost dependent upon a small pension he received from the French Court, and at one time he had written to James begging him to use his influence with the ministers of Louis to have the pension increased. The Chevalier had however declined, on the ground of the little interest he now possessed at Versailles. Though far from wealthy, Charles, what with the sums he had inherited from his father's death, and the allowance he received from his brother, was fully in a position to pay, if not all his debt, at least so much of it as would satisfy his creditor for a time. That he neglected to do so, seems to justify the strong accusation of Dr. King, that the Prince at this time was both mean and stingy. "But the most odious part of his character," writes the Doctor in his *Anecdotes of his Own Times*, "is his love of money, a vice which I do not remember to have been imputed by our historians to any of his ancestors, and is the certain index of a base and little mind. I know it may be urged in his vindication, that a prince in exile ought to be an economist. And so he ought; nevertheless, his purse should be always open, as long as there is anything in it to relieve the necessities of his friends and adherents.

\* *Journal*, MS.

King Charles the Second, during his banishment, would have shared the last pistole in his pocket with his little family. But I have known this gentleman with two thousand louis-d'ors in his strong box, pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris, who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded."

Certainly the manner in which he ignored his debt to Lord Elcho, and what is still more discreditable, all obligations for making a suitable provision for Miss Walkenshaw on her separation from him—leaving it for his brother to settle an allowance upon one who had been his companion for years and was the mother of his child—shows a bluntness of feeling and an absence of generosity which his earlier career had not led men to expect. That he was angered with his mistress for abruptly quitting him is no excuse for an indifference to her future welfare, which, considering the relationship that had existed, was as mean as it was brutal. Men who refuse to accept any higher standard of morality than the world's code of honour must be judged by it. Charles never professed to follow any higher standard, and yet his conduct on this occasion was in such defiance of its principles, that men of the world will condemn him the most.

The following letter from the English envoy at Naples to Lord Shelburne, contains a sketch of the Prince at this time which will repay perusal.



“NAPLES, *May 12, 1767.*

“MY LORD,—Although I imagine that any account of the Pretender can at present be very little interesting at home, yet in obedience to my instructions I shall have the honour of acquainting your Lordship with the following particulars, which I have from good authority.

“The Pretender is hardly thought of even at Rome; the life he leads is now very regular and sober,\* his chief occupation is shooting in the environs of Rome, and the only people he can see or converse with are his few attendants, Messrs. Lumsden, Montgomery, &c. The pension his father had of £1200 a year from the Court of Rome is now granted to the Cardinal, but as he was not in the least want of any addition to his income, he gives it to the present Pretender, and it is said, allows him £1800 a year more out of his own income. The Cardinal’s ecclesiastical benefices in the Roman State and in France, are said to amount to £18,000 a year, with which he does much good, being extremely generous. Besides the £3000 he allows the Pretender, he is supposed to give at least £2000 more in private donations to support poor families at Rome. The Father still left a considerable quantity of jewels to the present Pretender which still remain untouched.

“To give your Lordship a strong picture of this unfortunate man, I will finish my despatch with trans-

\* This statement is at variance with all that we hear of the Prince at this time.

scribing part of a letter from an English lady (this English lady has not been in England these thirty years) who has been always attached to that family, and was personally acquainted with the Pretender several years ago ; it is from Rome and of a very fresh date :—

“ ‘ I have at last seen ——— in his own house ; as for his person it is rather handsome, his face ruddy and full of pimples. He looks good-natured, and was overjoyed to see me—nothing could be more affectionately gracious. I cannot answer for his cleverness, for he appeared to me to be absorbed in melancholy thoughts, a good deal of distraction in his conversation and frequent brown studies. I had time to examine him, for he kept me near two hours. He has all the reason in the world to be melancholy, for there is not a soul goes near him, not knowing what to call him. He told me time lay heavy upon him. I said I supposed he read a good deal. He made no answer. He depends entirely for his subsistence upon his brother, whom he never loved, much less now, he having brought him into the scrape. I am to dine with the brother in a day or two, for he says he longs to see me, and by next post shall let you know something of him.’

“ Nothing but the desire of fulfilling every point in my instructions could justify my having taken up so much of your Lordship’s time upon this subject.

“ I have, &c.,

“ Earl of Shelburne.

“ WM. HAMILTON.” \*

\* Lansdowne MSS., Europe, vol. xxix. p. 459.

For some time past the Prince had gradually been coming to the conclusion that this isolation from the world around him was a mistake. He was getting bored with the monotony of his own society and that of his parasites. His brother was always impressing upon him how suicidal to his own interests was his opposition to the power of the Vatican. The few real friends he possessed bade him pay his respects to His Holiness and abandon, until a more favourable opportunity, the title to which he now so tenaciously clung. It was better to be Count Albany—the *bien venu* of Roman Society—than a titular monarch whom no one ventured to recognise, and whom, therefore, all were forced to neglect. Why keep up, out of pique, this rigid seclusion, which did himself no good, and alienated friends from his cause? However much the Holy See might wish to recognise his claims, other causes had to be considered. In the present position of England such an act would be resented with a high hand by the House of Hanover, and unless France or Spain upheld his title the support of Rome would be only injurious to itself and of no benefit to his cause. As yet neither France nor Spain had interested herself on his behalf—fear of England had prevented them—and he could not expect the Vatican to venture where these powerful nations had refused to lead the way. A time might come when it would be expedient for his title to be officially recognized, but till that time arrived it was better for him to render his adversity as bearable as

possible, and not pursue a course which neither advanced his interests nor was personally agreeable to himself. These and such like arguments at last carried the day. Charles craved audience of His Holiness.

"The young Pretender," writes Cardinal Albani to Sir Horace Mann,\* "being tired of living in the midst of the town like a hermit, or rather like one infected with the plague, for everybody made it a duty to avoid him, he has at last come down from his high pretensions and has asked, before entering society, to see the Pope. This evening the Cardinal, his brother, will usher him into the presence, but secretly, so as to escape all publicity. He will be received without the slightest ceremony, and will have to make his appearance in plain dress. This reception has been regarded by some as an affair of great importance, and when made public cannot fail to create attention. It is for this reason that I have thought proper to inform you of the fact, so that you may not be taken by surprise, and know exactly how matters stand. Nay, I may even say that I have been instructed to inform you of the fact."

Nothing could have been more deferential to the wishes of the Court of St. James', than the conduct of the Vatican on this occasion. The Papal Nuncio, at Florence, was expressly instructed to sound Sir Horace Mann on the point, and to ascertain if it would be really so displeasing to the English government if

\* *Lansdowne MSS.*, vol. xxix., Europe, p. 479, May, 1767.

His Holiness were to acknowledge the Prince, on his presentation, by the titles which Rome had always accorded to the late Chevalier. In reply, Sir Horace expressed himself very frankly upon the subject, and said that any such recognition would be strongly resented by his Court, and deeply offend His Majesty. His Holiness, so far from being irritated at this remonstrance, on the part of the English envoy, desired the Nuncio to thank Sir Horace, "in the Pope's name, for having prevented him from taking a step, in compliance with the strong solicitations that were made to him, that might have offended the King."\*

On the evening appointed for the reception, Cardinal York drove his brother to the Vatican. In accordance with the privilege to which his rank entitled him, the Cardinal was at once ushered into the Pope's private room. Charles was escorted to the ante-room, and desired to wait. Here he remained some little time, "when he was called for by the name of the brother of the Cardinal York." On entering the papal apartment, Charles knelt down to kiss the hand extended to him, and remained on his knees till His Holiness bade him rise. He then stood up, and remained in conversation with the Pope for a full quarter of an hour, standing the whole of the time, though his brother remained seated.†

\* *Lansdowne MSS.*, vol. xxix., Europe, p. 475. Sir H. Mann to Lord Shelburne, May 19, 1767.

† Sir H. Mann, May 19, 1767.

"God be praised," writes the Cardinal,\* "last Saturday evening, after a good deal of battleying upon very trifling circumstances, I carried my brother to the Pope's privately, as a private nobleman, by which means he certainly has derogated nothing of his just pretensions, and has at the same time fulfilled with an indispensable duty owing to the Head of the Church. The visit went much better than I expected, the Pope was extremely well satisfied, and my brother seemed well enough content, though I asked him very few questions, and so I hope to draw from it a great deal of good, provided my brother does not obstruct all by his indocility, and most singular way of thinking and arguing, which indeed passes anybody's comprehension."

After having thus broken the ice of seclusion, Charles entered freely into the pleasures of Roman life. He became a frequent guest at the Vatican, and was treated kindly by Clement, who on one occasion told him that "he had formerly served his father as chaplain, and that he always had the greatest regard for his family, and regretted that political considerations prevented him giving such proofs of it as he would wish."† There can be no doubt that political considerations alone prevented the Holy See from recognising the claim of the Prince to the throne of England. When the sporting season began,

\* Autograph letters from Cardinal York, May, 12, 1767, but without the address, in possession of John Webster, Esq., Advocate, Aberdeen.

† Sir H. Mann, June 22, 1769.

Charles spent much of his time hunting and shooting amid the scenes of his boyhood around Albano. He did not care about making close personal friendships as the Cardinal was in the habit of doing, preferring the society of fresh acquaintances whom he could drop or cultivate as he chose. Intimacies he was averse to, but he liked to come in contact with new people, to talk or listen as he felt inclined, and then to go away careless whether he ever met them again. Music he always loved, and his great pleasure was to attend the concerts that were frequently given. He seemed indifferent to everything that gave him much trouble, sport excepted, but he enjoyed being a passive spectator of society—driving about the streets, seldom going out to dinner, but dropping in at balls and *réunions*, when he would sit alone and watch the company, always being present where good music was to be heard, and if any strolling company of players gave a representation at Albano or Frascati, he seldom failed to make one of their audience. Then, when the humour came upon him, he would retire to the solitude of his palace, and shut himself up from the world. It was on these occasions, I fear, that many a bottle of his favourite Cyprus wine was uncorked and summoned to drive away the fits of depression that seized upon him.

In spite of the remark of the English envoy at Naples, that the life of the Prince was “sober and regular,” he still drank deeply. For a little time after his entrance into society, he had put a check upon himself

so far as to pay a certain amount of deference to the *convenances* of life, and was not seen in his cups on all occasions, as had been his custom heretofore. He had also taken to drink irregularly; for days the temptation would quit him, and he would be almost temperate in his habits; then the craving would come back upon him with renewed force after its temporary absence and he would be sottishness itself.

"The Pretender," writes one who was an eye witness of his habits at this time,\* "is naturally above the middle size but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking; but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure . . . . At Princess Palestrina's, he asked me if I understood the game of *Tarrochi*, which

\* *Letters of an Englishwoman*, vol. ii. p. 198; quoted from Earl Stanhope's "Forty Five," pp. 140, 141.



they were about to play at. I answered in the negative ; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards ? I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then, displaying them, said, ‘ There is everything in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, the moon, the stars ; and here,’ says he, throwing me a card, ‘ is the Pope ; here is the devil ; and,’ added he, ‘ there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be ! ’ I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing good humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look ; and as to a reply I made none.”

As the summer of 1770 approached, his physicians ordered Charles to quit Rome, and take the baths of Pisa. Dissipation was beginning to do its work of destruction upon his frame, and it was considered advisable to arrest its progress. To Pisa therefore Charles went, but on his way he passed through Florence, and as the fair city had always been full of attraction to him, he halted there for a few days. It soon became known that Count Albany—for so he called himself—was in the place. The Grand Duke and his ministers ignored the arrival of the illustrious visitor, but not so the *élite* of the Florentine aristocracy, who called upon him, and shewed him every attention. Seated in state in his rooms, with “ the Garter under his coat, and the badge of St. Andrew at the button-hole of his waistcoat,” he held his *levées*. Banquets were spread in his honour ; concerts were given ; he was

invited to balls ; but in spite of all this attention, the one distinction he coveted was withheld. No one treated him with royal honours ; not one was found who gave him the title of King of England.\*

From Florence he travelled to Pisa, where he remained several weeks, and derived, it is said, great benefit from the baths. Here he touched "two or three very low people" afflicted with scrofula, who applied to him for the cure that the royal hand was believed to effect.† On leaving Pisa, Charles returned to Florence with the intention of remaining there some little time, as he had been so pleased with the welcome lately shown him. But the Grand Duke, on learning the fuss the Florentines had made in receiving the Prince, was anything but delighted with the news, and fearing the strong arm of England, gave orders that should the Prince pay the city a second visit, no notice was to be taken of his arrival. Accordingly, instead of the flattering attentions he had expected to receive, Charles was treated with studied coldness.

The contrast was so marked that it was not long before the Prince ascertained its true cause. When he learnt that his presence was disagreeable to the Grand Duke, and dreaded by the Ministers, the old obstinacy that loved opposition simply for the sake of opposition was aroused within him, and he determined to take up his abode in Florence. He was advised semi-officially to quit the city ; he refused. His friends, fearful "that his violent

\* Sir H. Mann, Aug. 17, 1770.

† *Ibid.*, Sept. 8, 1770.

temper, heated by the wine he was always taking, might induce him to commit some great irregularity in public of which the Government would be obliged to take notice," used all their efforts to change his resolve.\* In vain; Charles said he preferred Florence to Rome, and nothing would drive him forth. At last, so continued was his opposition, that it became necessary for his brother to interfere, and threaten him with his severe displeasure unless he instantly removed his quarters. As the Cardinal held the purse strings, Charles thought it more prudent to retire from Florence, than incur the risk of having his allowance diminished by arousing the animosity of his brother. He returned to Pisa, where he rented a villa, and again went through a course of the baths. Here we are told that he led "the same irregular life as at Rome, being totally addicted to drinking."† Suddenly he took his departure in a most mysterious manner, assumed the name of Smith, and arrived at Paris late in the winter of 1771.

\* Sir H. Mann, Oct. 6, 1770.

† *Ibid.*, April 2, 1771.

## CHAPTER X.

### MARRIAGE.

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" Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?  
Was ever woman in this humour won ?  
I'll have her."

" Here is a mother now  
Will truck her daughter for a foreign venture."

SOME few years before his death the Chevalier de St. George had wished to see his eldest son married. He may have hoped that the charms of domesticity would have caused Charles to abandon the irregular life he was leading, and wean him from the thralldom of the detestable vice then enslaving him. The anxiety of James to see the Prince settled is evident from the gossip in the latter portion of Walton's correspondence, but all the matrimonial negotiations which had for their object the happiness of Charles, seem to have fallen through. The son was averse to the holy state. Early in the year 1754 he had been urged by his father to take a wife, but he replied that "the unworthy behaviour of certain ministers (the 10th of December, 1748) has put it out of my power to settle anywhere without honour or interest being at stake; and were it even possible for me to find a

place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father, to be tied neck and heel rather than yield to a vile ministry." \* But political reasons—we are hardly justified in saying a personal inclination—were now to change this resolve.

In the opinion of the Bourbon government, it was considered unwise that the race of the Stuarts should be extinguished. The younger brother was a priest: the future hopes of the House were therefore centred in the elder. Dissipated, degraded, a wreck both in mind and body, Charles, let him only perpetuate his line, might yet serve as a thorn in the side of the House of Hanover. The money question settled satisfactorily to himself, all knew there would be no difficulty either in persuading the Prince to marry, or in finding some fair girl ready to accept his hand and his quasi-royal honours. Instructed by the French Court, the Duc de Fitzjames wrote to the Prince at Pisa offering him a handsome pension provided he would marry the woman chosen for him. Charles hurried to Paris and readily closed with the proposal.

The victim selected to carry out this political arrangement was a young pretty woman of good birth but slender fortune. Her father, Gustavus Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, came of an ancient and

\* Stuart Papers, March 24, 1754. Stanhope.

distinguished family, which had lately been raised to princely rank. Her mother, a daughter of the illustrious House of Horn, was naturally allied to the Bruces in Scotland, the Montmorencys and Créquis in France, the De Croys and De Lignes in the Low Countries, the Colonnas and Orsinis in Italy, and the Gonzagas and Medinas in Spain. Thus, in the veins of the fair Louise, Princess of Stolberg, there ran blood blue enough to satisfy the most inquisitive of heralds. But, as not infrequently happens where the pedigree is illustrious, the circumstances of her family were in an inverse ratio to their splendour of descent. The House of Stolberg was impoverished. Her husband, a Lieut.-General in the Austrian service, having been killed in the bloody victory of Frederick the Great over Marshal Daun, at Leuthen, the mother of Louisa had been left a widow at an early age, with four daughters to provide for: the future titular Queen of England being then in her sixth year. The brave Empress Maria Theresa now came to the aid of the afflicted family: the mother had a pension assigned her, and the daughters received the Imperial protection.

There then existed in the Austrian Netherlands various well-endowed Chapters exclusively reserved for such of the female aristocracy as could prove the requisite number of quarterings. The Chapter of Mons was the most distinguished, and the first stall that fell vacant was placed at the disposal of the widowed mother, who nominated her eldest daughter. For the first few years Louisa was busy

with her education in a convent, then, when she had reached the age of seventeen, for there was little of an ecclesiastical character about these Chapters beyond the name, she entered upon her full rights as canoness. For three years she enjoyed the refined society of her order, leading a life of graceful repose and cultivated intercourse, till the cold calculating eye of politics spied her in her calm retreat and took her forth to mate with an exhausted *viveur* of fifty-two.

In spite of the teaching of the convent, and the religious title she bore, the fair blue-eyed young *chanoinesse* was as practically worldly as if she had been trained by the typical Belgravian mother. She weighed the offer made to her in the most mundane of scales, and found that the advantages made the disadvantages kick the beam. Of the love that she had read in romances she knew there could be none: her husband was twice her years, worn out, seldom seen but in his cups, a man now degraded, unworthy, and vile. But Cupid is not the only deity that presides over the altar of Hymen: high rank, wealth, and a superior order of social surroundings, often usurp his authority and use his influence only to mask a calculating policy. "For the young canoness of Mons," writes Herr Von Reumont,\* "this marriage might have attractions. It was a crown that was offered her—a crown without true significance, but wreathed

\* "Die Gräfin von Albany." My quotation is from Mr. Hayward's most interesting review of Von Reumont's work in his "Biographical and Critical Essays," vol. ii. p. 198.

by the splendour which is lent by centuries of legitimacy and great events—a crown which had once belonged to the glorious race of Robert Bruce, whose blood flowed in her veins—a crown set in rich pearls by the truth of a people, by the sanctity of misfortune, by ready courage in danger, by cheerfulness in self-sacrifice. *Dieu et mon droit*, and the Scottish *Nemo me impune lacessit*, found an echo in the device of the Stolberg's *Spes nescia falli*, in the *Fuimus* of the Bruces." Who could tell, in the fluctuations of European politics, whether the crown now on the brows of the feeble toper would always be shadowy and "without true significance?" The black clouds of adversity, which had so long enveloped the fortunes of his race, might be dispelled, and the exile yet wield the splendid power of the sceptre. Paris, said Henry the Fourth, was well worth a mass, and to be a future Queen of England was, in the deep blue eyes of the Princess Stolberg, well worth a sacrifice of the affections.

As soon as Lord Harcourt, the English Ambassador at Paris, heard of the arrival of the Prince, he at once put himself in communication with the French Government. Colonel Blaquièrre, the Secretary to the Embassy, called upon the Duc d'Aiguillon, and begged to know whether there was any truth in the report of the Pretender being in Paris. In reply, the Minister said it was perfectly true that the Pretender had been staying in Paris, and that he had been *en ville* several days. "But," added the Duc, with diplomatic innocence, "the very instant I was in-



formed of it, I sent to him to know his business—what brought him hither? He returned for answer that he was come to marry a rich heiress, a woman in Germany, and that he wished to stay at Paris that he might be more at hand to transact the matter. This wish we refused to comply with, and ordered him to quit the kingdom immediately, and to wait the issue of his adventures elsewhere. Pray inform his Excellency that our orders have been strictly carried out. We desired the Duc de Fitzjames to see the Pretender safe across the Alps, and by this time the two must have arrived in Italy.”—“Then it was only a question of marriage?” asked the Colonel; “we had heard he was meditating designs upon Poland, and feared that his mission was to demand French aid.” The Duc assured the Secretary that the visit of the Pretender had nothing whatever to do with politics, that it related simply to his marrying some one, a German lady, he believed, and that His Excellency might be assured that His Most Christian Majesty would never dream of disturbing the *entente cordiale* that existed between England and France by encouraging, in any manner, one whose pretensions were so out of date and so offensive to His august ally.\*

Satisfied that this visit of the Prince had nothing whatever to do with an attempt to obtain the Polish kingdom, now on the eve of dismemberment, for himself, the English government took but scant interest in the story of his marriage. When the

\* State Papers, France. Lord Harcourt, Oct. 1, 1771. No. 525.

ceremony occurred, Colonel Blaquièrè simply mentioned the fact in his despatches, and then passed on to matters of greater importance.\* The French ministry seem also to have regarded the affair somewhat nonchalantly, and to have treated Charles not a little cavalierly. He had consented to the arrangement, and that was all that was now required of him. There was no reason why he should remain in Paris—a stay of any length would simply give rise to rumours and gossip that had better be avoided. The marriage would not take place for some little time, and if it was thought advisable to have it celebrated at Paris, the ceremony could easily be performed by proxy. It was, all things considered, desirable that the Prince should return at once to Italy, and, as it was known that he was somewhat erratic when travelling, Fitzjames would be sent to accompany him on his journey. Thus there were some grains of truth in the statement made by the Duc to the Secretary of Embassy.

Much to his surprise, therefore, Charles had no sooner signified his assent to the bargain, than he was ordered to take his departure. It did not suit him to refuse. He had been bought, and was bound to comply with the wishes of his purchasers. But, added to the conduct of the Ministers on that hated tenth of December, added also to the fact that he was incessantly putting himself under obligations—obligations which a manlier nature would have rejected—to this detested France, it only made him

\* State Papers, France. Lord Harcourt, March 29, 1772.

abhor Frenchmen the more. To his dying hour he never spoke of a Frenchman but with contempt. Perhaps one of the reasons why the Duc and his colleagues were so anxious for the speedy departure of the Prince was, as d'Aiguillon admitted, that he was drunk and besotted during the whole time of his stay, and that it was impossible to account for every act of folly and absurdity that might enter into such a head." \* Among these acts of "folly and absurdity" might be the admission that France, in spite of her esteem for her august ally of Great Britain, had bribed the Prince to marry, and had even selected as his bride the "German lady," so vaguely spoken of by the Duc d'Aiguillon.

The marriage took place secretly at Paris March 28, 1772, by proxy, the mother of the bride hastening the ceremony for fear that the Empress Maria Theresa might oppose the proceedings. The Duc de Fitzjames represented Charles, and signed the contract. The ceremony over, the Princess and her mother started at once for Venice, and then took ship at Trieste for Ancona. Thanks to the courtesy of an Italian noble, who offered his château at Macerata for the purpose, the marriage ceremony was again performed. The day chosen was somewhat ominous; it was the 17th of April, which fell on a Good Friday. In after life the Countess of Albany, when commenting upon the unhappiness of her union with the Prince, was wont to say that it was only what

\* State Papers, France. Oct. 20, 1771. No. 525.

could be expected "from a marriage solemnised on the lamentation day of Christendom."

After spending a couple of days at Macerata, the newly married pair left for Terni, where they were received by Count Spada, whose brother had been long attached to the Court of the Stuarts. The ladies of the house were charmed with the grace and animation of the bride, but not unnaturally seem to have been astonished that so beautiful a girl, whose complexion was certainly not in want of any of the appliances of art, should have worn rouge. The Princess, however, not only defended her use of the meretricious article, but strongly recommended it to the Countess Spada, who was among the freshest of Tuscan beauties. The Countess preferring the bloom of nature, failed to be convinced.

On the 22nd of April, Charles entered Rome with his wife. By the exertions of the Cardinal, an appearance of royal pomp was given to their arrival. Four couriers rode in front; then followed the travelling carriage of the Prince; then that of the Princess, drawn by six horses, in which were the bride and bridegroom; then two other carriages containing the suite, and last of all the carriages of the Cardinal York. Shortly after their arrival, the Cardinal called upon the Princess, and, presented her with a rich snuff-box set in diamonds containing a draft for forty thousand crowns. Charles, as soon as he had taken up his abode at the Palace Muti, informed Cardinal Pallavicini, the Secretary of State, of the arrival of the "King and

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Queen of England." No notice was, however, taken of this formal announcement; the Vatican had been too well tutored to recognize the title.

But with the single exception of refusing to acknowledge their royal rank, the eternal city was quite willing to prove itself most agreeable to the lately wedded pair. Everywhere the Prince and Princess were treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration. The Pope and the Sacred College showed them attention. They were freely invited to dinners and balls by the greatest among the Roman aristocracy. When they issued cards for a reception, their salons were crowded. The ladies permitted the Princess to assume airs, and a disregard for social rules to which she was not strictly entitled. She received visitors, but she did not return visits, and on all occasions she arrogated to herself rights which none but the very loyally disposed, were disposed at last to concede. The Prince, proud of his beautiful wife, was always by her side, and took far more kindly than had been his custom to the pleasures of society. He was generally to be seen driving about the city during the day, and in the evenings listening to concerts unless specially invited elsewhere. Thus passed the winter of 1772.

"The Queen of Hearts," says Bonsetten, the accomplished patrician of Berne,\* "as the Queen of England was called, was of the middle height, *blonde*, with deep blue eyes, a nose slightly turned up, the complexion dazzlingly fair, like that of an Englishwoman.

\* Von Reumont. *Hayward's Review*, p. 200.

Her expression was maliciously gay, but naturally not without a dash of raillery ; her nature more French than German. She seemed made to turn everybody's head. The Pretender was large, lean, of a kindly disposition, talkative. He delighted to speak English, and spoke much and willingly of his adventures, interesting enough for a stranger, whilst those about him might possibly have been obliged to listen to them a hundred times. His young wife laughed heartily at the history of his having been disguised in woman's clothes, considering his mien and stature."

Hopes were entertained that the Prince was now becoming a reformed character. He had abandoned his habits of excessive drinking, and it seemed as if the society of his bright and pretty wife sufficiently compensated him for the diminution of stimulants. If somewhat jealous, he was a most devoted husband, and, proud of the wit and beauty of the Princess, danced incessant attendance upon her. Conscious of the admiration she excited, he regarded it as a tribute to himself, and gay company accordingly became all the more agreeable to him. Those who had known him during "the Forty Five," and were aware of the change that had come over him subsequently, believed that the dissipation of the past would never be repeated.

But the reform was only temporary ; the demon had departed for a while, but was soon to return with renewed vigour. As novelty wore off, and the leaven of satiety began to work its bitter way, the Prince

gradually fell into his old habits. Before the year 1773 had come to a close, he was more a victim of intoxication than ever. "For some time after his marriage," writes Sir Horace Mann,\* "he abstained from any great excess in wine, but of late he has given in to it again as much as ever, so that he is seldom quite sober, and frequently commits the greatest disorders in his family." His peevishness and spite and brooding grievances, which comparative sobriety had dispelled, now came back to him. He found fault with Rome, and with the equivocal position he occupied. He began to hold aloof from the company he had once gladly frequented. He desired to be treated with Royal honours. He intrigued with the Cardinals, and once more laid his case before the Pope. During the earlier part of his stay, when the nervous system was not irritated by constant intoxication, he had been content to forego these embarrassing demands, and was perfectly happy in the sympathy and consideration everywhere shown him. But now nothing could satisfy him but that he should enjoy the rank his father enjoyed, and be the mimic King of a mimic Court. The Pope refused to alter the former verdict of the Sacred College, and declined to receive him as a crowned head. In a huff Charles quitted Rome and vowed that he never would enter its gates again.

For a few weeks he sojourned at Leghorn, but disliking the thriving port, he rented a villa at Sienna.

\* Dec. 11, 1773.

This time and place are the starting-point of a curious tale that has been told. It is said that, whilst staying at this dreariest of all Italian cities, the Princess was unexpectedly confined of a son. Dreading the designs of the House of Hanover, the parents consigned the child to one Admiral Allan, whose frigate was lying at anchor off the coast. The Admiral accepted the charge, returned to England, and brought up the infant as his own son. Years passed on, the royal lad, the secret of whose birth was still kept, took to the sea, acquitted himself with great gallantry in several affairs with smugglers, married an English lady, and had issue two sons, whose descendants are now living. If this story be true, the Stuart dynasty is not extinct in its direct line, and it still has amongst us representatives who can put the claims of the House of Modena to be the last of the race completely in the shade.

But a clumsier story, delusion or imposture never conceived. If we may believe anything, we may believe that the Countess of Albany was a childless wife. We know how, in our own time, when a royal dame becomes *enceinte*, the fact, though devoid of all political interest, is, thanks to the inquisitive eye of gossip, an open secret to the world at large. Royalty occupies so exalted a position that it cannot escape comment on these delicate occasions. And in the case of the Stuarts the concealment of such an event, however much the parents may have desired it, would have been almost impossible.



From the letters of Walton, Mann, and the other less important envoys, we see how minutely the actions of the Stuarts were criticised. The father and mother of Charles could do nothing without Walton noting it down and reporting it to his Government. He knew weeks before the birth of Charles, that the Princess Clementine was in an interesting condition ; and he was similarly informed before the birth of Henry. Charles and Louisa in their turn had to undergo the same espionage. The titular King and Queen of England could not attend mass, could not drive out, could not receive friends, could not order new liveries—nay, could hardly talk in private together, without an inquisitive envoy becoming informed of the matter. It made no difference whether they resided at Rome, Leghorn, Sienna, Pisa, or whatever city they for the moment affected, within a few hours of their arrival everything relating to them was being commented upon by an attentive Secretary of Legation.

Sir Horace Mann—one of the ablest of the diplomatists of his day—was especially vigilant respecting the actions and movements of the royal couple : his own words are, “ I have most authentic means of being informed of everything that goes on in the Pretender’s house.” It was known that France had married the Prince with the one object of perpetuating the line of the Stuarts ; nor was there any reason why the Princess should not become a mother. The attention of the envoy was therefore naturally

directed to the probabilities of such an event taking place. What does he say? "As I have lately observed an article in the English newspapers which asserts that Cardinal York was dead and that his sister-in-law is with child, I think it my duty to acquaint your Lordship that both these circumstances are false." \* Can we imagine that, with a keen man like Mann spying upon her every action, the Princess could have become *enceinte* without his being made aware of a fact which would be well known to almost every dame at an Italian Court? Or supposing that he had been in ignorance of the condition of the Princess, is it likely that she could bring a child into the world without his becoming, sooner or later, acquainted with the event? However carefully the secret might be preserved, it would be known to too many persons—doctors, nurses, and the like—not to leak out.

But to proceed with this ingenious story. After the birth of the child, and to escape the murderous designs of the House of Hanover, we are told that the infant was delivered into the hands of Admiral Allan. It seems strange that such a charge should be consigned, not to a staunch Tory, not to a trusty Jacobite, but to a zealous Whig, such as Allan was known to be, and it seems still more strange that the Admiral should die in apparent ignorance, as his will proves, that the younger of the two children he was accustomed to regard as his sons was of royal blood. We might also

\* Sept. 22, 1772.

comment upon the somewhat unusual occurrence of a gallant naval officer returning home with a forlorn babe—who nursed it?—as a secret member of his crew. Would not such an addition to the ship's company have soon been discovered by the sailors, been freely talked about, and made the subject of mess-room jokes? But the strongest evidence against the story has yet to be urged. We know that shortly after the Countess of Albany eloped with her lover, Charles sent for his natural daughter by Miss Walkenshaw, treated her with every kindness, created her Duchesse d'Albanie, and at his death left her everything he possessed. Never do we hear of his alluding, during the latter years of his life, to any other child, and we can scarcely believe that, if he had a legitimate son, who, at the time of his death, must have been some nineteen years of age, he would never mention his name, never make any attempt to discover where he was concealed, but act up to the time of his death as if in utter ignorance that an heir had ever been born unto him. We know how Charles, to his dying day, buoyed himself up with the hope of ascending the throne of England, we know how sensitive he was about his ancient House becoming blotted out among the Royal families of Europe, we know that his quarrel with his brother for taking priest's orders was simply due to the fact that, if anything happened to the elder son, the younger was now rendered unable to perpetuate the line, and knowing all this, is it not ridiculous to suppose that if Charles had a lawful heir

to his name, he would have rejected him in favour of a bastard daughter, and not have been only too eager to acknowledge him?

Again, the Countess of Albany was certainly a woman of very doubtful reputation, but it does not follow that because a wife has been faithless to her husband, she should necessarily be callous to the strongest feeling that animates human nature—the affection of a mother. The Countess of Albany lived for many years—she did not die till 1824—and yet we never hear from her lover Alfieri, or from his successor, the painter Fabre, that she ever mentioned having had a son. Surely we are wronging the dead in supposing that the wife of Prince Charles, frivolous though she was, could yet have been so deaf to all the promptings of her kind as never to think of or inquire after the son she had born in the early days of her marriage—the only child too that she ever brought into the world? Whatever estimate we form of the *carissima donna* of Alfieri, there is nothing to shew that she was destitute of affection: on the contrary, her affections, though ill-regulated, were warm and impulsive. Characters like hers have little of the unnatural coldness of the mother of Savage in their composition.

We have one other point to raise. Some little time before his death Charles was on the best of terms with the Cardinal. He confessed to his brother everything; told him of the conduct of the Countess and of the *liaison* that had existed, unknown to his Eminence,

between her and Alfieri; spoke to him of his daughter and desired him to watch over her welfare; and left in his hands the management of the Jacobite party. Had this child been born as alleged, we may safely conclude that at this time, if never before, he would have mentioned the matter to his brother. That he did not is evident from the subsequent conduct of the Cardinal, who styled himself Henry IX. King of England, on the death of Charles, and ever regarded himself as the last in direct line of the Royal House of Stuart. Having thus disposed of this improbable fable, still credited in some parts of Scotland (but who, after a recent trial, can be surprised at the eccentricities of human credulity?) it is as clear as proof can make anything clear that no child was ever born by the wife of Prince Charles. The story is but an ill-digested tale from beginning to end, and has only to be read to bring with it its own refutation.\*

The fair capital of Tuscany had always been a favourite city with the Prince, and towards the end of October, 1774, he quitted Sienna, and took up his abode at Florence. The Grand Duke, Peter Leopold, second son of Maria Theresa, desirous of maintaining good relations with England, declined, however, to recognise his arrival, and gave orders that no official notice should be taken of him. Still, as at Rome, society was willing to receive him with every courtesy and attention. In spite of the Grand Ducal instruc-

\* For a full and unanswerable *exposé* of this sorry romance, see the article by Lockhart in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxi. p. 57.

tions, several members of the government called upon him, and their example was followed by the different foreign ministers stationed at the Tuscan capital. The fair Florentines paid their visits of ceremony to the Princess, and so far as social hospitalities were concerned, the distinguished couple had little cause for discontent. But Charles, piqued at the conduct of the Grand Duke, as he had been at that of the Vatican, coldly held himself aloof. He preferred the pleasures the city offered him outside its *gay salons*. He loved to wander about its exquisite gardens, to explore the treasures of its palaces, to examine the tombs and the bronzes of its churches, and to take his favourite walk along the banks of the Arno. Nor was his wife a whit more amiably disposed towards the society of the place. In her own eyes she was Queen of England, and was even more royal in her ideas than her husband. She received the visits of the Florentine dames with all due grace and urbanity, but as at Rome she refused to return their visits. The haughty ladies of the Tuscan Court declined to be treated in this cavalier fashion, and unlike their Roman sisters, refused to accept her hospitalities or enter her house.\* Society would receive her on a footing of equality, but such reception the wife of King Charles the Third haughtily objected to. Thus the two, owing to their exclusive airs, were left much to themselves.

The Prince, as if to show how little he cared for the refusal of the Grand Duke to recognise his claims, and

\* Sir H. Mann, Sept. 26, 1775.

how lightly he regarded such claims, gave out that he wished himself and his wife to be styled merely the Count and Countess Albany; nor would he permit the few people who visited him to call him by any other title.\* But such a request, instead of displaying indifference, only proved how sore was the wound. There can be no doubt that Charles was galled to the quick by having the distinction he claimed, and his father had received, withheld from him. All his acts showed it. He seldom entered the well winnowed circles of Florentine society, but he loved to lounge about the rooms whenever a public ball took place. Thus it not unfrequently happened that he and his wife, in the pursuit of the gaieties they affected, came across the path of the Grand Duke and Duchess, who invariably refused to recognise them.† Charles, who had been regarded as an equal by potentates like Louis the Fifteenth, felt keenly, in spite of his assumed non-chalance, this snubbing by a petty Italian sovereign. The following anecdote testifies how keenly. The Duke of Ostrogothia was then incognito at Florence as Count d'Oeland. Calling upon the Prince, whom he had known in former days, he was asked to dinner, and accepted the invitation. Charles, delighted with his distinguished guest, grasped his hand as they sat at table, and said with effusion, "*Ah, Monsieur le Comte, quelle consolation pour moi de dîner avec un de mes égaux!*"‡

\* Sir H. Mann, Sept. 26, 1775.

+ *Ibid.*, Feb. 6, 1776.

‡ *Ibid.*, Sept. 21, 1776.

The theatre had always been a favourite amusement of the Prince, and now that he was left much to himself, hardly a night passed without his occupying his box. He did not take any special interest in the performance, for at that time of the evening he had evidently, to put it kindly, "dined," and was not in a condition to appreciate the intricacies of a plot or the charms of an aria. But he liked the lights and the crowd, and could drowse away, if he so chose, perfectly undisturbed.\* Not infrequently, on these occasions, he would draw forth from the recesses of his *loge* a bottle of his favourite Cyprus wine, and beguile the tedium of the "waits" by libations which soon rendered him occasionally disorderly and always incapable. It was when in this state that the melancholy scenes ensued which made his name a byword and a reproach throughout Europe. When very drunk, the middle-class Florentines who patronised the drama, had the pleasure of seeing the heir of an ancient house, the titular monarch of Great Britain and a defender of the faith, a man who in his youth had done brave deeds and been filled with generous impulses, carried to his carriage by his servants, his head hanging on his breast, his legs trailing along the staircase, and the lips, if the brain was not completely stupefied, breathing forth curse and menace. One evening when his favourite Cyprus wine was strong within him, he roundly abused a French officer who was standing in the corridor close to his box. Indignant at such

\* Sir H. Mann, Sept. 5, 1775.



conduct, the son of Gaul drew himself haughtily up, and said that he supposed *Monsieur le Comte* was unaware to whom he was addressing such injurious language? But Charles, who was drunk enough to be quarrelsome, and not enough to be stupid, was perfectly conscious of the insults he was offering. "I know you to be a Frenchman," said he, with a sneer, "and that is sufficient."\*

As might be expected it was not long before this incessant intoxication began to do its work of destruction upon his frame. The fatigues of the '45, and the anxieties of later years, had greatly impaired his once robust constitution. He had now arrived at a time of life when excess quickly reaps as it sows. Unlike many of the great toppers of his age, who worked off the heavy potations of the previous night by hard exercise, or severe intellectual excitement on the following day, the Prince did nothing save amuse himself in a manner that aggravated the craving for drink. He would saunter along the Arno, or idle about galleries, already half stupid with the wine he had taken to quench his dry thirst at breakfast and with the whisky he drank at his mid-day meal. Or else he would drive in the gardens, bored and discontented with himself, and longing for the evening, when he could take his fill of the vintage he loved, and then, excited or stupefied as the case might be, huddle himself in his box at the theatre, or watch the women dancing at a masked ball. But toward the end

\* Sir H. Mann, Nov. 29, 1774.

of 1776 nature gave him a warning. His legs began to swell and caused him great pain. He suffered much from colic, and was a victim to constant sickness. He was advised to abstain from ardent spirits, and to take care of himself. But with the reckless obstinacy of the habitual sot, he would allow nothing to interfere with the full gratification of his favourite vice. He drank even harder than ever to drown reflection, and as usual went every evening to the theatre, "though the sickness at his stomach often obliged him to retire in a hurry into the public passage, where two of his servants attended to give him assistance."\*

At last alarming complications ensued. A dropsy formed in his breast; he lost his appetite, and was attacked by a severe cough. It was now absolutely necessary for him to be more temperate. He drank less during the day, but in the evening he fully compensated for this privation, and we read that in his nightly visits to the theatre, he was supported by his servants from his coach to his box, and then extended on a couch, would watch the stage, sipping the while the Cyprus he always brought with him. A more degrading exhibition of the loss of self-control and the utter annihilation of self-respect we cannot conceive.

But Nemesis was already on his track. Of all the vices none it is said falls with more severity upon the innocent, whom circumstances force into contact with it, than habitual intoxication. The home life of the drunkard is perhaps the most painful picture that

\* Sir H. Mann, Sept. 28, 1776.

crime and misery have ever depicted. Everything becomes neglected; domestic happiness is ruined at its very foundation; the man is brutalised; the wife is unsexed, the children are as if they were not; the flashes of peace which arise from the morbid sulks of remorse are as trying to bear as the occasional fits of delight that ring with the echo of the maniac. In how many cases has the drunken woman met her fate at the hands of an exasperated husband? In how many cases has the drunken husband but paved the way for the elopement of an insulted wife?

More than once must the quondam young canonesse have regretted the quiet and refinement of Mons when she compared the charms of its past with the storms and anxieties of the present. Little had she gained by the marriage, whose false brilliancy had allured her. She was a Queen, but none acknowledged her rank, and a fiend rather than a divinity hedged the privileges which she claimed, but none accorded. She had raised herself out of her own order, but a superior sphere had not admitted her. She hovered between two social worlds, and belonged to neither. Alone, unrecognised, conscious of her beauty and of her powers to please and conquer, she had for her constant companion one whose society was a degradation and a loathsome bondage. She was ill-treated by her husband, as he had formerly been accustomed to ill-treat the woman he lived with. He vented his spite upon her, and abused her when his fits of depression required a butt. Jealous of her beauty, and conscious of her rising

scorn for him, he always shackled her with his companionship. She was never left alone, and was incessantly subject to the annoyances that a coarse and irritable mind loves to inflict upon a woman—in its power. Gradually the hatred of Mary for Darnley stole over her. Her health, Mann tells us, began to suffer. Among the Florentine dames she had made no intimacies, and could not seek that consolation which the heavily laden finds in confession to a sympathetic hearer. She pined for friendship and intellectual companionship. A more dangerous situation for a young, pretty and neglected woman, surrounded by the lax examples of Tuscan morality, there could scarcely be.

Thus matters stood when an event occurred which was to change the weary monotony of her life.

## CHAPTER XI.

### UNO CAVALIERE SERVENTE.

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"O Lancelot, get thee hence to thine own land,  
For if thou tarry, we shall meet again,  
And if we meet again, some evil chance  
Will make the smouldering scandal break and blaze  
Before the people and our lord the king.  
And Lancelot ever promised, but remained,  
And still they met and met."

THE winter season of the year 1777 had barely begun to attract its usual crowd of visitors within the gay capital of Tuscany, when there arrived a tall, pale visaged, red-haired young man, whose accent proclaimed him to be a native of Piedmont. He was unknown, and when men said his name was Vittorio Alfieri, few were any the wiser. After a life of wandering dissipation, the future dramatist had resolved to settle quietly down at Florence, there to master the beautiful language of the Grand Duchy, and there to give shape to the glowing images which his fertile brain was ever conceiving. Conscious of the genius that worked within him, his whole soul was now inspired by the ambition of bursting upon the world as the

greatest poet of his day. He knew that the talent he possessed belonged to that high order which is born and cannot be made, but which hitherto he had taken little pains to polish by culture. As a lad he had left Turin but half educated to wander through Europe, spending his time in its different capitals by entering into intrigue after intrigue. Of noble birth, good fortune, an agreeable presence, and great natural gifts, it had fallen to his lot to be loved not wisely but too well by those whom his subtle charms ensnared. In his autobiography he records, with much frankness, these adventures, and the sufferings they entailed.

And yet *orageuse* as had been his youth, his busy brain was throughout watching, working, and maturing. What he had lost by the careful training of education, he believed he had made up by the experiences that vice had opened out to him. The vicissitudes of his own career were a mine of wealth for his genius to draw upon. He felt that he was a poet, and his one aspiration was to turn his powers into the channel of the drama. Book learning he deemed of little advantage by itself; it was only valuable when the man who was a severe student was also a keen man of the world. A man of the world Alfieri knew himself to be. He had seen much of society; he had keenly watched human nature; he had dissected, from the opportunities the sex had accorded him, more than one woman; he had a profound knowledge of character. The time had now arrived for him to exchange the *viveur* for the student. But three things he resolved

to attend to. He would take Bacon's advice and read much, not many subjects. He would make himself master of the pure Tuscan dialect. And he must be under the influence of a grand passion. What Laura was to Petrarch, what Beatrice was to Dante, what Vittoria Colonna was to Michael Angelo, his ideal mistress must be to him. Residence at Florence he hoped would satisfy his requirements. There he knew he could study, could learn Italian, and there he hoped that "worthy love" would bind him for ever. He arrived at the Tuscan city; read hard; rapidly acquired its language; and became enamoured.

The object of his passion was Louisa, Countess of Albany, and he thus introduces her:—"At the end of the preceding summer, which I passed at Florence, I had often," he writes in his autobiography,\* "without seeking her, met a charming and beautiful lady, who, from her being also a foreigner and of distinction, it was impossible not to see and observe; and still more impossible that, seen and observed, she should not please everyone in the highest degree . . . . A soft flame in the darkest of eyes, coupled (which rarely happens) with the whitest of skins and light hair, gave her beauty an attraction from which it was no easy matter to escape unwounded or unsubdued. Twenty-five years of age, much tendency to the fine arts and literature, a disposition all gold, and, notwithstanding her position, painful, disagreeable, domestic circum-

\* "*Vita da Vittorio Alfieri da Asti.*" Quoted from Mr. Hayward's *Essay on the "Countess of Albany and Alfieri."*

stances that seldom left her happy and contented as she should have been. These were too many charms to be rashly encountered.

"In this autumn, then, an acquaintance having often proposed to take me to her house, thinking myself strong enough, I summoned up courage to wait upon her; nor had I gone many times, before I found myself, as it were, unconsciously caught. But the approach of this, my fourth and last fever of the heart, was fortunately manifested by symptoms different enough from the three first. In those I never found myself agitated by a passion of the mind, which, counterbalancing and mingling with that of the heart formed (to speak with the poet) an unknown, indistinct combination, the more profound and lasting in proportion, as it was less impetuous and fervent. Such was the flame which little by little got the upper hand of my every thought and feeling, and will never be extinguished in me but with life. Becoming aware in two months that my true lady was this one, since, instead of finding in her, as in all ordinary women, an obstacle to literary glory, a disturbance to useful occupation, and a hovering of thought, I found in her a spur, a comfort, and an example towards every good work, and recognising and appreciating so rare a treasure, I gave myself up to her beyond recall." This last admission must bear no false construction. Whatever was the intimacy that afterwards existed between Alfieri and the Countess, the relationship at this time, so far as outward purity was concerned,



was innocent. Circumstances compelled it to be Platonic.

The poet, inspired by the society and encouragement of his love, devoted himself with renewed vigour to his studies. He admitted the Countess into his intellectual confidence, and never meditated a work or composed a scene without asking her opinion and appealing to her judgment. To the young wife, who had a natural taste for culture and whose wit was keen, this companionship with genius was delightful. She took no pains to hide from the poet how agreeable she thought his society; she warmly sympathised with all his conceptions, and passed judgment upon them with the careful thought of an appreciative mind; all that he did interested her, and she showed her interest; in their frequent but limited interviews she spoke to him of her past, nor did she hesitate to excite his compassion by alluding to the miseries of the present. Two causes, however, prevented this dangerous intimacy from developing. Charles was furiously jealous, and in spite of his Italian associations had no intention that his place should be occupied by any *cavaliere servente*. He could not well banish the amorous poet from his presence, but he watched him closely and prevented opportunity. Though he did not treat his wife a whit more kindly than heretofore, he was now more than ever her constant companion. Shattered and stupefied as were his senses, he knew that danger was lurking near his threshold, and was Englishman enough to

protect his name from dishonour. A stranger, on seeing the Countess always attended by her husband—when she drove out, or walked in the galleries, or went to the theatre, or entered society—would have imagined them the most devoted of couples. But it was espionage on his part, a forced compliance on hers—not affection.

The poet, made on every occasion unpleasantly conscious of this marital vigilance, felt that the fates were against him, and that his love must be *degno amore* and nothing more. He worked at his plays and poems with passionate energy in order to mitigate his ill-regulated disappointment. Sometimes he had five or six works on the stocks at once. “*Maria Stuarda*,” “*Rosmunda*,” “*Ottavia*,” “*Timo-leone*,” were born during these feverish hours of frustrated guilt. This excessive occupation, as in the case of his brother bard Lord Byron, served its end, and had he not known that his *carissima donna* was unhappy, his mind would have been at peace. “My days,” he writes, referring to this period, “passed in a kind of perfect calm; and it would have been unbroken if I had not frequently been pained to see my adored one teased by continual domestic annoyances brought about by her querulous, unreasonable, and constantly intoxicated old husband. Her sorrows were mine; and I have successively suffered the pangs of death from them. I could only see her in the evening, and sometimes at dinner at her house; *but with the spouse always present, or at best in the*

*next room.* Not indeed that he took umbrage at me more than at others, but such was his system; and in nine years and more that this pair lived together, never, oh! never has he gone out without her, nor she without him: a cohesion which would end by becoming wearisome to two people who were ever so much in love with each other.

"The whole day, then, I remained at home studying, after riding on a hired horse for a couple of hours for mere health. In the evening I had the solace of seeing her; but too much embittered by finding her almost always afflicted and oppressed. If I had not most tenaciously adhered to study, I should have been unable to submit to see her so little and in such a manner. But on the other hand, if I had not had that solitary solace of her most charming aspect for counterpoison to the bitterness of my solitude, I should never have been able to bear up against a study so continuous, and so (I might say) phrenzied."

But matters were soon to assume a less innocent phase. Habitual intoxication had rendered Charles a complete brute. He treated his wife "in the most indecent and cruel manner." \* He beat her as he had beaten Miss Walkenshaw. His language towards her, always harsh and uncouth, now became coarse and abusive to a degree. He insulted her on every occasion, and cared not who were his witnesses. Aware of her regard for Alfieri, he reproached her with the sin she had not committed, but which, now

\* Sir H. Mann, Dec. 12, 1780.

in the hour of her bitter domestic misery, temptation had never made more alluring. How she must have contrasted the raving, unmanly monster who was her lawful lord and master, with the dark-eyed poet whose attentions had been so seductive, whose genius she honoured, and whose whole affections she knew she possessed! Between the lawful and the illicit how entirely every advantage was on the side of the latter!

It was one of those terrible moments in the life of woman when release, no matter at what a cost, is worth the purchase. She wrote to Cardinal York, who had always been her friend, and said that the conduct of his brother was past endurance, and begged him to advise her. He replied that she had his fullest sympathy, but exhorted her to bear with her husband's behaviour as long as she could. Should she be obliged to leave him, he promised her, however, his assistance and protection. His promise was soon called upon for fulfilment.

St. Andrew's Day had arrived, and the occasion was always celebrated by the Prince in drinking rather more than usual. Unhappy as had been the scenes that passed between husband and wife, the one that was now to ensue was the most painful. Mad with the liquor burning within him, Charles entered his nuptial chamber, and vented upon his wife abuse of the most outrageous character. Fierce recriminations then followed; but the husband was in no humour to listen to retorts. He seized the wretched woman, beat her, committed foul acts upon

her, and then ended by attempting to choke her in bed. Her screams roused the whole house, and the interference of the servants prevented the maniac from adding the crime of the assassin to the base list of charges against him. From that moment the insulted wife resolved to sever the hated tie that bound her to the despicable creature. She knew not how to act, and whilst meditating what course to pursue, Charles again brutally ill-treated her. Believing that her life was now in danger she planned a flight. She informed the Grand Duke of her case, and begged his protection. Then, aided by Alfieri, whose advice she solicited, the following plot was concocted. The Countess was to invite a friend of hers, a lady, to breakfast with her husband, as she was often in the habit of doing. After breakfast, Charles, as was his custom on these occasions, would invite the ladies to take the air in his coach. The invitation would be accepted ; but instead of driving in the gardens or along the Arno, they were to pay a visit to a convent under the Grand Duchess's protection. Arrived at the convent, the ladies would enter, the door would be barred against the husband, and Alfieri, who was to be in waiting near the convent, was to be at hand to prevent the Prince, who always carried pistols in his pockets, from committing any acts of violence.

All was carried out as agreed upon. The Lady Superior of the convent was apprised of the intended visit, the coach of the Prince rolled up to the gateway on the morning fixed upon, the

ladies alighted, Alfieri handing out the Countess, and entered the convent. On the Prince attempting to follow he was repulsed by Alfieri, and the door was immediately shut and barred. Half beside himself with rage, Charles thundered at the grating, and demanded his wife. A lady of the Tuscan Court, who assumed the direction of the convent in the name of the Grand Duchess, now came forward and said that "the Countess Albanie had put herself under the direction of the Grand Duke, and that being in danger of her life had resolutely determined never to cohabit with him any more." Upon this the Prince returned home, vowing the deadliest revenge, and offering one thousand zechins to anybody who would kill Alfieri.\*

The poet treated with the supremest scorn the imputations gossip levelled at him for rescuing the Countess. The charges were so beneath contempt, that he would not condescend to vindicate himself. "Suffice it to say," he writes, "that I saved my lady from the tyranny of an irrational and constantly drunken master, without *her honour being in any way whatever compromised*, nor the proprieties in the least transgressed." When we remember the extraordinary vigilance that the jealous husband exercised over the Countess—"the spouse always present, or at best in the next room"—we see no reason, in spite of subsequent behaviour, to doubt this statement. In the opinion of those who ought to have known, had the

\* Sir H. Mann, Dec. 12, 1780.

contrary occurred, no impropriety at this time was imagined. Sir Horace Mann calls Alfieri simply "a gentleman of her acquaintance:" the Vatican took the wife under its sacred protection; whilst the Cardinal writing to her a few days after her escape, inviting her to Rome, says: "I have long foreseen what has happened, and your proceedings taken in concert with the Court, are a guarantee for the rectitude of your motives."

Meanwhile, the irritated husband was half beside himself with rage and disappointment. He instantly dispatched Count Spada, the favourite of his household, to the Grand Duke, complaining of the conduct of the convent, and demanding that orders should be given for the immediate return of his wife. He received a very unfavourable answer.\* Then he consoled himself with a petty revenge very grateful to him. In her flight, the Countess had forgotten to take any clothes with her, and shortly after her admission into the convent, sent a maid to get the things she required. Not an article of raiment, not a trinket, nor any of the "common necessities of which she stood in need," would the Prince permit to be taken out of his palace. She had chosen to quit his roof, let her suffer for the consequences of her misconduct. She had exchanged his protection for that of new friends, let them provide for her. If she wanted aught from him, she should come as a supplicant and beg for it herself. But this refusal

\* Sir H. Mann, Dec. 12, 1780.

on the part of the Prince was no sooner reported to the Vatican, than His Holiness sent an order to Charles, commanding him to supply his wife with everything she stood in need of. The request, for reasons best known to the Prince, was immediately complied with.\*

After a few days seclusion, the Countess received the following letter from Cardinal York, desiring her to repair to Rome, where he had obtained the Papal permission for her to take up her residence in the Orsoline, the chief convent for ladies of distinction, till some final disposition should be made with regard to her.

“FRASCATI, Dec. 15, 1780.†

“MY VERY DEAR SISTER,—I cannot tell you the distress I suffered in reading your letter of the 9th inst. For some time past I have been anticipating what has now occurred, and the step you have taken in concert with the Court, is a guarantee for the rectitude of your motives. Besides, my very dear sister, you ought not to doubt my sentiments towards you, and how deeply I pity your situation; but, on the other hand, I beg of you to reflect that as regards your indissoluble union with my brother, I have had no other share in it than that of giving my formal consent after everything was concluded, without having had the slightest information beforehand; and,

\* Sir H. Mann, Dec. 23, 1780.

† *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Jan. 15, 1861. Translated from the criticism by M. Saint René Taillandier on Von Reumont's Biography.



as to what relates to the time after the completion of your marriage, no one can be a better witness than yourself how utterly impossible it was for me to give you even the smallest help in your troubles and sorrows. Nothing can be wiser or more appropriate under the circumstances, than your petition to take shelter in a convent at Rome; therefore, I did not lose a moment in going to Rome expressly to serve you, and to arrange details with the Holy Father, whose kindness to me in the matter is beyond words to express. I thought about everything which could be more comfortable and agreeable to you, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that the Holy Father approves of all my suggestions. You will retire to the convent in which the Queen my mother was, during the time the King my father was the victim of a certain infatuation. The establishment is better conducted than in any other convent at Rome; French is spoken, and some among the community are very distinguished. Monseigneur Lascaris is at the head. Your title of Countess of Albany will protect you from a thousand annoyances, without in the slightest degree derogating from the respect which is your due, and which I can assure you, you will receive on all sides. With regard to your request to go out to take the air, which is very necessary for your health, the Holy Father has had the kindness to let me decide the question: so that your mind can be perfectly at rest on that point, as on many other things which it is unnecessary for me to enter upon in detail with you.

Sufficient to say, that you may be sure of being in good hands, and that I shall never hesitate openly to acknowledge the assistance I feel it my duty to render you in your situation, being perfectly sure that you will be a credit to the counsel and advice which I may take the liberty of occasionally giving you, and which will have no other object than that of obtaining your real good before God and man. The Nuncio has been written to very strongly to arrange that your departure be conducted in quiet and safety; you must agree to what he advises. I fancy that you will be accompanied by Madame de Marzan, and at the outside by two maid servants. Lastly, my very dear sister, let your mind be at rest, and allow yourself to be ruled by those who are attached to you; and above all, never tell anyone, no matter whom, that you will never listen to proposals for returning to your husband. Do not fear, unless a miracle happens, that I shall have the courage to counsel such a step, but as it is probable that God has permitted what has just occurred, in order to move you to the practice of an edifying life, so that the purity of your intentions and the justice of your cause be justified in the eyes of all the world, it may also be that the Lord wishes to effect by the same means the conversion of my brother. Still it is true that if I dare not flatter myself with the second, I have a sincere presentiment of the first, which largely consoles me in the depth of my present sorrow. Farewell, my very dear sister, be anxious about nothing: Monseigneur Lascaris,

Cantini and I, will arrange all that is necessary. I feel deeply for you.

“Your very affectionate Brother,

“HENRY.—CARDINAL.”

The Princess set herself at once to obey. On the 30th of December, she quitted the convent with all secrecy for the Eternal City. “Besides her own servants,” writes Mann,\* “she was attended by one of the Nuncio’s, and other steps were taken by order of the Grand Duke for her greater security against any molestation, in case the Pretender should have got notice of her departure, which even as yet does not appear.” According to Herr Von Reumont, Alfieri and a Mr. Gahagan, disguised and well armed, occupied the box of the carriage during the first few miles of the road. This incident is suppressed by the poet.† On her arrival at Rome, the Countess was treated with every possible respect. The Pope received her, and gave her audience. She was a frequent guest, at Frascati, of Cardinal York. The convent was a home, not a prison, for she had leave to go abroad without the least restraint. By a special Papal order, a pension of 6,000 crowns a year was assigned her out of the 12,000 crowns allowed by the Court of Rome to her husband. In addition to this, her brother-in-law, the Cardinal, made her frequent presents.‡ Compared with the past, her

\* Dec. 30, 1780.

† Hayward’s Essays.

‡ Sir H. Mann, Jan. 23, 1781.

lines had fallen in pleasant places enough. By a strange coincidence, the Orsoline, was the very convent in which the mother of Charles had sought shelter, when fleeing from her own husband, and the room the Countess occupied, was the very room that had been assigned on that occasion to Clementine! History sometimes curiously repeats itself.

Not many weeks elapsed before the lover was in quest of his mistress. Respect for appearances had at first deterred Alfieri from following the Countess to Rome, but at the end of a month his prudence was sacrificed to his passion, and he resolved to leave Florence. He gave out that he intended visiting Naples, "choosing it expressly, as every one may see, because the way lies through Rome." He was full of hope, and his spirits, after the recent period of depression, rose feverishly high at the prospect of a meeting. "As I travelled towards Rome," he writes, "the approximation to *her* made my heart beat. So different from all others is the lover's eyes, that a barren noisome region, which three years before appeared to me what it was, presented itself as the most delicious place for sojourn in the world. I arrived. I saw her—oh, God! the thought of it still cleaves my heart in twain—I saw her prisoner behind a grating, less vexed, however, than I had seen her in Florence; but, for other reasons, I did not find her less unhappy. We were completely separated; and who could say for how long were so?"

But the impetuous lover had only jumped to a conclusion for which it would have been well had he had reason to complain. After a short stay in the Orsoline, the Countess quitted the convent for the splendid palace of Cardinal York, at Frascati. Alfieri was informed that he must leave Rome, and bitterly disappointed, he travelled to Naples. But he soon found an excuse to return to the Eternal City, and by means of all the persuasive arts in his power, obtained leave to remain. He rented the Villa Strozzi, near the baths of Dioclesian, "a dwelling," he says, "in entire harmony with my temperament, my character, my occupations. So long as I live I shall think of it with regretful longing." He had reason. There he set himself rigorously to lay siege to his mistress's heart. "I did everything," he says, "I resorted to everything, I remained in Rome, tolerated by those charlatans, and even aided by those petty priests, who had, or assumed, any influence in the affairs of my lady." He was not called upon to raise the siege.

But the husband had no intention of relinquishing his rights without another struggle. As he had sent Count Spada to the Grand Duke, so now he dispatched the Prince Corsini to the Vatican. The envoy was commissioned to ask three things. The first, that the Countess should be sent back to her husband; the second, that the whole pension granted him by the Holy See, should be paid him without any deduction whatever to the Countess; the third, that Alfieri should be banished from Rome. To these requests,

the Pope replied, that he was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the Countess at Rome, and would not therefore alter a resolution that had been arrived at only after the most serious examination; that he declined to withdraw the allowance of the 6000 crowns from the Countess; and that as to Count Alfieri, he wished that he had more gentlemen of his merit at Rome. His Holiness then wound up this complete refusal by reproving Prince Corsini in very severe terms for having accepted such a commission from the Count Albany.\*

Thus foiled in all his requests, there was nothing for Charles but to wait patiently the issue of affairs. He knew that opposition to the Holy See was fruitless, and he does not seem to have taken the trouble to enlighten the Supreme Pontiff on several matters which it would have been better for his own interests had he made mention of. Adversity appears to have been of benefit to him. He totally altered his way of living, and behaved in every respect with proper decency.† But the reformation came somewhat late. About the middle of the March of 1783 he fell dangerously ill. A fever had set in, and his life was despaired of. His brother was instantly sent for, and he received the sacrament. It was now with all the sincerity of a dying man that he made a full confession to the Cardinal. He did not extenuate his own conduct, but he spoke of Alfieri's attachment to the Countess, and of the attention he paid her when at

\* Sir H. Mann, Dec. 28, 1782.

† *Ibid.*, Jan. 11, 1783.

Florence. He accused the poet of being at the bottom of his wife's elopement, and that those who had taken the part of the Countess throughout had only been indirectly assisting at an intrigue.\* This confession made, as well it might, a deep impression on the brother.

As soon as the fever began to abate, and hopes were entertained of the patient's recovery, the Cardinal set out for Rome. On his arrival he laid the matter before the Pope. The true state of things which had deceived the Vatican, but which was already plain to the simplest worldling, was now apparent. Nothing could be more culpable on the part of the fugitive wife's advisers than the intimacy that was allowed to exist between her and that "gentleman of merit," the poet. Men reared in monasteries, and with little experience of life, may be pardoned for a certain amount of innocence in mundane matters (not that they often need the pardon), but there are occasions when extreme innocence is only another word for an utter want of common sense. Here was a young woman separated from her husband allowed to meet a young man alone, to ride out with him, and to receive visits from him, nay it is even said to pay him visits, and yet no objections are raised. When the husband very properly desires that the intimacy may be prevented by the banishment of the lover, he receives for reply that the conduct of the Countess is perfectly satisfactory, and that Alfieri is a gentleman of merit!

The poet himself admits that the conduct of

\* Sir H. Mann, April 26, 1783.

those who had taken the Countess under their protection was not what it should have been. "And here," he writes, "I certainly shall not make the apology of the usual life of Rome and all Italy as regards almost all married women. I will say however that the conduct of this lady in Rome towards me was much more on the safe side than on the other, of the customs most tolerated in this city. But I will end all this, for the love of truth and right, by saying that the husband and the brother and their respective priests had every reason not to approve my great intimacy, although it did not exceed the bounds of honour." We need not be accused of uncharitableness if we interpret in a manner somewhat different from Alfieri's what is an excess "of the bounds of honour."

The poet was now ordered to quit Rome within fifteen days. On the 4th of March, 1783, he started for Sienna, "like one stupid and deprived of sense, leaving my only love, books, town, peace, my very self at Rome." His only consolation during the next few months was the voluminous correspondence he kept up with his *dolce metà di me stesso*. To the Countess he was *cet ami incomparable*, and none of his letters remained unanswered. The post was, however, too cold a medium to entirely compensate for the absence of personal intercourse. Stolen interviews occasionally took place.

Charles had managed to rally from his late illness, and his health was now better than it had been for some time past. He travelled about Tuscany to com-



plete his recovery, and amused himself by attending the different race meetings that were then being held.\* On his return to Florence he made the acquaintance of a French gentleman, one Chevalier de Tours, who was staying for a few months in the Tuscan capital. "Count Albany and the Chevalier," writes Mann,† "soon became very intimate, and as the former (like most people in distress) is fond of making known his complaints, he exposed his situation to him and the difficulties he was under for want of money to supply the common though very moderate expenses of his family—for which he said he was obliged every month to borrow money here, and that he even feared that that resource would soon fail him. The result of all which was that he was determined to make application to the Court of France, in which he desired the assistance of the Chevalier to draw up a memorial to his Most Christian Majesty."

A sketch of the memorial was drawn up by Charles and shown to De Tours. In it he complained of the cruelty and injustice of the Court of Rome in reducing his pension by one half and begged "His Most Christian Majesty to grant him the same annual sum which his predecessor allowed to his father, which he would now receive with gratitude under any denomination, either of subsidy, succour, or even pension, though he formerly rejected the assistance which Louis XV. offered to him under that name, from which time all communication between him and that Court was at an

\* Sir H. Mann, Sept. 23, 1783.

† Oct. 11, 1783.

end."\* The petition was then fairly copied out and sent to the Count de Vergennes, who had been desired to present it to the French King. At the end of a few days, however, it was returned by the Count, who said that "he could not venture to lay the memorial before the King his master, or make any use of it on account of its being signed *Charles Roi*, and that it was beneath His Majesty's dignity to take cognizance of the family discord between him and his wife." †

Charles, in spite of the hatred he really entertained towards Frenchmen at this time of his life, and of the remembrance of his treatment on that memorable day of December, was perfectly ready, like all mean natures, to swallow his feelings and put his pride in his pocket, provided he could gain any advantage. He was indebted to the Court of France, which had been both a false and disdainful friend to him, for his marriage and the revenue it brought him, and he gladly closed with its offers. And now he did not scruple to apply to the same Court for further pecuniary assistance. We cannot understand why he should have stood in need of such aid. His expenses were not heavy; he had part of his pension from Rome; his brother did not withhold his allowance; and he had the interest on the French money. Why should he have been poor? This fear of impending poverty was in all probability only a delusion on the part of his shattered brain.

De Tours, when Charles alluded to his pressing necessities, asked him why he did not sell his jewels,

\* Sir H. Mann, Oct. 11, 1783.

† *Ibid*, Nov. 8, 1783.

which were of great value, and particularly one precious ruby which would easily find a bidder in the Emperor of Russia or the King of France. The Prince replied "with great warmth and disdain that he never would part with that jewel, as he proposed when he returned to England to add it to those of the Crown." \* The conviction that one day he would mount the throne of his ancestors seems never to have left him. So strong were his hopes of restoration that the Countess said he kept a strong box under his bed full of sequins to defray his journey to England, whenever he should suddenly be called thither. †

But to the Prince his poverty, whether real or imaginary, was a grievance, not to be dropped at the first rebuff. Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden, happening to be wintering at Florence at this time, Charles made his acquaintance, and begged him to take up his cause and support his petition at the French Court. Gustavus graciously consented to do what he was asked, and wrote to Louis recommending him to grant the Prince an annual sum. In the belief that his illustrious suppliant was suffering from the distress he represented himself to be in, his Swedish Majesty gave him four thousand rix-dollars, and promised another four thousand on his return to Stockholm. As the intimacy between the two proceeded, the feelings of Gustavus were so worked upon, that he agreed to make Charles a regular assignment of fifty thousand

\* Sir H. Mann, Nov. 8, 1783.

† *Ibid.*, Nov. 30, 1779.

French livres during his life.\* But these bright promises were soon to be broken. From Florence the Swedish sovereign travelled to Rome, and whilst paying a visit to the Countess of Albany and Cardinal Bernis, "they persuaded him that Count Albany neither wanted his assistance nor deserved his compassion, so that hitherto he has not felt any good effect of that King's promises to him."†

One important act Gustavus however effected. Through his mediation an arrangement was arrived at between Charles and his wife. It was agreed that the Countess was to be amicably divorced *a mensâ et thoro* from her husband, and to have permission to reside where she chose. It is striking evidence of the hatefulness of the tie that bound her to Charles, that the Countess sacrificed everything for the sole advantage of being at liberty. She gave up her pin money, which was 15,000 French livres a year, and also the 6,000 crowns allowed her since her separation. No settlement was made on her by her husband, but on her divorce becoming known at the French Court, a pension was granted her. Cardinal York also made her an allowance.

The pecuniary advantages arising from this agreement, which was signed by both parties and duly ratified by the Pope, were all on the side of Charles. He enjoyed, without any deduction whatever, the full amount of his income derived from the Court of

\* Sir H. Mann, Dec. 10, 1783.

† *Ibid.*, Feb. 28, 1784.

Rome and from the French funds.\* Piteously Lord Elcho begged to be repaid his fifteen hundred pounds, but, with the most dishonourable coolness, no notice was taken of his application.

\* Sir H. Mann, May 8, 1784.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LAST OF THE LINE.

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“And his name shall be lost for evermore.”

ALONE in the dull solitude of his palace Charles, like most men who have been accustomed to woman's companionship, even though that companionship be unhappy, began to feel how great a void had been made in his life. He passed his days wearied with himself, and but little concerned in the plans and gossip of those who hung about his mimic court. The only people he seemed to take any interest in were the distinguished strangers who from time to time passed through Florence on their way to Rome. These, unless specially forbidden, generally called upon the quondam hero, and their talk and presence were fully appreciated. He would breakfast or drive about, now with an ex-monarch *en route* for the waters at Pisa, then with the heir-apparent of some reigning house travelling in Italy to complete his education; or it might be with some distinguished English Jacobite who still loyally adhered to the old line, or with some eminent member of the aristocracy of Europe, whom

curiosity prompted to visit the victor of Gladsmuir and Falkirk.

But with Florentine society proper Charles held even less intercourse than ever. He kept himself aloof with the reserve of disappointment, loving to brood over his past grievances. His old habit came back upon him, in spite of the warnings nature had given him, and drink was now his chief consolation. He was seldom perfectly sober, and would mourn with maudlin pathos over the solitude of his position, and the selfishness of those who had deserted him. Then, almost in the same breath, he would talk triumphantly of England and of the time when he would ascend the throne. For days, unless some distinguished arrival came to interrupt his melancholy, he would sit moping by himself, cursing freely the past and the present, and casting gloomy forebodings on the future. It was a cheerless life, with old age stealing prematurely upon him, with no one around him really interested in his welfare, with constant slights put upon the claims he pretended to disown but ever brought forward—nothing before him but a home broken up, a constitution shattered, and the bitter harvest of opportunities misspent.

Thus wretched and discontented the lonely husband bethought himself of the woman he had loved in days bygone, and of the daughter that had been born him in the years of their wandering. This was probably the first time since the flight of his mistress from Bouillon that reflection ever suggested to him that he was a father. We never read or hear of his making

any inquiries after either the mother or her child. Both were dependent upon others, and owed little enough to him save the shame of dishonour. Their names never passed his lips, and he had not had the manliness or the feeling to ascertain how they were provided for. Whether out of pique to his wife, or from a sincere desire to atone for the past, or from being bored with solitude, he now inquired after the fate of Miss Walkenshaw. He discovered that she was living in the convent of Nôtre Dame at Meaux, under the name of the Countess Albertstroof, and that her daughter was residing with her.\* He heard that his child was now grown up into a tall dark woman, some 30 years of age, and there was still enough of the man in him to make him yearn to see her. A correspondence ensued between him and her mother. He offered to acknowledge her daughter as his own, to treat her with all kindness, and at his death to leave her heiress of all he possessed. Conscious of the advantages that would accrue to her child by this arrangement, the mother consented to be parted from her offspring.

Charles now wrote for the first time to the daughter he had not seen for nearly twenty years, addressing her as his *chère fille*, and bidding her come and take up her abode with him at Florence.† He awaited her arrival with feverish anxiety. By a public deed he created her Duchess of Albany, and made great preparations in his house for her reception.‡

\* Hist. MSS. Commission, Fourth Report, p. 403.

† Sir H. Mann, July 10 and 17, 1784.

‡ *Ibid.*, Sept. 18.



Early in October she arrived at Florence, attended by a Mrs. O'Donnell, a French lady, married to an Irish officer, and by a gentleman called by courtesy Lord Nairn. Nothing could be more affectionate than the reception she met with. Charles was delighted with her, and soon developed into the most doting and affectionate of fathers. She took the head of his house and endeavoured to use her influence so as to wean him from his detestable vice. Instead of shunning the world, Charles now for her sake gladly courted society. The new Duchess was visited by all the *élite* of the Tuscan capital; and her bright face and unassuming manners made a most agreeable impression. Much to the anger of her father the court of the Grand Duke refused to acknowledge her title, and the Grand Duchess, since she had not brought any letters of introduction from the Queen of France, declined to receive her.

To compensate for these slights, Charles plunged her into all the gaiety that the capital afforded. She dressed magnificently, and wore the family jewels. Private balls were given three times a week by the Prince, at which he was always present, "though he drowns most part of the time," adds Mann. Whenever he went to the theatre, his daughter, "very richly adorned with jewels," sat by his side. Thus, what with the frequent hospitalities of his own house, going out to dinners, dancing at balls, and listening to operas and concerts, the Duchess, or Lady Charlotte Stuart, as those who refused to give her her new title called

her, must have found Florence no slight change from the devotions and duties of a convent. On St. Andrew's Day the Prince gave a state banquet, and before all his visitors invested her with the Order of St. Andrew.\*

But these gaieties soon became too much for Charles. Greatly as he desired to make life agreeable to his daughter, his health would not permit him to keep up this constant whirl of excitement. He was too old and worn out to be dancing incessantly upon a lively woman, to whom social dissipation was a novelty, and who thoroughly enjoyed its pleasures. At this time, we are told, that he exhibited a very humiliating spectacle to the world. Mann writes of him, that "his health decayed daily, so that he is quite incapable of transacting his own business, and his mind seems to approach that of imbecility, though he constantly goes abroad in his coach, has a small company every day at dinner, and never omits going to the theatre." Mrs. Piozzi, in commenting upon his shaky condition says,† "Count Alfieri had taken away his consort, and he was under the dominion and care of a natural daughter, who wore the Garter, and was called Duchess of Albany. She checked him when he drank too much or when he talked too much. Poor soul! Though one evening he called Mr. Greathead up to him, and said in good English, and in a loud, though cracked voice: 'I will speak to my own subjects in my own way, *Sare*. Ay, and I will soon speak to you, Sir, in Westminster Hall,' the Duchess shrugged her shoulders."

\* Sir H. Mann, Oct. and Dec., 1784.

† Hayward's *Essays*.

The mention of Mr. Greathead, who was a friend of Fox's, calls up a story which shows how the one event, which has made the name of Charles Edward famous in history, still exercised its influence over him. Happening to be alone with the Prince, one evening, Greathead studiously turned the conversation upon the events of the '45. At first Charles appeared unwilling to talk upon the subject and shrank from the topic, as if its reminiscences were painful to him. But his visitor, with more curiosity than good taste, was not to be deterred from his purpose. He persevered in his allusions to the subject, and gradually the panorama of the past rose vividly before the dull brain of the listener—so vividly, that for a brief moment the Prince was no longer the ruin of himself, but again the hero of the '45. His eyes brightened, he half rose in his chair, his face became lit up with unwonted animation, and he began the narrative of his campaign. He spoke with fiery energy of his marches, his victories, the loyalty of his Highland followers, his retreat from Derby, the defeat at Culloden, his escape, and then passionately entered upon the awful penalties that so many had been called upon to pay for their devotion to his cause. But the recollection of so much bitter suffering—the butchery around Inverness, the executions at Carlisle and London, the scenes on Kennington Common and Tower Hill—was stronger than his strength could bear. His voice died in his throat, his eye became fixed, and he sank upon the floor in convulsions. Alarmed at the noise, his daughter rushed

into the room. "Oh! Sir," she cried, to Mr. Greathead, "What is this? You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention those subjects in his presence." It is also said that he used to burst into tears on hearing the tune of "Lochaber no more," which more than one condemned Jacobite sang in the hours that intervened before the jailer was exchanged for the executioner.

Two months after the adoption of his daughter, it became evident that the Prince was too old to act as chaperon to a young and vivacious woman. Late hours, heated rooms, and the continual interchange of hospitalities, added to his habitual inebriety, had already begun to do their work. His physician was called in, and he was ordered to take the waters at Pisa. Here he remained some time, enjoying complete rest. From Pisa he went to Perugia, where Cardinal York happened to be staying. Some coolness had existed between the brothers, owing to the Cardinal's having refused to acknowledge the natural daughter, but the young Duchess, who appears to have been a woman of great tact, and victorious whenever she laid herself out for conquest, soon turned the dull priest round her finger. He became so charmed with her that from that time forth the most affectionate intimacy subsisted between the two. He called her his niece, and she was to regard him as her uncle.

The Cardinal now suggested that she should induce her father to live at Rome, and thus enable all three to

see more of each other. The Duchess followed his instructions, and as Charles's only wish was to please his daughter, he readily complied with her request. At first the physicians thought him too feeble to undertake the journey, but after a little consideration they gave their consent, provided he did not travel more than twenty miles a day.\* He set out on the 2nd of December, and reached the Eternal City by such gentle stages that his health was not in the slightest degree impaired. The Pope received the Prince with all cordiality, and on his daughter being presented to him, called her Duchess and fully acknowledged her rank; this was the first instance of her title being recognised officially.† As at Florence so at Rome the Duchess soon became very popular, and was received by the Roman ladies with great civility.‡ Her uncle the Cardinal was so completely enslaved that he doted on her almost with the fondness of a father, and presented her with his jewels, including certain precious Polish rubies.§

It was well that the daughter had found so powerful a protector, for it was evident that the days of her father were numbered. Drink was now his only solace, and it was evident to all that his dissolution was but a question of time. In the spring of 1786 he had a relapse into his former illness. His breathing was affected, his limbs began to swell, and he suffered from his old fits of nausea. As summer approached he so far recovered as to be removed to

\* Sir H. Mann, Oct. 22, 1785. † *Ibid.*, Dec. 17. ‡ *Ibid.*, Dec. 31.  
§ *Ibid.*, Jan. 28, 1786.

Albano, where he assumed "the folly practised by his father and grandfather to touch people who are affected with scrofulous disorders. Many old men and women have been presented to him for that purpose, to whom, after some ceremony, he gives a small silver medal, which they wear about their necks." \*

At Albano he remained during the hot season, and then returned to Rome for the winter. To this period belongs a story which has been told of him, and which shows how vividly, even in his present enfeebled state, the indignity he suffered on that fatal day of December, was still preserved in his memory. It so happened that the Comte de Vaudreuil, son of the officer who arrested the Prince in Paris, and who was a wonderful likeness of his father, had lately arrived in Rome with the Duchesse de Polignac. Hearing of the return of Charles to the Palace Muti, the Count thoughtlessly asked to be presented to the Prince. He gave no name, but merely said that a foreigner of distinction wished to pay his respects. A gracious answer was returned to his request, and at the hour appointed he attended at the Palace. The Duchess herself undertook his introduction, and the young Count was on the point of entering the room where Charles sat, when the Prince looked up, saw Vaudreuil, and instantly the whole miserable scene of the arrest in the opera-house

\* Sir H. Mann, Aug. 8, 1786. In this year (Nov.) Mann died, having served as envoy at Florence for forty-six years—the longest period of diplomatic service at the same post ever recorded. Lord Hervey succeeded him.

flashed across his brain. He gave a groan and fell down in a fainting fit. Vaudreuil was hurried from the room.

The end was near at hand. Early in January, 1788, Charles was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of his body. Death was expected to take place every moment. For a few days he lingered on in a state of semi-consciousness, and then, on the 31st of January, Lord Hervey wrote home, "this morning, between the hours of nine and ten, the Pretender departed this life." \* He died in his daughter's arms.

Thus passed to his rest a man whose life naturally divides itself into two periods—the noble and the ignoble. From his birth to the passing of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, his actions give brilliancy to the pages of History, and Romance may be well proud of its hero. The dawn was full of promise. Brave, amiable, and popular, not indifferent to the charms of culture, and fully alive to the duties his birth entailed upon him, a distinguished career had been predicted for him. Nor were such hopes at first disappointed. The earnestness with which he supported his claims, his love for enterprise, the fever of his military ardour, all marked him out as the fitting representative

\* Earl Stanhope says he was told by Cardinal Caccia Piatti, at Rome, that Charles died, not on the 31st but on the 30th of January, but that his attendants, disliking the omen as the anniversary of King Charles's execution, concealed his death during the night, and asserted that he had died between nine and ten the next morning. "Surely," remarks Mr. Hayward, "a century of home truths might have enabled this fated family to dispense with omens."

of his cause. The time soon came. In the expedition he led with such amazing boldness, his character falls little short of the heroic. His courage and determination set a brilliant example to his followers; his humanity, which was displayed on every occasion, was the sign of a brave and generous heart; he shirked no hardship under cover of his lofty position; throughout, his conduct was temperate, manly, and honourable.

Not that it was faultless. The proneness to favouritism he showed, was not commendable in a leader; he was given to be suspicious of those who differed from him; though young and inexperienced, he evinced an obstinacy in disregarding the advice of his counsellors, which often brought him into collisions that had better been avoided. Yet with the band his enemies branded as a "rabble," he gained the pass of the Corry Arrack, he made himself master of Edinburgh, he defeated, in one fierce charge on the plains of Gladsmuir, a body of regular troops drawn up to oppose him, he forced the towns in the Lowlands to acknowledge his title, he marched into England, spreading terror and consternation wherever his kilted followers trod the dust, he deceived men grown old in war by his tactics, and for a time he made his rival tremble on the throne. Had he acted according to his own wishes and hurried on to London, the crown of his ancestors might perhaps have been placed on his brow. Even his retreat was covered with glory. He cleverly evaded troops in hot



pursuit of his men, he marched through hostile countries and crossed the border without loss, and he inflicted a severe defeat upon a picked general at Falkirk Muir. The victory of Culloden is but a poor set off against these brilliant achievements. The campaign of "the Forty Five" is a chapter in modern history which Scotland may well remember with pride, and England with humiliation.

Had the hero of the expedition but perished on the swamps of Culloden, his name would have gone down to posterity, as worthy of all honour, and perhaps have eclipsed the fame of many, who, in sober reality, were more deserving. But, unfortunately, the portrait has a darker side. From his expulsion on that memorable Tenth of December, to the days when he breathed his last at Rome, what can be said of the victor of Gladsmuir and Falkirk that we would wish to remember? A life passed amid the most ignoble scenes, the slave of the most degrading vice, a heartless lover, a brutal husband, coarse, ungenerous, peevish, suspicious, jealous, and cruel—to such degradation had the malignant mastery of drink brought a man of many kindly qualities, and from whom much had reasonably been expected. From the life of the hero to the life of the sot, the change was so great and terrible that, let us, in charity, account for it by attributing it to the influences of a brain diseased. The true career of Prince Charles ends with his landing at Morlaix; for most of the events that followed we should regard him as in a great measure not responsible.

Great interest was made by the Cardinal to have his brother interred with Royal honours in St. Peter's, but the Pope refused, on the ground that, as Charles had never been acknowledged as a sovereign, he was not entitled to the distinction.\* The Cardinal was now in some difficulty. He dared not attempt to carry out a ceremony which was not authorised by the government, and at the same time he could not bring himself to have his brother buried except with the pomp that became the obsequies of a monarch. His episcopal jurisdiction, however, extricated him from his dilemma. The pageant that Rome denied could be performed at Frascati, and instructions were at once sent to the little town on the Alban hills to prepare the cathedral for the approaching ceremony.

Meanwhile the funeral offices at the Muti Palace were merely limited to devotional formalities, so as not to provoke any rebuke from the Holy See. Six altars were erected in the antechamber, and upwards of two hundred masses were said during the thirty hours immediately succeeding the demise of the Prince. The office of the dead was chanted by the Mendicant Orders in the antechamber, the Irish Franciscans of Saint Isidore alone being permitted to enter the chamber of death. A post mortem examination was now made, when it was found that *extensive disease*, both in the heart *and brain*, was apparent. After a cast had been taken from the face, the body was embalmed and placed in the coffin in full dress, with

\* Lord Hervey.

the George and St. Andrew in pinchbeck on the breast. Then all that remained of him who had once been such an object of anxiety to the House of Hanover, was placed on a horse litter and transported to Frascati.

The cathedral was crowded with both Romans and English, and nearly all wore mourning. The walls were hung with black; a hundred and twenty-four large wax lights burned around the lofty catafalque. The obsequies lasted three days. On the first day the funeral service was performed; on the second the entombment; on the third day the requiem; but several weeks elapsed before the body was placed in a lofty niche as its provisional resting-place, whence it was subsequently transported to the crypt of St. Peter's. The heart was placed in an urn which bears the following inscription, composed by one of the Cardinal's chaplains:—\*

“Di Carlo iii il freddo cuore  
Questa brev', urna serra;  
Figlio del terzo Giacomo  
Signor del Inghilterra.  
Fuori del regno patrio  
A lui chi tomba diedi?  
Infideltà di popolo,  
Integrità di fede.”

By his will, which was executed in 1784, Charles left all he possessed to the Duchess of Albany, with the exception of a piece of plate to his brother, and

\* “La Spedizione di Carlo Odoardo Stuart dal Gesuita Ginlio Cordara Milano, 1845.”—*Quarterly Review*, vol. 79.

certain annuities to his servants. In funded property he had £1,740; his pensions were £2,400; the value of his jewels was not given, but after the death of his daughter they were inventoried at £26,740; they consisted of a sceptre, a richly enamelled collar, George, and star of the garter, and a St. Andrew's cross, all of which had been brought from England by James II. His palace at Florence was sold by his daughter to the Duke of San Clemente for £4,345, and the furniture it contained realised another £2,172.

The Duchess of Albany did not long survive her father. She died the following year from an internal malady, caused by a fall from her horse. She received various offers from Italian princes which she rejected, and at one time it was supposed that she would marry a brother of the King of Sweden, but much to the disappointment of Charles, the intimacy between the two came to nothing. It is said that she was willing to enter into an arrangement with the English Government to remain single, provided a pension were allowed her.\* A person who saw her at Rome during the winter of 1786, thus sketches her:—"She was a tall robust woman, of a very dark complexion and coarse-grained skin, with more of masculine boldness than feminine modesty or elegance; but easy and unassuming in her manners, and amply possessed of that volubility of tongue and that spirit of coquetry for which the women of the country where she was educated has at all times been particularly

\* Hist. MSS. Fourth Report, p. 403.

distinguished. Her equipage was that of the Pretender, with servants in the Royal livery of Great Britain, and with the Royal coronet and cipher of C. R. upon the carriage; and she usually wore in public the magnificent jewels of the Stuarts and Sobieskis, which had been given her by her father and her uncle, the Cardinal of York, whose conduct towards her was said to be full of affectionate attention.”\* Mann says of her: “She is allowed to be a good figure, tall and well made, but the features of her face resemble too much those of her father to be handsome.”

Meanwhile where was the guilty wife? As soon as the Countess had obtained her freedom, she betook herself to Colmar, where she was joined by her lover. There the couple remained for some time, Alfieri being busy revising a French impression of his works, whilst his mistress aided him with her counsels. From Colmar they afterwards departed for Paris, and it was whilst staying here that the wife heard of her husband's death. It is said that the news deeply affected her. “Her grief,” writes Alfieri, “was neither factitious nor forced, for every untruth was alien to this upright, incomparable soul; and notwithstanding the great disparity of years, her husband would have found in her an excellent companion and a friend, if not a loving wife, had he not thrust her from him by his constantly unfriendly, rough, unaccountable behaviour. I owe pure truth this testimony.” M. Saint

\* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1797, p. 1000. Quoted from Jesse's “*Memoirs of the Pretenders*.”

René Taillandier says, that what rendered her sorrow all the more bitter was the thought that another had willingly performed the duty from which she herself had shrunk:—"The Duchess Charlotte," writes the French critic, "entering the house of Charles Edward, the deserted child coming to the rescue of the deserted spouse, the natural child replacing the lawful wife and exercising her pious and salutary influence over the old man, these were contrasts which could not but painfully affect the proud Countess. We are making no idle conjectures; Madame D'Albany had too elevated a soul not to feel the painfulness of the situation. It was still worse when the Duchess Charlotte, after having rekindled a spark in the extinct heart of the hero, so gently closed his eyes and followed him to the tomb."

This is a sentimental view of matters which we are hardly justified in taking. That the Countess was greatly affected (regarding the word in its deeper and not merely emotional sense) at the death of her husband is not very probable. In spite of her "incomparable" and "elevated" soul, she was too coarsely healthy, too coldly practical, too selfish for much sensitiveness. Considering the life she had led with Charles and the happiness she now enjoyed with her poet-lover, it is hardly to be conceived that her sorrow could have been deep—the bitter memories of her past union, and the illicit charms of her present position must have effectually prevented anything beyond a transient and conventional feeling of regret.

The sharpest pang, perhaps, that she endured would be occasioned by the thought that one had passed away to whom she had been linked by the most sacred of ties, and from whom she had been guiltily severed, and that now it was impossible to obtain his forgiveness. When death overtakes those with whom we have been intimately but unhappily connected, we are apt to regard only the wrongs we have committed, and not those we have suffered, and to experience pain in proportion to what the nature of our past conduct has been. We feel not so much the loss of the individual as the pangs of self-reproach. This was probably the grief of the Countess. We know how she expressed her sorrow on the death of Alfieri; we also know that before his death she loved his successor.

That she was jealous of the daughter taking her place and ministering to the deserted spouse is again very unlikely. The Duchess never did take the place of the Countess; the position both women occupied towards Charles, and the treatment each received at his hands, were so entirely different, that the wife had no cause of complaint against the daughter, and what was only natural in the daughter would have been almost strange in the wife. The existence of jealousy implies affection, no matter how ill-regulated it be, but affection was the last feeling the Countess had for Charles. She quitted him because she could endure his ill-treatment no longer; the daughter remained with the father because she was surrounded with every attention that kindness could

suggest, and gained in every way by the exchange from a convent to a palace. Had the Countess experienced this jealousy M. Taillandier writes about, it was quite open for her to seek to renew her relationship with her husband. She never made any such effort; Charles had passed out of her memory, and she was perfectly happy with Alfieri. It is far more likely that the Countess, remembering the drunken fits of the Prince, instead of being "jealous" of the daughter, may have sincerely pitied her for undertaking so responsible a position.

The death of Charles made no difference in the relations of the Countess with her lover. Whether it was, as has been alleged, that she could not make up her mind to abdicate her royalty, or that Alfieri preferred remaining the lover of a Queen to the prosaic position of a husband, or whatever was the reason influencing her, it is now certain that the tie which bound them together was never consecrated by marriage. Still it was an age in which such liaisons, provided those who contracted them were sufficiently exalted in rank, were permitted and socially recognised. Wherever the Countess and Alfieri went—whether staying in Paris, London, or Florence—they were always received in the best society. At Paris she assumed a royal state, had a throne emblazoned with the royal arms of Great Britain in one of her rooms, and had the royal arms on all her plate. Nor were her claims disallowed. Madame de Staël addressed her as *Chère Souveraine*, and a woman of



fashion, like the Duchess of Devonshire, begged to be added to the number of her subjects.

On the outbreak of the French Revolution the Countess and Alfieri crossed over to England. It was her first visit to our country, and the impression she formed was not flattering. "Although I knew that the English were melancholy," she writes,\* "I could not imagine that their capital was so, to the point at which I found it. No kind of society, plenty of crowds. . . . The only good which England enjoys, and which is inappreciable, is political liberty. . . . If England had an oppressive government, this country together with its people would be the last in the universe; bad climate, bad soil, and consequently tasteless productions. It is only the excellence of its government that makes it habitable. The English are fond of women, but know not the necessity of living in society with them. They are severe and exacting husbands, and the women are generally better behaved than in other countries, because they have more to risk. The arrangement of their houses prevents them from receiving at home without the privacy of their husbands and the servants. They are in general good mothers and good wives; but they are fond of play, and the great ladies are very fond of dissipation. Intimate society and the charm of this society are unknown in London. One lives with one's family, that is, with one's husband and one's children, for one makes no account of one's father or mother,

\* Again I am indebted to the Essay of Mr. Hayward.

at least, in the class I visited. The English are incapable of feeling any of the fine arts, and still less of executing them; they buy a great many pictures and know nothing about them."

And yet her opinion might have been more favourable. She was well received by all classes, and treated with great consideration by the *haute volée* of the London world. As an illustration of the manners of the day she was, in spite of her ambiguous position, received at Court. She was announced as Princess of Stolberg. "She was well-dressed," says chatty Horace Walpole, "and not at all embarrassed. The King talked to her a good deal, but about her passage, the sea, and general topics; the Queen in the same way, but less. Then she stood between the Dukes of Gloucester and Clarence, and had a good deal of conversation with the former, who perhaps may have met her in Italy. Not a word between her and the Princesses; nor did I hear of the Prince, but he was there, and probably spoke to her. The Queen looked at her earnestly."

After a stay of some months in London, she made a tour in the West of England, and then re-embarked at Dover for France. It is said that one of her objects in visiting England was to obtain pecuniary relief from the House of Hanover. On the death of Cardinal York, a pension of £1600 a year was allowed her. But the fury of the French revolution was now beginning to seethe, and Paris became a dangerous place of abode. With some little difficulty she and Alfieri

managed to effect their escape, and, after a tour through Germany and Switzerland, entered Italy, and settled in Florence. Her lover died in 1803. He left everything to his *dolce metà di me stesso*, and confided exclusively to her the printing of his literary remains, and the guardianship of his fame. He was buried in the church of Santa Croce at Florence, by the side of Machiavelli, and Canova was engaged to chisel his monument. His mistress was not to be comforted. "I have lost all consolation, support, society, all, all!" she writes to Count Baldelli. "I am alone in the world, which has become a desert to me." Doubtless she believed—perhaps because she wished to believe—that she was grief-stricken. Women of her temperament feel, whenever they do feel, intensely, but their organisation is too sensual for any lasting impression. The Countess certainly mourned the loss of a man so fully devoted to her, and whose fame was reflected upon herself, but she was not inconsolable. A few months after his death, a young painter, named Fabre, was installed as the poet's successor.

"One of the worst consequences of an illicit passion," writes Mr. Hayward, "is the habit of self-indulgence engendered by it. The hallowed charm of authorised affection, necessarily wanting to the tie, is supplied rather than compensated by gallantry and flattery, by a constant succession of excitements, which resemble opium-eating or dram-drinking in their ultimate effects. Their sudden cessation leaves a feeling of exhaustion, which must be relieved, an aching void, which must be

filled up in some manner, adequately or inadequately; and the dear deceased is simply paying the posthumous penalty for his own transgression when his pedestal is occupied by the image of another."

Still the liason was a happy one, nor did society look coldly upon it. Her hotel was as full of brilliant company as during her union with Alfieri; everybody who had any pretensions to distinction, on passing through Florence, hastened to pay their respects to her. On the 29th of January, 1824, the Countess died. She left everything she possessed—the books, manuscripts, statues, paintings, medals, curiosities, and rarities of all sorts, that had been collected by the Prince and the Poet—to Fabre. With the exception of the manuscripts of Alfieri, which were presented by the painter to Florence, Fabre made over to his native city of Montpellier the whole of the treasures he had become possessed of. Such is the foundation of the *Musée Fabre*, now one of the chief objects of attraction in the capital of the Department of the Herault.

The character of the Countess of Albany is self-evident from her conduct. She was one of those women who are born to shine in society. Clever, witty, endowed with great powers of conversation, a judge of art, pleasant and agreeable, the position of a leader in the fashionable world was one that exactly suited her. "Her soft manner of speaking," says Lamartine, "her easy manner, her re-assuring familiarity, raised at once those who approached her to her level. You did not know whether she descended

to yours or elevated you to hers, there was so much nature in her bearing." But after acknowledging her social and intellectual charms, all that can be said in her favour has been admitted. Her great fault was the want of moral weight. What she liked she did; what she wished to have she had; and the scruples of conscience seldom raised their voice in successful opposition to her actions. She had the tact and much of the culture of a man of the world—with his standard of purity. "Yet," says the agreeable essayist to whom I have been more than once indebted for my information, "she had as much heart and soul as many women who have filled a larger space in History. She was the connecting link of half a century of celebrities. She inspired Alfieri; she controlled Foscolo; she thwarted Napoleon; she gave Italian thought a standing point; she strengthened it by a rich infusion of foreign elements; and she mingled minds on an admitted footing of equality with the very first spirits of her day." \*

The fatality which for upwards of three centuries had so severely visited the House of Stuart was not to forsake the last of the line. On the death of his brother, Cardinal York ordered medals to be struck, bearing on their face a bust with "*Henricus nonus Angliæ Rex*," and on the reverse the picture of a city with "*Gratia Dei sed non voluntate hominum*." The Royal pretensions of the Cardinal were, however, very inoffensive. He was a plain, dull man, very

\* Mr. Hayward's Biographical and Critical Essays, vol. ii.

bigoted in his religious views, very honourable, and not unamiable. At the end of a long conference with him, Pius VI. is said to have laughingly remarked that he no longer wondered at the eagerness of the English to get rid of so tiresome a race.

Yet the man his Holiness sneered at proved in the hour of need a true friend. In order to assist the Supreme Pontiff in making up the sum required of him by the all-conquering Buonaparte in 1796, the Cardinal disposed of his family jewels; and among others of a ruby, the largest and most perfect of its class, valued at £50,000. By this act, on the expulsion of the Pope and his Court from Rome, the Cardinal deprived himself of the last means of an independent subsistence, and was reduced to much distress. In 1798, whilst quietly passing his days at his villa at Frascati, a French revolutionary banditti forced him to fly for his life, and leave what property he had behind him. He escaped to Venice infirm and beggared. "The malign influence of the Star, which had so strongly marked the fate of so many of his illustrious ancestors, was not exhausted," says a writer in the '*Times*,' commenting on the matter;\* "and it was peculiarly reserved for the Cardinal of York to be exposed to the shafts of adversity at a period of life when least able to struggle with misfortune. At the advanced age of seventy-five he is driven from his episcopal residence, his house sacked, his property confiscated, and constrained to seek his personal safety in flight,

\* *Times*, Feb. 28, 1800.

upon the seas, under every aggravated circumstance that could affect his health and fortunes."

His case was taken up by Cardinal Borgia, the chief organ of the government of the See of Rome during the imprisonment of Pope Pius VI. His Eminence, having made the acquaintance of Sir John Cox Hippesley, at Rome, wrote to him to use his influence to assist the fugitive Cardinal. "It is greatly afflicting to me," writes Borgia,\* "to see so great a personage, the last descendant of his Royal House, reduced to such distressed circumstances, having been barbarously stripped by the French of all his property; and if they deprived him not of life also, it was through the mercy of the Almighty, who protected him in his flight, both by sea and land; the miseries of which, nevertheless, greatly injured his health at the advanced age of seventy-five, and produced a very grievous sore in one of his legs. Those who are well informed of this most worthy Cardinal's domestic affairs have assured me that since his flight, having left behind him his rich and magnificent moveables, which were all sacked and plundered, both at Rome and Frascati, he has been supported by the silver plate he had taken with him, and which he began to dispose of at Messina; and I understand that, in order to supply his wants a few months in Venice, he has sold all that remained. Of the jewels he possessed, very few remain, as the most valuable had been sacrificed in the well-known contributions to the French, our

*Letters from Cardinal Borgia, Sept. 14, 1799.*

destructive plunderers; and with respect to his income, after having suffered the loss of 48,000 Roman crowns, annually, by the French Revolution, the remainder was lost also by the fall of Rome, namely, the yearly sum of 10,000 crowns, assigned him by the Apostolical Chamber, and also his particular funds in the Roman banks. The only income he has left is that of his benefice in Spain, which amounts to 14,000 crowns; but which, as it is only payable at present in paper, is greatly reduced by the disadvantage of exchange; and even that has remained unpaid for more than a year, owing, perhaps, to the interrupted communication with that kingdom. But here it is necessary that I should add that the Cardinal is heavily burthened with the annual sum of 4,000 crowns, for the dowry of the Countess of Albany, his sister-in-law; 3,000 to the mother of his deceased niece; and 15,000 for divers annuities of his father and his brother. Nor has he credit to supply the means of acquitting these obligations. This picture, nevertheless, which I present to your friendship, may well excite the compassion of every one who will reflect on the high birth, the elevated dignity, and the advanced age of the personage whose situation I now sketch in the plain language of truth, without resorting to the aid of eloquence! I will only intreat you to communicate it to those distinguished persons who have influence in your government, persuaded as I am that the English magnanimity will not suffer an illustrious personage of the same nation to perish in



misery! But here I pause—not wishing to offend your national delicacy, which delights to act from its own generous disposition, rather than from the impulse and urgency of others.”

As is well known, the unhappy condition of the last of the Rival House so moved George the Third, that, with a charity as graceful as it was acceptable, he allowed the distressed Cardinal a pension of £4,000 a year for life.

“And the last Prince of Darnley’s House shall own  
His debt of gratitude to Brunswick’s throne!” \*

This generous act was warmly acknowledged by the illustrious recipient. “I cannot sufficiently express,” writes the Cardinal to Sir John Hippesley, “how sensible I am to your good heart; and write these few lines in the first place to confess to you these my sincere and grateful sentiments, and then to inform you, that by means of Mr. Oakley,† an English gentleman arrived here last week, I have received a letter from Lord Minto from Vienna, advising me that he had orders from his court to remit to me at present the sum of £2,000; and that in the month of July next I may again draw, if I desired it, for another equal sum. This letter is written in so extremely genteel and obliging manner,

\* “It is unnecessary to renew our comments on the gracious act which has already been announced in favour of the Cardinal of York. It was reserved for Great Britain to soothe the malevolence of his fortunes: and we trust the beneficence of the Sovereign will be recognised in Parliament, as a lasting memorial of an event which forms an interesting epoch in the annals of our country.”—*Times*, Feb. 28, 1800.

† The eldest son of Sir Charles Oakley, Bart., who was confidentially entrusted with this delicate mission by Lord Minto, the English Ambassador at Vienna.

and with expressions of singular regard and consideration for me, that I assure you it excited in me most particular and lively sentiments, not only of satisfaction for the delicacy with which the affair has been managed, but also of gratitude for the generosity which has provided for my necessity.

"I have answered Lord Minto's letter, and gave it, Saturday last, to Mr. Oakley, who was to send it by that evening's post to Vienna. I have written in a manner that I hope will be to his Lordship's satisfaction. I own to you that the succour granted to me could not be more timely; for without it, it would have been impossible for me to subsist, on account of the absolutely irreparable loss of all my income, the very funds being also destroyed, so that otherwise, I should have been reduced for the short remainder of my life, to languish in misery and indigence. I could not lose a moment's time to apprise you of all this, and am very certain that your experimented good heart will find proper means to make known, in an energetical and proper manner, these sentiments of my grateful acknowledgment."

To Lord Minto he thus expresses himself:—

"With the arrival of Mr. Oakley, who has been this morning with me, I have received by his discourses, and much more by your letters, so many tokens of your regard, singular consideration and attention for my person, as obliges me to abandon all ceremony, and to begin abruptly to assure you, my dear lord, that your letters have been most acceptable

to me in all shapes and regards. I did not in the least doubt of the noble way of thinking of your generous and beneficent sovereign ; but I did not expect to see, in writing, so many and so obliging expressions, that, well calculated for the persons who receive them and understand their force, impress in their minds a most lively sense of tenderness and gratitude, which I own to you oblige me more than the generosity spontaneously imparted. I am, in reality, at a loss to express in writing all the sentiments of my heart ; and for that reason leave it entirely to the interest you take in all that regards my person to make known in an energetical and convenient manner all I fain would say to express my thankfulness, which may easily be by you comprehended, after having perused the contents of this letter.

“I am much obliged to you to have indicated to me the way I may write unto Coutts, the Court banker, and shall follow your friendly insinuations. In the meantime, I am very desirous that you should be convinced of my sentiments of sincere esteem and friendship, with which, my dear lord, with all my heart I embrace you.

“HENRY, Cardinal.”

On the conclusion of the Concordat between Rome and the French Republic, Cardinal York returned to the Eternal City. He died at the age of 82. The preferments he held were numerous and honourable. He was Bishop of Frascati, Ostia, and Velletri, Chancellor of the Church of St. Peter, Vice-Chancellor of

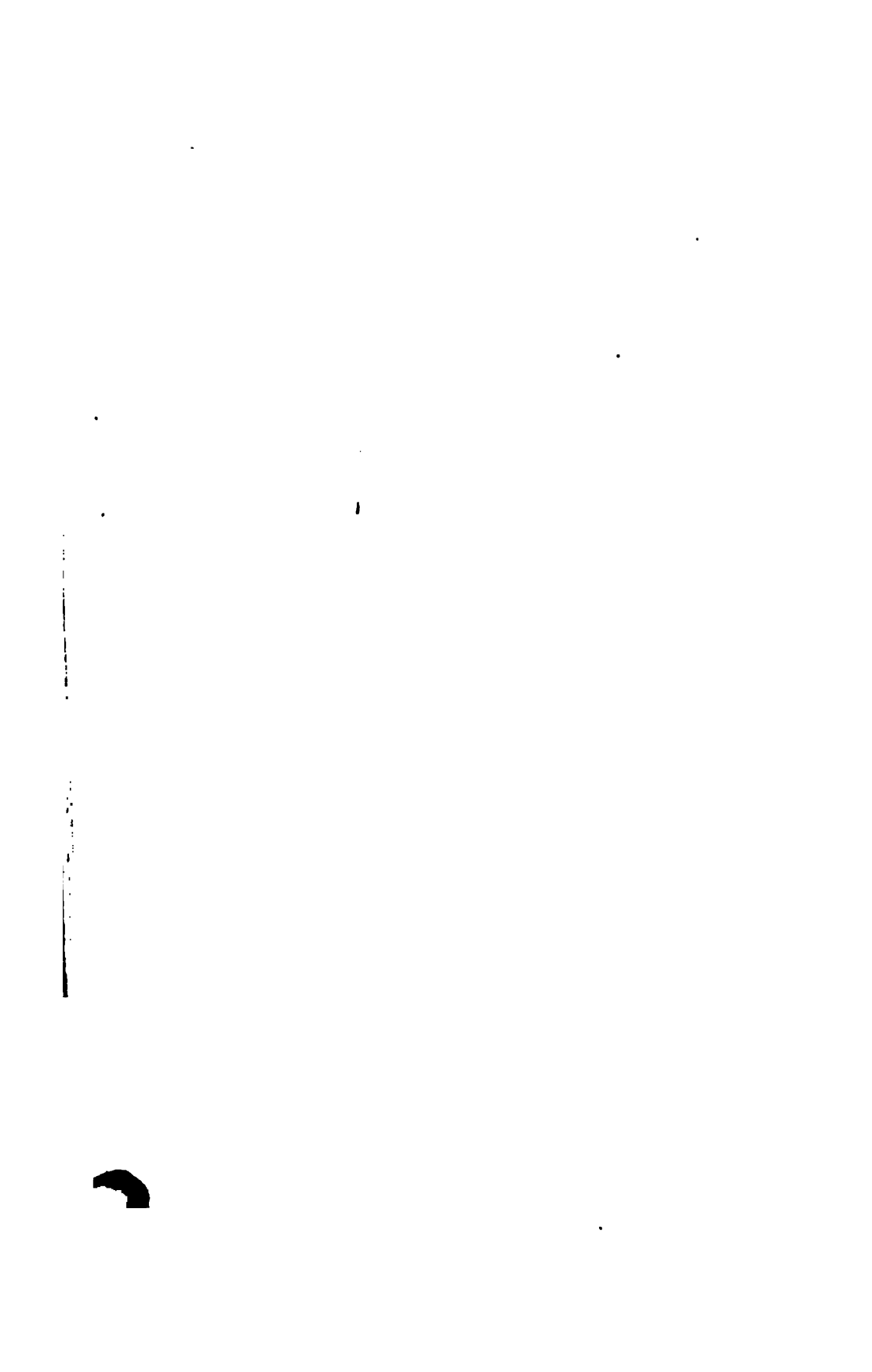
the Holy Roman Church, Archpriest of the Basilique Patriarchale of St. Peter of the Vatican, Doyen of the Sacred College, and rector of several livings.

Thirty-one years after the death of the Prince, George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, caused a stately monument from the chisel of Canova, to be erected under the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. On a bas-relief, in white marble, are represented the likenesses of James, Charles, and Henry, with this inscription :—

JACOBO III., JACOBI II., MAGN. BRIT. REGIS FILIO,  
CAROLO EDUARDO ET HENRICO, DECANO  
PATRUM CARDINALIUM, JACOBI III. FILIIS,  
REGIÆ STIRPIS STUARDIÆ POSTREMIS  
ANNO MDCCCXIX.  
BEATI MORTUI QUI IN DOMINO MORIUNTUR.

THE END.













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